THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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FEBRUARY, 1917 WINNIPEG, CANADA

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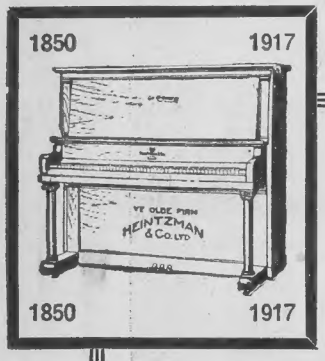

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THE
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd.,
Vol. XVIII · Winnipeg, Canada. No. 2

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

Unprecedented business conditions have raised the cost of everything that enters into the production of magazines. We would, therefore, be justified in asking our subscribers 50 per cent more for the magazine than we did in the past. We prefer not to do this; rather ask our readers to co-operate with us in securing new subscribers and in introducing the magazine wherever they may be. A great many of our readers do this now, for they find pleasure in extending the influence of a publication in which they so heartily believe. A little co-operative work of this kind on the part of our subscribers would enable us to extend our circulation without the cost of sending paid agents to all parts of the country.

We would draw the attention of our readers to our premiums, some of which are advertised in this issue, and others that anyone can have on application.

We believe that our magazine stands at the top as a magazine for the home—with its valuable and interesting departments, the high quality of its fiction. surpassing both as to quality and numbers.

You cannot afford to lose the magazine's earnest, helpful, inspiring influence. You have come to depend upon it. Its articles are like chapters in the lives of real friends. Its departments have saved you money, given you food for thought, made the daily task lighter and more cheery. Its short stories have made you interested, have set you thinking along right lines.

It has been a great pleasure to realize by the increasing number of clubs, the prompt renewals of old subscriptions and the gratifying additions to our list of new subscribers, how firmly The Western Home Monthly is established in the hearts and homes of the intelligent, thoughtful people of this Western land. You have shown us, by your loyal support, that the magazine for the home containing infinite richness at a moderate price, is what you all want.

The publishers of this magazine have watched with keen interest the all round development that has taken place in all the Western provinces, and have endeavored to keep the publication well advanced in the march of progress. That we have succeeded to a somewhat commendable extent is proved by the favor and appreciation of our wide circle of readers. Yearly they spend their good money with us, and the general opinion expressed is that they would not be happy without their favorite magazine. It is now in its 18th year and two months ago entered into its fine new home on Bannatyne Ave., which you are cordially invited to visit whenever you are in Winnipeg. Its career started when the territory which it now covers so well from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast was but very sparsely populated. Even in those days it quickly made its way and found a place in the affections of all our people who read the English language. We are told by our canvassing agents that in some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine, and indeed, many of our readers are now paid up to 1918, 1919 and 1920. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in your district, and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they would really enjoy reading, and which is essentially a Western magazine, published in the West for Western people.

You will of course visit Winnipeg during the "Big 'Spiel" February 6th to 16th

MEMBERS of your family and friends will come also. A week in the great city with its attractions, entertainments and comforts, is just the change you need at this season of the year. Permit us to extend to you while here the facilities and courtesies of Robinson's Big Departmental Store (on Main Street for over 30 years). All cars come to the doors. Right in the centre of everything—and the store itself the centre for wonderful bargains in all lines of merchandise. Prices little, if any, higher than before war. Fresh goods from the leading markets of the world. Robinson's has served Winnipeg and the West satisfactorily longer than any other store in the city. It has developed to its present large proportions with the Western country, and knows the requirements of its people thoroughly. Shop with us and have the benefit of long and trained experience, and where there is an endless variety to select from. Make our store your headquarters. Dining Rooms, Writing and Rest Rooms, and all comforts under the one roof.

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The Home and the Hospital

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

CHARITY is said to begin at home. It may be so, but sanitary science certainly does not.

The home is commonly the place of birth and of death, with us and many of our animal ancestors; but as a place of life, of strong healthy living between these two terminal events, it has little to boast of.

So long as people lived and worked mostly in the open air, it did not matter so seriously what kind of air they slept in; and the early use of the home was mainly to sleep in. The Eskimo knows little about ventilation and cares less, but so much of his time is spent in the fierce purity of Arctic air that he can breathe whale oil smoke, carbonic dioxide and animal exhalations for a good many hours without too much injury. The modern civilized home in a temperate climate works most evil because so much of our time is spent in it.

The pleasantly, piously and poetically arranged imprisonment of the women in houses, and the children therewith, the literal spending of, say twenty-two out of the twenty-four hours in a closed building, is what brings out in painful prominence the unsanitary nature of that sacred institution, the home. While our houses stood alone and apart, while the structure was comparatively crude and the wind swept through it, while the household's discharge of slops, garbage and like, even if thrown broadcast in the vicinity, was diluted at once by the great body of free air in which it lay, and while the contents of the house were comparatively open—then indeed one could live in it, even ignorantly, with less injury. But now that we build plastered and papered houses, with closed windows—even double windows—doors that fit, roofs that keep out the weather; while these houses are so jammed together that their emerging odors mingle in clouds and hang thick about them, and while they are filled to overflowing with things of all sorts, mainly of cloth, from which steadily fall off into the air we breathe that gradual drip of dead matter in fine floating particles, which in an old shut up home, piles thick in velvet dust on everything; now indeed the life of the house-bound is heavily endangered. When this first occurred, when the homes of mediaeval ignorance, or oriental, were thickened into cities—just the mechanical grouping of cities without the city's vital structure—then arose that strange and awful child of too thick homes, the plague. We died by hundreds of thousands in this stage of living, simply of our own dirt.

Then arose sanitary science, after we had died, uninstructed for many centuries, and began to find out what ailed the home and how to improve it. The first problem, the most vital, or rather the most deadly, was that of sewage. The city grappled with that problem, solved it in large measure, and forced its conclusions, by law, on the long reluctant and resisting home. The excretory system of our cities is now fairly safe; the plague, the black death, has been conquered in great degree. But we still die in shameful numbers. We despise the Hindu, dying of cholera for lack of sewerage. But we die at a rate of one in four, for lack of ventilation. We have the white plague, actual and successful, steadily killing us off in our most valuable years, costing us one-quarter of our lives, and billions of dollars annually; really billions—a loss, it has been calculated, equal to our entire annual export trade. We die patiently of this, as our ancestors died of the other, and fail to see how swiftly we could end it if we would.

Consumption, like typhoid fever, is a dirt disease, but it is from dirt in the lungs instead of the intestines; at least we suffer most from it in the lungs. Bad air, foul air, poison air, a transference of invisible filth, thick mingled human breath, fetid gases, dust and dust and dust; and behold the swarming millions of tuberculosis bacilli holding carnival in our helpless bodies!

The effect of dust, even out of doors, is shown by the fact that street cleaners succumb in enormous proportion to consumption. The stone cutter, the needle grinder, everyone who steadily breathes dust, is an easy victim of consumption. We have to learn to purify the air of our cities from its body of dirt, as we have purified the streets of "surface drainage" and, more directly, we have to learn not to poison it.

In this part of the struggle sanitary science must penetrate that well-nigh invincible fortress, the home, and teach it not to generate disease. Building laws come first: proper air space, sunlight, room for physical decency and health of the inhabitants. Here is the hospital, taking in the wreckage of the home, and teaching it how much cubic space a human being must have; how many cubic feet of air an hour, and what kind of cleanliness is clean. Pure, white, sterilized and safe, with the inmates so guarded that even though diseased they do not further infect one another, this is the extreme of human effort to allow nature free play in the struggle for health.

Now why cannot the home learn of the hospital? It need not be full of sick folk. If all the homes were what they should be we should need few hospitals. It need not be as coldly colorless, but beauty in household decoration can be obtained without our masses of dust generating cloth. A house could be as lovely as a sea shell, and as smooth. It could have thrilling beauty of color and of line, pure satisfying proportion, all manner of tender ornament and decoration and yet not a needless thing in it.

And above all it could have pure air, as far as its own contribution went. While we allow our manufacturers to poison us by wholesale with low lying clouds of smoke and deadly gases, the home can not be safe; but an intelligent spirit in our homes would rise up against that wholesale outrage as the men of old rose against the poisoners of the wells. Meanwhile, the home could at least see to it that it did not do its own poisoning.

Here sits the family around the evening lamp; all dutifully getting the light over the left shoulder, for the sake of their eyes. The lamp meanwhile is consuming as much oxygen as one of the family. The furnace is going merrily, and the wind howls outside. All is peaceful and serene and nobody complains till a boisterous son comes in from out of doors.

"Huh!" he says, rudely. "Why don't you open a window?"

"The window is down in the dining room," replies his mother, severely; "you have just come in from outside, that's all."

So he sits down in the family air and subtracts his portion of the remaining oxygen as peacefully as he can, contributing also his portion of used-up air, air that grows fouler and fouler as it is breathed and rebreathed by the group, and no one notices it. You go to the theatre and find it worse—more light, more people, the rising emanation of the thousands of breathers quite outstripping the intake of the "ventilators." See Mr. Dooley on The Coronation: "The place was full of aristocratic associations, on account of the ventilation bein' bad."

We need to know just what dust does to our insides, what dust is, where it comes from, how to avoid it. We need a cultivated taste in air—as we have in music; a "trained nose" as well as a trained ear or eye. And we need a machine, an invention, a little scientific appliance, a thing like a thermometer, small, pocketable, which the well bred could consult on occasion and say, "Dear me! This air has but eleven per cent of oxygen, and it's up to 83 with deleterious gas!" While we wait for the inventor, let the home learn of the hospital, and so escape it.

A place where people live, all the time, ought to be quite as sanitary, as "antiseptically clean" as a place for sick folks. The hospital elaborately shuts the door after the horse is stolen.

Who stole it?

Editorial

National Government

THE registration of the men of Canada should have been effected long ago. So should the registration of wealth. If it comes to conscription—which, after all, is the only fair thing in a war such as this—then the conscription of wealth must precede or go hand in hand with the conscription of men. Anyone who looks toward this eventuality will see the necessity of national government. Every interest that will feel the burden of sacrifice must have adequate representation. We are not now in a mood to tolerate political leadership. The war has practically killed partizanship, excepting for those who are making profit out of the war. Until victory is secured, peace proclaimed, and all the adjustments made that are necessary to quiet and happy existence, the less we hear of political parties in Dominion affairs the better. Let us have a war ministry.

Take Time to Play

THE war is on, and the only work worth anything is that which is related to winning the war. Yet we may become so absorbed in thinking about the conflict that we tend to become melancholy, irritable, and in a sense inhuman. The very best antidote is play. It relieves tension, diverts attention from the all-absorbing topic, and creates good fellowship and good cheer. It would be a mistake to do away with all sport during war time. True, we may not be able to play with the old-time abandon and vigor, but yet we can play after a fashion. Every little bit of diversion and real recreation is so much to the good. As a nation we sorrow and not without reason, but we must not allow ourselves to become moody, depressed and gloomy. And so, while we are serious and thoughtful, we shall relieve the mental tension by taking part in legitimate play. There are worse things than curling games and snow-shoe tramps and skating parties.

Churches but no Religion

MUDVILLE, with five churches for a population of twelve hundred people, boasts five starved preachers, five mortgaged chapels, and enough mean-spirited antagonism for a whole province. Isn't it about time the whole thing was called off? Can anything be more absurd than squabbling about beliefs—when none of the beliefs lead to action that is tolerant, praiseworthy or truly pious? Does anyone suppose for a minute that in the sight of God a church is any better because the preacher wears a surplice, or teaches predestination, or uses a tank instead of a bowl, or urges the possibility of repeated conversion? Isn't conduct the only real test of the worth of a man's religion? And isn't this division into antagonistic sects the very worst kind of conduct and completely at variance with the spirit of Christianity? Isn't that intolerant spirit which permits men in religious matters to set themselves up as more orthodox and more favored of God than their neighbors, the most irreligious thing of all? Long enough have men been divided on account of beliefs. It is time they were united in action. The united activity that is going on to-day in Red Cross societies and in charitable endeavor of all kinds is an infinitely higher evidence of real religion than the building of churches, chapels and cathedrals. The day of division into warring sects has passed. The day of united activity in all that pertains to the glory of God and the welfare of humanity has come. What a useless member of the body a hand would be if each finger quarreled with the other! What a comparative useless body the Christian church is when its sections are undermining each other—financially and otherwise! In the old land the Free Churches are rapidly working towards a great federation. In Canada three of the churches have moved toward union. It may be that federation would have been wiser than union. In any case the idea was fine in so far as it expressed the desire of the people to emphasize united activity rather than divided antagonism based in distinct and inherited dislike. There are growing signs that the movement towards co-operation and union is about to receive fresh impetus. Isn't it about time that a separation based for the most part in narrow pedantry, literal interpretation of the Bible, inherited jealousy or historic illusion should give way to a vital union in which individual variation will be esteemed rather than censured, in which each will live for all and all for each. The free independent local church without a denominational tag of any kind would not be altogether unsuitable to Western Canada.

The Test of Manhood

SOME are giving all they have—their fathers, husbands and sons. Others must be prepared to give the lesser wealth—property, comfort and enjoyment. It is through sacrifice that character is ennobled. It does no harm to read what is being done by the Allies in the way of sacrifice. Here is a quotation from an American source that shows how the sacrifice now being made is appreciated by neutrals:

"There is a skeleton in the closet of our prosperity; we cannot help seeing it when the door is ajar. Our total profits made out of the war are conservatively reckoned to be $2,400,000,000; our total war charity amounts to $34,000,000. America has given $12,000,000 for the relief of Belgium; England and France have sent to this country $238,000,000 to buy food and clothes for Belgium; out of this charity fund, contributed by these war-stricken nations, America has made a profit of over $47,000,000. Out of Belgium's necessity, therefore, we have made in profit four times what we have contributed to her need. The less said about that kind of prosperity the better. Let us go further: For the relief of Belgium we have contributed at the rate of ten cents per capitum; New Zealand has given at the rate of $1.25 per capitum, and Australia gave even more. These countries are both in the grip of war. Paderewski labored unremittingly to awaken sympathy in America for unhappy Poland; he wrote letters, he pleaded personally with the rich, yet the series of recitals he gave in behalf of his stricken country brought only $60,000, whereas Melba made $70,000 for war charity at one concert in Melbourne."

The Country's Call

Written for W.H.M. by D. S. Hamilton, B.A.

They fight for freedom and the right to live,
For justice to each member of the race,
That men and nations small and great may find
Their destiny fulfilled in honored place.

Not for extension of domain or power,
Nor to proclaim arbitrament of might,
At duty's call responsive sons make haste
To face the foe and battle for the right.

Against oppression and vain lordlings' dream
They rally to the standard of the free,
The allied hosts are marching toward the goal
Of righteousness and world-wide liberty.

No human mind can measure or compute
The price they pay in sorrow, blood and tears,
That countless millions yet unborn may know
The boon of peace throughout the coming years.

Shall we who tarry in the sheltered place
Enjoying safety through the price they pay
Unheeding hear the nations' clamant call
For helpful service in momentous day?

Shall we decline a noble cause to serve,
Nor share the burden of the needed task
With selfish spirit, void of sacrifice,
While others suffer, special favor ask?

Nay, for the nation in the hour of stress
Let each ungrudgingly perform his part
In self-forgetfulness with lofty aim,
Devoting freely hand and head and heart.

Thus shall we meet the day's supreme demand,
O'ercome the ills that harm our common weal,
Each one shall crave the highest good of all
And all the care of each shall fully feel.

Thus shall we prove our kinship with the race,
For all humanity high vision see,
And at the dawning of the reign of peace
The humblest helper unashamed shall be.

Is It Patriotic?

OVER in England old sheds and disused factories are being utilized by the government. Here in Canada there are fine modern shops that could turn out enough shells to feed the guns of a nation, but for some reason nothing has been done to convert these shops into munition factories. Why? There are some who have a suspicion why, and there are some who are asking if our patriotism is really genuine. The following from the Ottawa Citizen seems to come close to the point:

"The people of Canada perhaps do not realize what an important addition it would be to the gun power of the Allies if the big Canadian government workshops were converted into national projectile factories. The empty and idle Leonard shops at St. Malo were built for the National Transcontinental railway. They were finished in the early months of 1915, at a cost of $2,500,000; and at any time since could have been equipped and staffed as a Canadian national projectile factory.

"Fifty skilled machinists and a few tool-fitters and gauge men could transform the Leonard shops in a few months into one of the most valuable projectile factories in the British Empire. Men and women from ordinary civilian occupations, clerks, clergymen, car men, newspaper men, could be trained to be efficient munition workers in a few weeks; the fifty mechanics could keep 2,500 munition recruits busy at the Leonard shops alone.

"Some of the old buildings in the United Kingdom now being used as munition factories were formerly disused warehouses and dilapidated premises, not to be compared with the big, modern, well-lighted workshops held idle or engaged on neutral work by this Dominion Government. Last summer, at the time of emergency during the concentrated British effort on the Somme, the British Department of Munitions took over, in one instance, the shed of an old ruined works, where a certain mercantile commodity used to be made; the old shed had nothing in it and it had holes in the roof, so the department had to begin work right from rock bottom.

"With patriotic fervor, described by Mr. J. W. Flavelle as 'the nation sweating blood to win the war,' the devoted organizers in the state service undertook to finish and fill with bullets 250,000 60-pounder shrapnel with this old shed as their workshop! It meant erecting plant, lathes, drilling machines, and enlisting two shifts of work people, 300 to a shift; and with such an emergency outfit the British workers set out to produce 25,000 shells a week! It took just three days from the first enlistment of the old shed to order all the plant and machinery; and the magnitude of the task of turning out the shells may be gathered from the fact that this munitions order required, among other things, 3,500 tons of bullets and 125 tons of solder. Inside of two weeks all the plant had been installed; machine tools, gas engine, resin boilers, soldering stoves; and the first thousand 60-pounder (5-inch) shrapnel had been manufactured. Two weeks' work from the day of taking over an empty shed with a leaky roof; do the Canadian people realize what they are doing when they allow big Canadian government shops to stand idle or neutrally employed?"

If

HINDSIGHT is much more common than foresight. Because of this most of us are quite able to point out errors of judgment in those who administered our affairs in years gone by. If, for instance, we had been less anxious to get numbers and more anxious to get such as could coalesce rea'ily and become good Canadian citizens, if we had endeavored to lessen the number of any foreign people who might settle in any one locality, if we had encouraged settlement on the land rather than in the cities—if we had done these things and some others, our lot would be a happier one to-day. The duty of every good citizen is not, however, to whine about our misfortunes, but to plan for success in spite of our misfortunes. The problem is that of Canadianizing all the people who are here, of making a nation out of groups of somewhat unharmonious elements, of making it possible and easy for thousands of those now in the cities to go back to the land. This last is one of the greatest of our problems. In one sense it is not so difficult of solution since most of the immigrants come from rural occupations, and could profitably begin agriculture in the Western provinces. But they have not the means to undertake the venture. The speculator has made purchase of land prohibitive and modern farming demands an outfit which costs much more than the average immigrant brings with him. If there were a way of nationalizing the land and leasing it to bona fide settlers and farmers, the problem would be half solved. Is it too late even yet to think of such a gigantic undertaking? Even, however, if this is beyond the range of practical politics, there is still hope in more moderate measures. Dr. J. W. MacMillan, in writing on the problem, utters these significant words:

"This matter of distribution is the supreme practical problem of immigration. There can be no question as to our need of more people for the subduing and cultivation of our vast natural heritage. But it seems that the worker and his appropriate task do not meet each other. It is the economic opportunity which justifies the coming of the immigrant to this country; and, having come, by some fatal mischance, he fails to find the economic opportunity. The palpable remedy is to be found in government supervision which shall end, not when the immigrant emerges from the immigration shed, but when he has been established in his proper occupation, or, better still, when he has completed a course of training and is graduated into citizenship.

"The assimilation of the immigrant is largely a question of contact between the newcomer and the native-born population. It is true that under our system of planting colonies of foreigners on the prairies assimilation comes about slowly even in farm life. And it is difficult to suggest any other way in which they should be settled on farms. But even there in the heart of a rural foreign colony they are not so isolated from Canadian influences as in the city. For the tenement is the place of isolation always, and not the farmstead. Any slum population, of whatever lineage, is driven in upon itself and tends to found and maintain its own meagre and unwholesome fashions of life. A slum area in a city is like a besieged fortress. All the decencies and sanities and generosities of the city set upon it and succeed in imprisoning it within its own dirt and poverty and misery."

"*What* can I do to gain the charm *of* a skin you love to touch?"

Do you know that it depends on *you*, almost on you *alone*, whether or not you have the charm of "a skin you love to touch"—the charm every girl wants and *can* have if she knows the skin secret told below?

Of course there's a certain pleasure in just *longing* for something we want badly. But too many of us spend our time longing and longing, when we might be spending the same time actually getting our desire.

Are *you* doing this about your skin? Are you longing for the charm of "a skin you love to touch," when every night you might really be bringing this charm to your skin step by step? You can *do* this once you realize the miracle that is taking place in your skin every day, trying to *help* you do this very thing.

In spite of you, your skin changes every day

Whether you are sleeping or waking, your skin is constantly changing. And, like everything else, it always changes in one of two ways—for the worse or the better. Every day *old* skin dies, and *new* skin forms to take its place. *This is your opportunity.* This new, delicate skin will be just what you make it. If you neglect it as it forms every day, it gradually loses what attractiveness it has, grows less resistant, and you forfeit the greatest charm you can possess. But—by the proper daily treatment you can keep this new skin so strong and active that it cannot help taking on, gradually but surely, the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Which will you do? Will you begin tonight to bring to your complexion that charm you have longed for? Then use the following treatment to-night and make it a daily habit thereafter.

Spend five minutes this way to-night

Just before retiring, lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.* If your skin happens to be rather thin and sensitive, substitute a dash of *ice water* for the application of the ice itself.

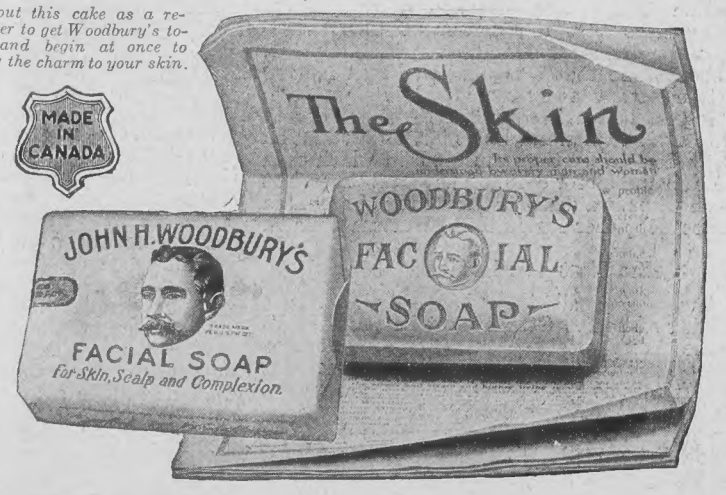
Every day this treatment frees your skin of the tiny old, dead particles. Then, cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface, and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it, but this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently,* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or 6 weeks of this "skin you love to touch" treatment. Get a cake to-day, and begin to-night to get its benefits.

Write now for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this treatment. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch" and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 673 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Cut out this cake as a reminder to get Woodbury's to-day and begin at once to bring the charm to your skin.



For sale by Canadian Druggists from Coast to Coast.

*Laddie Abroad—First Long Leave—London

By Bonnycastle Dale

*Owing to the enemy using the word Fritz, our Gunner Abroad is now called Laddie

I HAVE just applied for my first long leave. I can't see why a few of the artillery take country invitations when there is London to see. That's where I am going.

I am the pride and envy of the tent, yes, of the left section of the battery. I received a package with a pair of very fine white socks yesterday, and early this morning, at reveille, when it was too dark to see, and when you are not obliged to have full kit on, I hurriedly pulled them on over my riding breeches and "fell in." I saw a snicker run along the line and all eyes were on my poor legs. I glanced down and those extra long white socks had baby pink tops—the boys are laughing yet.

So many of the boys have to be treated for tonsils. Tell all friends to have theirs attended to in Canada and miss all this "sick leave."

Just think, it's ten o'clock at night as I am writing this and daylight, too; the result of putting the clock an hour ahead for the whole country.

I had another dip in the "channel." Guess they turned on the ice water. But I went to Folkstone and bought a real "dip" in a bath.

It is wonderful to see the well dressed crowd on the "Leas" and to hear the military bands playing, on this one day of the week—Saturday afternoon holiday. One would almost think there was no war. This summer resort is for the wealthy, and the hotels remind one of the Royal Alexandra at Winnipeg, and the King Edward at Toronto. We played billiards this evening; there are no pool tables in England.....Say! I hope I get that leave.

We had another fish ration yesterday. We call him Sir Sam Fish now; they are not really bad when fresh.

I have just bought a coat. Mine was a bag of rags. I paid two shillings for it; you cannot get a new one unless you are really in tatters. You will remember writing the joke in The Western Home Monthly about our sentry in Cobourg, Jacko, who fell into the ditch? Well, he was here in the tent when I read your story and he laughed as hard as the rest.

I've got to quit for a while—"Physical Jerks—Parade!".....

Well, now, I have time to continue. Do you know we are nearly roasted with the heat this August in England—it's better than the rain of April to July, anyway.

While we were doing Physical Jerks an aeroplane, evidently interested in our odd evolutions, came circling overhead watching us. I know I'll not get the crick out of my neck in some time from watching it.

Oh! how can I write? I'm on the edge of the platform in the recreation room. A chap, guess he's a blacksmith, is pounding the piano, about a dozen couples of men are dancing and everything's topsy-turvy.

I am on aerial piquet to-night; hope a Zepp comes over. Our subsection is in a mess—the No. 1 (sergeant in charge) selected the piquet twenty men short and dismissed the rest. Of course, every man saw the error and every man made himself scarce and, when the orderly of the day came around, there was an awful fuss; he had to go to our line and get the men—not a soul in the tents, of course. He managed to mark down ten men, but No. 1 will get it to-morrow.

No drafts for France have been picked lately. I am just waiting ready to go.

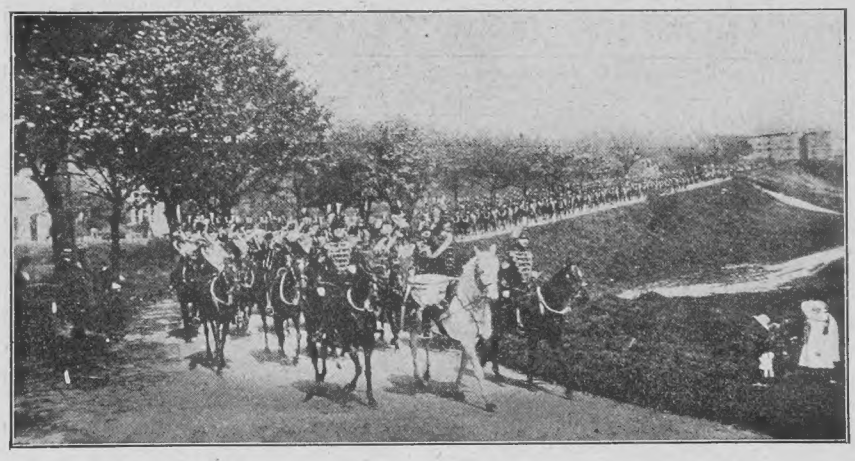
Just think, some of our men on a route march had to pay the farmers for filling their water bottles—a penny a bottle. This is so different from the usual kindness, honesty and generosity of the English countryside.

I saw some bluebills and other wild duck in a park lately. Oh, how I will miss those glorious Canadian fall days, when we camped and photographed and shot. I was surprised to see a big blue heron here the other day, and our common mudhens, but there are very few birds along the seashore here.

I just heard we are not to go on any drafts until the wounded convalescents are all returned to the front; they have first chance, being experienced.

I have a new job—mess orderly. It's good to learn everything. Of course, there is a "butt" in the subsection—this evening he picked a cigarette out of a box offered to him—it had a nice wee stick of cordite in the centre. There was some doings after it went off. Then he sang for us. Every man took off his hat and stood at attention as solemn as owls and silent—say, that was no name for it. If the movies ever took this tent of ours, they would have some film.

Horse Training, Shorncliffe Camp.



Hussars Parade, Shorncliffe Park.

I see on the notice board to-night that I have got my pass for London. Sorry I haven't time to tell you all about the big Zepp raid last night. Six big ones glowing like red hot cigars when the searchlights caught them, and guns going off everywhere. I'll never forget the searchlights on one long, golden looking sausage-like thing. She got it hard as she edged off over the sea. The half-hour I spent looking at it was something like a horserace or ball game. Up goes a shell. Everyone yells: "That's going to get it!"—"No!" they groan, as it misses, and when she dove down in an attempt to escape the beams of light, we all cheered, thinking she was done for.

There was an order last night that all the tents in our line had to be taken down and the floors lifted and cleaned. Just the chance we wanted to get at the thievish rats. About one hundred men armed with sticks of all kinds stood about each floor as it was raised and a regular forest of sticks whacked down—and most of them missed the squealing, leaping vermin. A whip here, a mallet there, whistled and pounded, then of all the cheers when one would leap right into the crowd and the men would fall over tent pegs and bundles of canvas—and whisper—it wasn't only the rats that got the blows. I stood in my tent door and laughed until the tears ran down my face. I saw some officers coming over—guess they thought it was a general engagement by the noise.

I think we may have another air raid to-night, as the weather is so favorable. There are charts showing just about where the next raids are liable to take place—sounds raw, but it is based on the moon and the weather.

London—I am staying near Peckham and it does feel good to get into sheets again. I am thoroughly enjoying the few nights' sleep this week at my uncle's. We went to Madame Tussaud's and saw the wax figures this morning, lunched in building and went down to the Scala to see the war pictures; they lasted three hours. I am sending you the programme. I have had the luck to strike two days' rain already, so I had a good long visit with all my relations. I arrived at Cannon St. station about six last night. Went to St. George's—magician very good; walked in Hyde Park to-day and got soaked, stayed at the Union Jack Club the first night; it was crowded. There was a wonderful searchlight display over London last night, fully one hundred streaming out at once. I happened to be on a high part of the city then and it certainly was a wonderful sight. The crowds turn out as if a circus was in town. If the Germans think they are scaring us they are away off; it's a grand free show with the principal actors killed in the last act.

This wonderful City of London—miles upon miles of shopping streets and still there are more miles ahead, countless acres of wharfage and ships from every part of the known earth—save enemy ports (yes, we have numbers of those, too, well tied up), flags of all nations whipping the breeze as if such a thing as a submarine was totally unknown.

I didn't bring my overcoat with me and I'll wager it rains every day I am here.

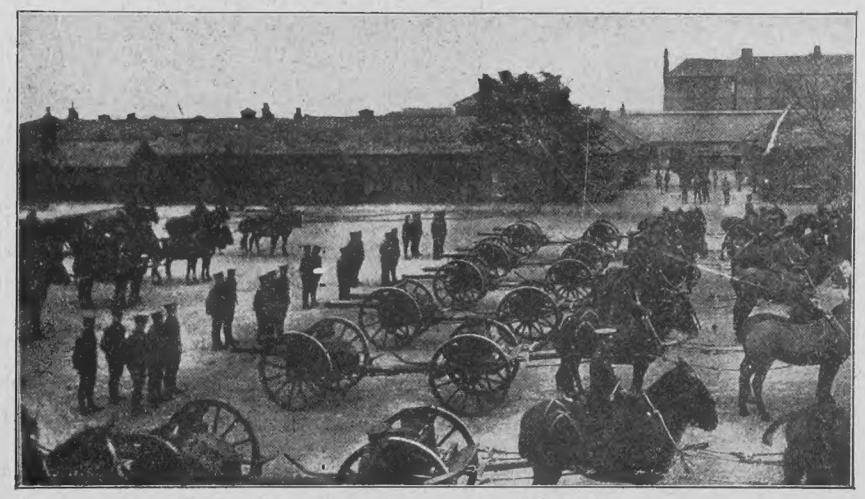
I have travelled a lot in the Tubes; the rear end of one train is just passing the end of the platform when the next train pokes its nose in; they go at terrific speed. It's very dark here in the city at night. I have been to the most wonderful churches and abbeys, the ancient Tower. I have seen the Houses of Parliament, the Bank, the statues, the Embankment, the parks—and my feet are tired and my eyes are so heavy I can't keep them open any longer even to write you.

I awoke in a soft feather bed, between white clean sheets, just as this world was before this cruel war began. I cannot understand why man must always fight upon this earth. Will law and religion never tame the worse members of the race? I could quite understand it if we were attacked by, say, the people of Mars—we must defend our earth—but that man must, age after age, fight man, puzzles me. Surely we have more sense and reason than the lower animals! You and I well know that they daily fight, in water, field and air; but they have only one instinct—to feed and fight if needs be for that food—while we are blessed with love and law, sweet family ties, excellent examples, a most wonderful library, both sacred and profane, and yet to-day the whole world is one huge battlefield, all because one man, a crippled man at that, with only one good arm, indulged in dreams of world conquest. You remember telling me of the Germans in Chicago who told you he was a madman every summer. I believe that. If his press-clipping bureau is faithful and puts before him the opinion of the press of the world, he must know himself by now. Here I am writing political economy in bed and all London lies outdoors.

Later—How the time flies, actually I had to telephone for a bed at the Y.M.C.A. near the station where the last military train leaves. This huge city speeds the days away. I did not even see the King's Palace nor the German mine-laying sub, but I've seen 'Arry and 'Arriet, stared and been stared at, had some real meals at a real table—honestly, I didn't grab at a thing, nor throw a bone through the door once. If there is anything you want that you cannot buy in this big city, I would like its name. Oh! the wonders of the modern art stores, side by side with an old bookseller's place, the princely hotels crowded with khaki, the shades of all the countries under the sun, the glory of the dim interiors of the mighty churches, the beauty of the voices of their boy choirs, the volume of their great organs that set the stone-laid floors throbbing, the banners still in the high vaults that snapped in the winds of all the continents and billowed out on every sea.

I tell you it makes one feel good to be even a cub of such a race.

I must run—goodbye—off—back to the artillery camp.



Royal Field Artillery, Shorncliffe Camp.

The Late Rev. W. Wye Smith.

From Burford, Ont., comes the news of the death of the Rev. Wm. Wye Smith, on January 6th. The deceased gentleman, who had reached the fine old age of 90 years, was a well known Congregational minister, but, perhaps, still better known as a writer. He was an enthusiastic Scot and a fine authority on Scottish matters. Readers of The Western Home Monthly will recall that until recently he was an occasional and interesting contributor to this magazine. He was the author of many poems and also of a version of the New Testament in the broad Scotch dialect.

The Thimble

By Arthur Macy

A vain and silly Thimble
Unto a Finger said,
"I'm very brisk and nimble
With needle and with thread."

Said the Finger to the Thimble,
"Your words I can't approve,
For I'm the one that's nimble;
It's I that make you move."

Canada Has Record Number of Battalions Made Up of Soldiers of Foreign Blood

By Francis J. Dickie

As a result of the great war, the Dominion of Canada has established a unique record in the way of units of her army being made up of men foreign to the country. There are no less than seven of these. Probably the most unique is the battalion of Germans fighting at the front for Canada. They came from the Province of Ontario where, for over a century, there has been German settlements made up mostly of men who ran away from the Fatherland to escape military service. That Canada was a good mother was quickly proven when the war broke out. The new race of German Canadians had nothing of the hyphenate about them. A battalion of them soon went overseas. Photo No. 1 shows a group of these on the right being inspected by the ex-Minister of Militia.

The battalions of Canadian Red Men, of which over three thousand have joined the Canadian army, has already been told of in The Western Home Monthly by word and picture. Recently one of these soldiers won the highest military award, the Victoria Cross, for valor at the front.

Next in point of bizarreness in this hodge podge of many nations is the Afro-Canadian units, made up of negroes Canadian born. A little better than fifty years ago the Dominion of Canada was the welcoming haven to which escaping negro slaves made their way. At the time the Province of Ontario received practically all these fleeing bondsmen, the province being the nearest and most settled part of Canada to the United States. The early settlers of Ontario, sturdy hard working Scots for the most part, were fiercely anti-slavery, a fact which they evinced by sending several regiments of men to the States to fight on the side of the North in the civil war.

So the arriving slaves found a warm welcome, food, clothing and employment in the various settlements and farming communities, particularly in those points nearest to the border. The colored line played no part in Canadian politics or feelings. So the slaves became good citizens. Hundreds of them, both men and women, found their way to Canada before the civil war, and very few of these ever returned to the United States. As a result of this influx of colored people there grew up in the succeeding years a race of Afro-Canadians, as they prefer to be called to-day. Blessed with equal rights, the new generation availed themselves of the thorough education the Canadian schools afforded and to-day in Canada are colored doctors, lawyers, preachers and many other professional men. When the war broke out many colored Canadians enlisted; recently, however, the government, seeing how loyal its colored members were, began recruiting them in battalions made up entirely of men of the Afro-Canadian race with the exception of a few white officers. All the non-commissioned officers, the doctors and chaplain who accompany it are men of the colored race. No doubt in a short time, for the unit will likely go overseas soon, word will be received back that these sons of the land of the Maple Leaf have acquitted themselves equally well with the red men and many other nations that make up Canada's cosmopolitan army.

No. 2 shows a company of Red Men in in an Eastern battalion.

Just which side of the war the people of Greece proper favor is pretty hard for the laymen upon this continent to decide, judging from the press reports of occurrences taking place in that land. But Greeks in Canada have shown most decidedly how they feel by enlisting in the Canadian army in large numbers. Canada has a particularly large population of Greeks, many of whom have been here a quarter of a century and reared families. Early in the war, even, hundreds of Greeks enlisted in various units. Recently, however, seeing the eagerness of these people to serve had not cooled, the government authorized the raising of a regiment, a group from which is seen here. Photo number 3 evidences that they are good looking warriors. The extremely unique point is, the Greek regiment has been attached to a Scotch-kilted battalion, making the first Canadian -Greek-Scotch-kilties.

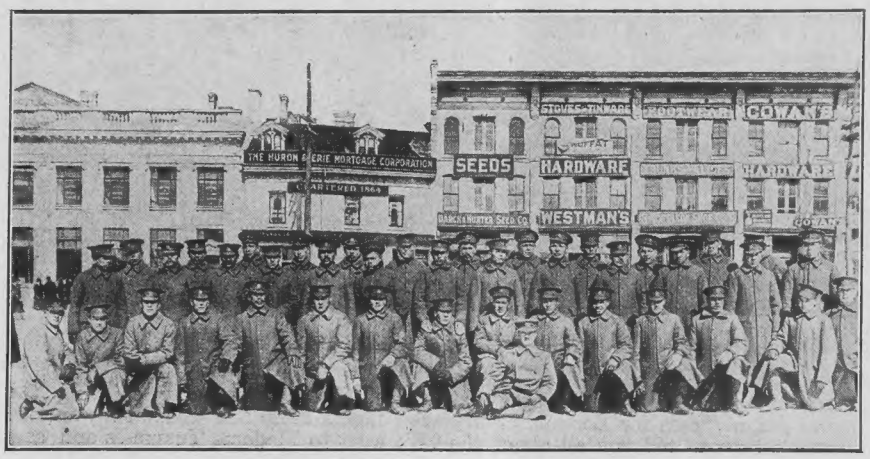
Photo number 4 emphasizes how truly cosmopolitan is the Canadian army. In Canada, particularly in the Western part in the Province of Manitoba, was a very large settlement of Norwegians and Icelanders. Many of these people had been here over a quarter of a century, and had raised families. That their adopted country was loved by these hardy northern people was quickly evidenced by the raising of a battalion of Northmen. Perhaps it is only natural that these people should join in a Canadian war, for tracing back to original stock the same blood flowed in Icelandic and Norwegian veins as in many Canadians. The battalion so made up has given a good account of itself at the front and already many such foreign names from the land of the midnight sun have appeared in Canadian papers, such as Helgason, Anderson, Sigurdson, Ericson, etc. Also, and equally naturally, many thousand men from the United States are fighting in the Canadian army. The enlistment of such men was at first scattered through many battalions. Recently, however, a battalion was raised known as "The American Legion," which is now some 700 strong. Owing to reasons of neutrality the name was recently changed. The young man in the upper row of the picture with the ribbon in his lapel is one of the members of that battalion.

Altogether there are seven distinct corps in the Canadian army made up of men of foreign blood: German, Indian, Greek, Norwegian, Icelandic, Negro and American.

By an order of the various allied nations, those emigrants from France, Belgium, Russia, Serbia and Italy are also to be found in considerable numbers sprinkled through many Canadian battalions, but as they are not distinctive in the way of being raised as separate units, these nations have not been numbered.

Yet again, there are about 100,000 men in the Canadian army that are of English, Scotch, Irish or Welsh descent. In connection with the Irish and Scotch, a number of battalions to the number of a little over a dozen have been raised. In case of the Irish battalions there is little to distinguish them from the regular ones; but the Scotch, always clannish, have clung to their dearly beloved kilts, and Canadian kilted battalions are, so to speak, quite the fashion. In this photo No. 4 are shown in order of reading, upper row first: an Afro-Canadian, a Canadian-Scotch kiltie, an Irishman, a Norwegian, an American, a Canadian, an Englishman, a Welshman, a Scotch kiltie, a Canadian, and an Afro-Canadian.

Lieutenant-General Sir Sam Hughes, Ex-Minister of Militia, inspecting a group of men made up of German-Canadian parentage.



Eastern Red Men in Canadian Army

New Regulations as to Admitting Canadian Potatoes to United States

Manitoba has this fall shipped a great many carloads of potatoes into the United States. The fact, therefore, that new regulations have just been made at Washington respecting the admission of Canadian tubers is of interest to all farmers. The advice respecting these changes which comes from Ottawa to the Manitoba Department of Agriculture is as follows:

"Hereafter permits will be issued to United States importers by the Federal Horticultural Board at Washington for the admission of Canadian potatoes at any port of entry instead of at certain designated ports as at present and without inspection at the port of entry, except when such inspection is specifically required by the Board, but each shipment must be accompanied by two copies of a certificate of soundness signed by the shipper certifying that the potatoes are as sound as is commercially practicable and that the shipment contains not more than ten per cent of potatoes showing traces of scab, dry rot, wilt, or other potato disease taken altogether.

"Canadian shippers in obtaining from the United States consignee the number of his permit should ask to be supplied with enough copies of the certificate of soundness to cover the individual shipments to be made.

"Shippers are warned that the offering for entry to the United States of potatoes not up to the standard of the certificate of soundness may lead not only to the rejection of their particular shipments, but also to the cancellation of existing permits and the refusal of new permits as to such shippers."

Greeks—A Company of Greeks in a Canadian Highland Regiment.

An assorted group of Canadian Soldiers.

Nothing Doing

By H. Mortimer Batten

THE boy had struck hard times. Never before had work been so scarce at Milween city; never before had those who could work shown themselves so ready to do so. Even the big and brawny, who could wield a pick and shovel and who were accustomed to a life of toil, were glad to do horsework rather than go hungry, and certainly no one wanted a slim young Englishman, new to life in the bush, unlearnt in the lore of the trails.

"What we want to do, boy, is to get right out where men are scarce," advised a friend. "It's no use hanging about here where dozens are in the same boat as ourselves—stronger men than you and me."

They went out next day and at camps on the way they made enquiries, but everywhere there was nothing doing. Here and there food was given them and perhaps a word of encouragement regarding the condition of things further on. Thus they worked their way till the mines were left behind, then came the prospects and the small sub-properties. Food and water became scarcer and in this reigon of dense bush the flies were an eternal nightmare. There were poisonous streams on the way, and God, how the sun blazed, but still—nothing doing! Then the spirit of the other man broke and he sat himself down by the trail, his head between his hands. So the boy went on alone.

Thus he reached the end of the trail—for him it really was the end. He had left behind the mines, the sub-properties, and the prospects, and in this region there was nothing but timber and an occasional gold digger's shanty. The unbroken silence lay beyond.

The boy staggered into the firelight. He tried to walk like a man, but his boots were gone and his legs were done. He was ashamed of his feebleness.

A man and a small child sat by the fire. The scent of the burning tamarac filled the air and in the shadows beyond stood a rough wooden shanty. The face of the man was covered with coarse hair, but his eyes were kindly. He reached the can from his side, warmed it over the fire, and handed it to the boy. He drank thankfully, then looked at the child, and made a new-comer's error of opening up with an enquiry.

"A widower?" he said simply.

There were men not far away who would have answered: "What in hell is that to do with you?" but that was not the way of Ben Inglas. Quietly and gravely he knocked the ashes from his pipe, then handed his tobacco tin to the new-comer.

"Her mother," said the woodsman, "went out in the big forest fire two summers back, but she saved the kid. That was before your time I guess?"

The boy nodded. "No need to tell you I'm new to the country," he observed. "They've seen it all along the trail. That's why I'm here."

Ben Inglas leisurely lit his pipe. "Where's the other man?" he asked. "You didn't hit out alone?"

There was a long pause. "He wasn't over strong," the boy said presently, prompted by a woodman's natural instinct to defend his partner. "In the end he—well, he had to chuck it."

Ben Inglas scrutinized his visitor thoughtfully. The boy had no pack-sack, so he must have travelled hungry. And the other man had given in.

"Anything doing, boss?"

The question had grown sad by reiteration, but the boy tried to ask it in the confident, expectant tones of his old partner.

The woodsman shook his head. The claim was not enough to carry two—not till he struck the pay streak. There was nothing doing. He was sorry.

The boy rose silently. He had reached the end of the trail, but still—nothing doing. The long, thirsty tramp back to Milween, the flies, the sun, the hunger.

"You ain't going without grub," said Ben Inglas, clutching the hem of his tunic. "I'll give you enough to see you back to the camps."

The boy's color rose. For days past he had lived on charity—he who was itching to do a man's work, he who had come north to make good.

"Thanks, no. I'm not taking grub from your camp."

"Why not? You'll want it."

"Because it takes enough packing in," explained the boy. "Because I haven't earned it."

Ben Inglas looked at him narrowly. "You mean, sonny, that you'll work for your grub?"

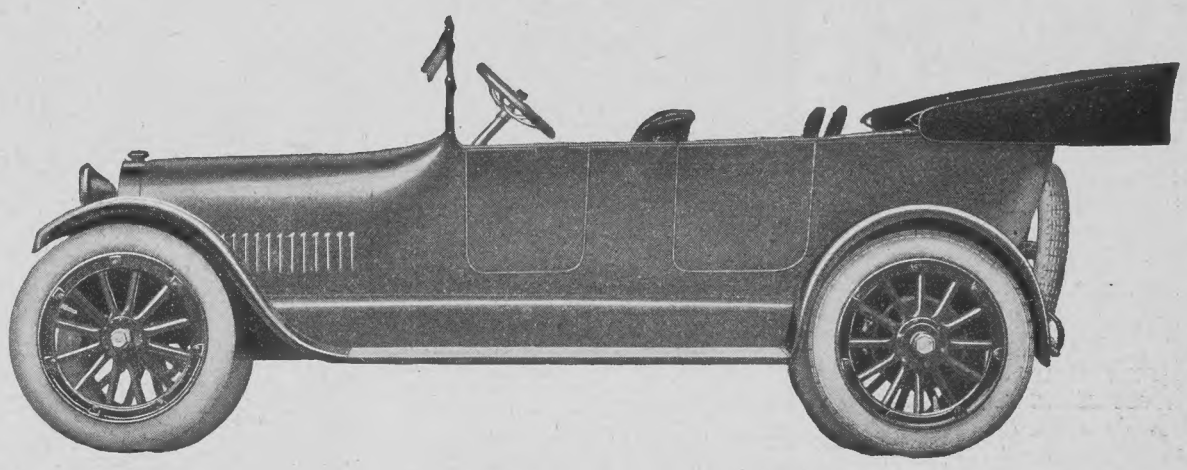
The boy nodded and in the light of the tamarac fire he was taken on—for his keep.

It was hard work, but the boy felt a joy in doing a man's work in a country for men. At first he was weak, for standing all day with head and shoulders in the scorching sun, feet in the frozen trench, was more than he could stand. But he did his best, and at the critical moment Inglas would quietly observe—"Jus' you take the kid along the lake margin and get some fish for breakfast."

The boy soon became an expert in manipulating the baloon-like floats, to each of which a line was attached in such a way that the breeze bore them over the shoals of feeding whitefish, and little Kitty Inglas always accompanied him whether he went by canoe or on foot. At first he pitied this poor motherless little creature, living without playmates, in the midst of the great solitudes; but he soon learnt that she had no use for his compassion. Life was a great joy to her, and the boy, who was beginning to think he had forgotten how to laugh, soon found himself attuning his moods to the general atmosphere of her society. He laughed at the kicking grayling at the end of the lines; he saw absurdity in the bobbing floats, and the cackling laugh of the kingfishers gave him endless mirth. He was a child with her, and even Ben Inglas found the camp a brighter and happier place after the coming of the boy.

Soon he became stronger, but still he stood steadfast in the belief that success comes to those who work for work's sake, not for their pay. He was young and Ben was getting on. So, in due course, it was the boy who said: "You take Kitty along the margin and get some fish for supper. I'll pan the next load."

The boy was never idle and he had strength now to do a little on his own at sundown or by moonlight. He found that by sitting down to it a showing of dust could be washed from the sand-beds of the creek which drained the lake. It was merely a matter of a few grains for an hour's work, but he would need



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FOUR Every-Weather Car	1570
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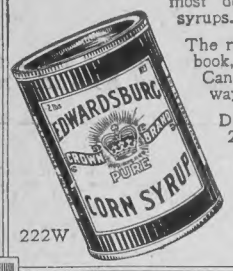

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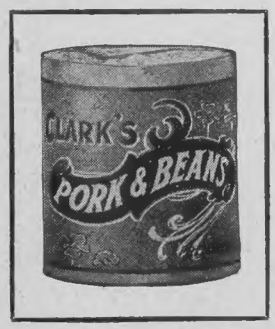

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They are cooked ready—simply warm up the can before opening

W. CLARK MONTREAL

all he could get next winter, for he realized that Ben's future was uncertain.

Round the fire at night time the two—the man and the boy—talked at length of striking the pay streak. Ben stated that he was "holding on a bit," so that ultimately he would be able to educate Kitty in the way her mother was educated. He spoke of music, fancy cooking, and languages, but as the weeks passed by the boy saw these things drawing no nearer to Kitty's life. Indeed, if you asked him to-day he would tell you that there never was any gold to speak of on all Ben's claim.

When the fall came Ben himself evidently began to realize something of the truth. There was no conversation regarding Kitty's future, but Ben would sit and stare at the child, his pipe between his two great fists, then he would turn impatiently, but still hopefully, and glance towards the fruitless trenches.

The flour bag was getting low, but still—nothing doing, and at length the inevitable evening came. Ben started off by thanking the boy for the good work he had done and for his kindness to the kid, and he finished up by stating that the claim was not sufficient to carry two—he had feared it from the first.

The boy understood, but when he looked across at Kitty a lump came in his throat. Presently he observed that there would be mail waiting for him at Milween, and that—"if it's all the same to you, Ben, I'd best hit out to-morrow."

Ben nodded. "The kid will miss you, boy," he said at length.

So it was with the boy. The arms of coincidence are long and many. He fell asleep with the scent of the blueberries in his nostrils, and with thoughts of the long, thirsty trail, and "nothing doing" in his mind. He awoke with the scents still there, but with the merry laughter of a child ringing in his ears.

The boy scrambled up. The sun was warm, the air was keen, and there was something in the very atmosphere which seemed to suggest he was starting life anew. Kitty was scrambling along the overgrown trail at the foot of the ridge, pursuing something which was drifting rapidly down the creek. Then, as the boy looked, he saw that the creek had risen at least a yard—there must have been a cloudburst somewhere—and that three of Ben's fish floats had been borne by the rising waters down into the creek. It was these—the inflated musquash pelts, Kitty was pursuing.

"I'm with you, Kitty," shouted the boy. "We'll get them at the bend." And he started off through the brushwood, while the spruce hens scattered from his path.

Kitty, colored and breathless, awaited him at the bend below. Directly ahead the creek swerved to the left, the cliffs rising a sheer fifty feet on the water washed side. There was a pathway along the face of the cliff wide enough for one to tread in safety, and along this natural strata shelf the boy led the way, Kitty at his heels. Had he been more experienced in creek lore, had he even given himself time to think, he would

Types of English soldiers fighting on the western front. British official photograph. Note the first signs of winter, the mufflers, and the covering for the barrel of the rifle.

"And I her. It's been home to me, Ben."

He was up, as usual, very early next morning. He lit the stove, tidied the shanty and set breakfast ready for cooking. Then he went out quickly and did not return. He knew that the old man would insist on his taking out a supply of grub, and there was little enough to spare. Besides, he had his little bit of dust, and could pay for his own grub back to camp. So he quietly left the shanty ere Ben and the child were astir, and hurried along the trail till he reached the ridge above the creek. The spruce hens were calling in the brushwood, the sweet scents of autumn were abroad, and here the boy flung himself down in the blueberries and buried his face in his arms.

Some men are never boys, some are boys and men in turn, and some—a blessed few—are boys and men in one. He had seen strong men bury their faces and weep—not because their boyhood had re-awakened, but because the manhood within them was broken. The boy wept because he was a boy, and because fate mocked the manhood within him. "Not worth my keep!" he sobbed, "not worth my keep!"

It is not always great events, but the merest of trifles which decide the paths men tread. A stream across the trail may divide the pathways of truest friendship, and often—how often!—has the voice of a child bound men together or bade them walk apart.

not have ventured along that pathway, for the cliffs here were of that formation which woodsmen term "rotten." Each strata of solid rock was interset with a layer of soft earth and as the floodwaters undermined the cliff, the natural pathways slipped down. So it would go on till, by the slow silting process the rotten face was washed away and the solid bedrock laid bare.

All this never occurred to the boy as he walked along the ledge, his gaze fixed on the floats as they bobbed and swirled over the face of the brown waters. A dull thud, followed by a venomous hiss, brought him to his senses and, looking ahead, he saw that a miniature landslide had taken place, bearing away the ledge. The face of the cliff had crumbled downwards, so that the track they trod ceased abruptly five paces ahead.

Instantly the boy realized the danger. He turned, telling the child to run back, but even as she set her feet to go she paused, then came back to him shuddering with fear. For directly ahead of her the pathway had suddenly slipped down into the gulf. Thus they were stranded on thirty feet of shelf, while two yards below the creek rose steadily towards them.

The boy looked up. He himself might escape in that direction, but it was impossible to take the child. If they waited where they were till the shelf gave way—as it undoubtedly would—they would be sucked down and probably buried under the load of falling earth.

"Kitty," said the boy, "I've led you into this and it's up to me to see you through. You'll have to be brave, little girl."

The child looked up at him, her cheeks white, her lips trembling, but there was no fear in her eyes. A flight of wild geese fled down the creek, trumpeting their joyous welcome to the flood, and the boy envied them their wings. There was something strangely sinister about the brown waters that surged below and for a moment the boy's gaze wandered along the face of the cliff in search of another way. Then he caught his breath and cried: "Look, Kitty, look!"

The child saw what appeared to her as a Japanese dragon, worked in some dull yellow substance, standing out from the face of the naked bedrock in the direction they had come. The landslide had laid it bare, but as her eyes fell wonderingly upon it, the boy leapt from the shelf, taking her with him.

The black waters closed over them, but the boy fought his way to the surface, using only one hand, though Nature cried to him to loosen the thing he was holding and save himself. Strength of will only can conquer Nature when man struggles against death, for it is then that the animal rises within him, and the humanity of camp fire talks no longer play a part in his being. Drifting here into a backwash, then into the central race, the boy struggled down stream, but still he kept his hold. Once, twice, he clutched at the overhanging timber, but his hold was torn loose, since he had but one hand with which to clutch. His heart sank within him, but the third time his grip held. He had clutched a willow, no thicker than the stem of a man's pipe, but he had clutched it near the root and it held.

Then came the nightmare. The bank at this point was steep and slippery. The boy was exhausted, so was the child. By supreme effort he got her clear of the water, and started on the upward ascent. Then he himself would lose his balance while she slipped back, clutching at the clay with small and feeble fingers.

The boy did not remember much after that. A birch bark canoe shot by within a yard, the man kneeling at the waist of it struggling frantically with his paddle to gain the bank. It was Ben Inglas who subsequently rescued the boy from the pile of driftwood fifty yards down the creek, but ere the boy let go he had safely landed Kitty.

* * *

"Gold! Enough gold to make you and me giddy, Ben! Wait till the creek falls."

It had fallen next day. There it was, like the fossil of some prehistoric reptile, clinging to the face of the solid bedrock with crooked tentacles.

"You want to get away right now to the Recorder's Office," advised Ben. "Keep travelling. Don't look back. Take the gasoline launch."

"What I want most of all," said the boy, "is a partner—someone who knows the ropes."

"Sure," Ben agreed. "Someone who'd stand by you if it came to a pinch."

"That's it," said the boy with a laugh. "And I fancy I've found my man! Something doing after all—eh, partner?"

Almost Persuaded

The Rev. H. P. Thompson gives the following account of a sceptic, who lived on the outskirts of his congregation, and never went to church. "I had heard of him as a sceptic; intelligent, and always ready for argument. It so happened that I had never met him up to the time of which I write, though I always called at his house when making pastoral visits in that neighborhood. Suddenly his two only children, aged respectively nine and eleven years, were attacked with scarlet fever and died. I was invited to officiate at the funeral. Calling soon after I found the mother very sad indeed, and willing to hear and acquiesce in what was said. The father was, of course, somewhat softened, but not willing to look upon the affliction as sent for his spiritual good, or, indeed, as intended to teach him any lesson whatever. After this I saw him several times and became intimately acquainted with his views. At one time he told me of several infidel books he had read, and quoted largely from them to destroy the authority of the Bible.

"I asked whether he had read any books on 'The Evidence of Christianity,' and named particularly Paley and Alexander. No, he had never seen them nor read anything of that kind. Then I said, 'As a candid man, you must confess that such a course is not honest. You profess to be seeking the truth, and read to discover it. You only read attacks upon what the best men in the community—the most intelligent as well as the morally best—call truth. I ask you frankly whether you claim that that is honest?' He acknowledged it was not; but said he had never thought of it in that light before; promised faithfully to read whatever I might bring him; and from that time showed a decided attachment as my friend. But he was not decidedly won for Christianity. He came occasionally to church, contributed regularly to its support, always came to the place of public worship when held in his own neighborhood, and never spoke against religion nor its ministers. Plain speaking, in love, I have always found best. It was so in this case. The wife and her mother I have no doubt became Christians; and he himself is under good influence. What the future may reveal I cannot tell, but as yet 'God's word' has not returned to Him void."

Papa Joffre salutes a heroic officer.

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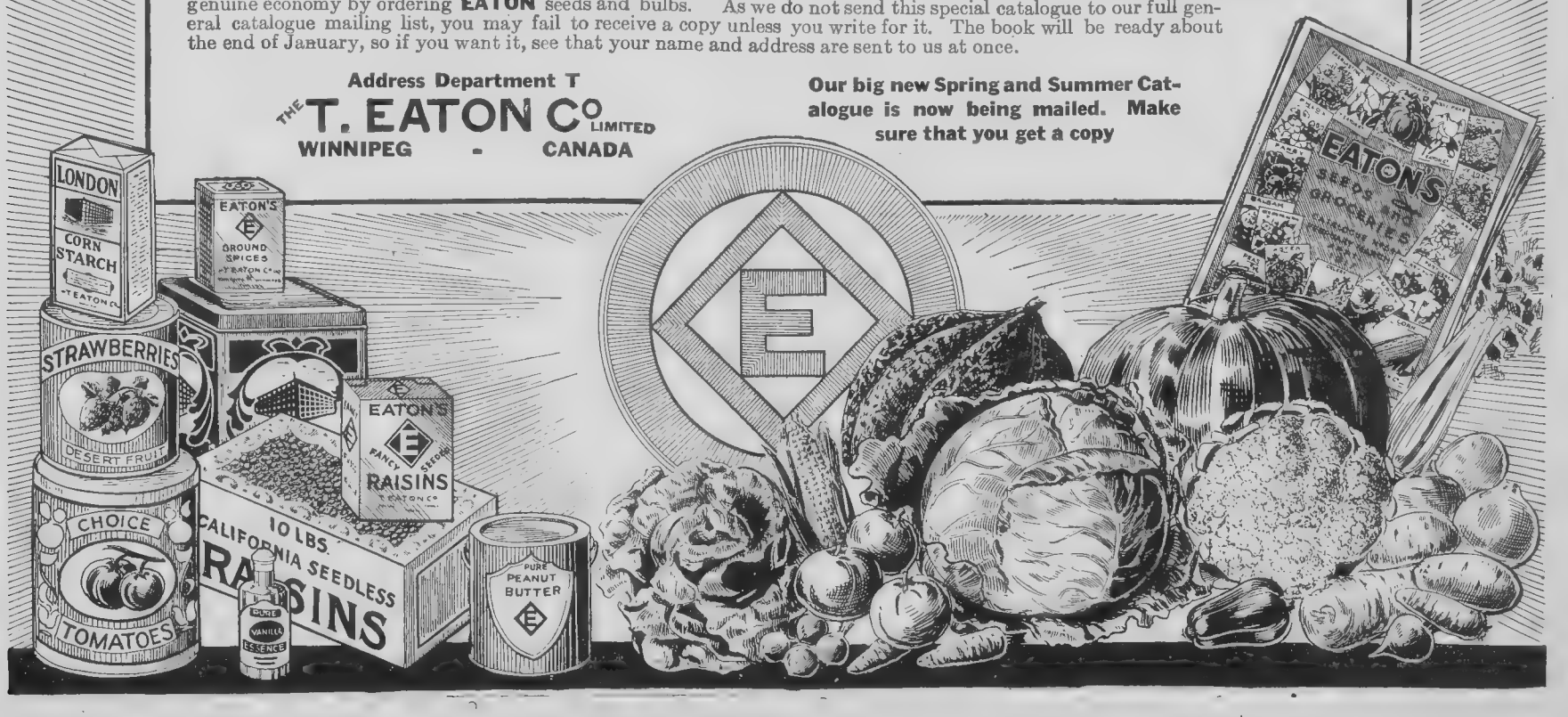

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By Way of the Cariboo Road

By Margaret Grant MacWhirter

BRITISH COLUMBIA, the most westerly province of Canada, measures nine hundred miles in length, by four hundred and twenty-five miles in width, and extends from the 49th to the 60th parallel of north latitude, and westward from the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific.

It is a mountainous country. In the south this elevation extends four hundred miles in width, made up of parallel ranges separated by long valleys. The Interior Plateau is between the Rockies and the Coast Range.

The two largest rivers, Columbia and Fraser, reach the sea after crooked southern courses. The greater part of the river basins is rich in agricultural and grazing lands. The country is rich in minerals, and mining, chiefly gold, is one of the most important industries of the province.

For nearly a century after its discovery British Columbia was almost inaccessible to the rest of the world. By two ways only could it be reached, and hardships and danger were attendant on those ways, either by sea around the south of one of two continents, or across lonely side-stretching prairies, and over lofty, snow-capped mountain ranges.

It is only within half a century that roads have come into existence in British Columbia, and railways were beyond the pale of possibility. Gold opened the way in the Pacific Province. The discovery of the precious metal in the Cariboo made imperative the building of a highway, and thus the Cariboo Road, the most famous highway of its kind in the world came into existence. From Yale on the Fraser River, to its terminus, at Barkerville, is upwards of three hundred miles. As has been remarked: "Its construction was a work of vast difficulty, and one of the greatest achievements in the world in the way of road-building."

From data in the Dominion Archives, relating to the Cariboo Road, we find that in 1861, Governor Douglas visited the gold mines, going by way of Kamloops and Okanagan Lake to Rock Creek, and returning by the nearly completed trail. It was then arranged that a detachment of the Royal Engineers under Captain Grant was to construct the Western part of the road.

In 1862 the road was divided as follows: The Government of British Columbia, the Royal Engineers, in conjunction with a force of civilians should construct various sections: From Yale to Chapman's Bar on the Fraser, thence to Boston Bar, on to Lytton and Clinton; payments to be made in money and in tolls. At last the road was finished, and the government levied a toll to reimburse itself for the heavy expenses of construction.

It was finished, but it is impossible to describe or realize how stupendous was the undertaking, and how difficult of achievement.

To quote from the Archives: "In great part it was built on the scarp of the mountains, bordering on the Thompson and Fraser Rivers, and in many places these precipices are so abrupt and offer so little facility for cutting out a road, except at an enormous cost, that it was necessary to build crib-work and attach to the almost perpendicular sides of the mountains. It is the only road establishing communication between the lower Fraser and the interior of the country, and although an immense amount of travelling passes over it, and it is from fifteen to twenty-five feet wide, it is generally in good order, and accidents are seldom. This is very wonderful when we remember that the road for a great part of the course presents on either the right hand or the left precipices from 500 to 1000 feet in depth."

Over a million dollars were expended in the construction of the Cariboo Road, which bears testimony to the skill, perseverance, and indomitable courage of the men who left behind them a wagon-road, unsurpassed, if indeed equalled in the world.

Cataline Pioneer Packer of the Cariboo.

When the road was opened for traffic, various were the modes of travel. Passengers went by stage, drawn by four or six horses, and merchandise by pack-trains of two, three or four large wagons drawn by ten or twelve large mules, or perhaps sixteen to eighteen oxen. For pack-trains of mules a specified weight for each animal was securely bound on its back. Slowly these trains wended

Pack train loaded ready to leave for Northern Interior over Cariboo Road.

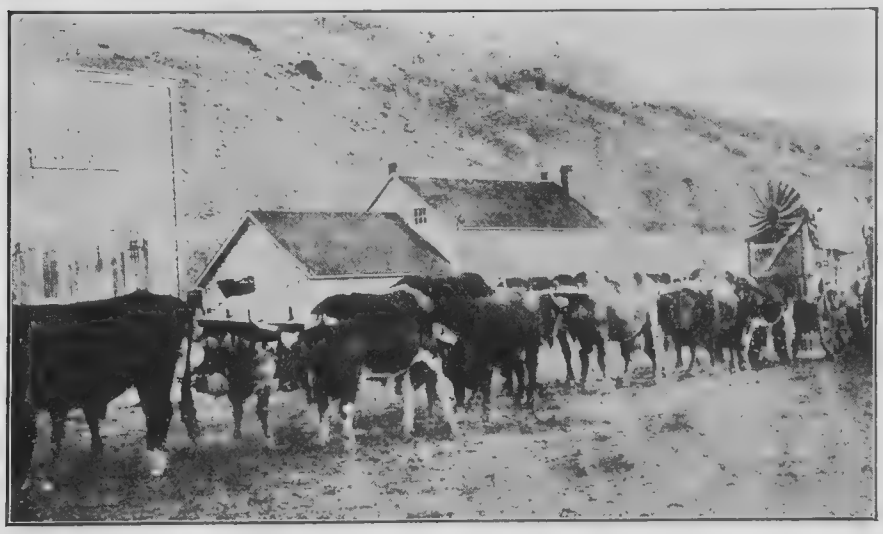
There has been No Increase In the price of Grape-Nuts Nor Any Decrease In the Size of Package Or Quality Of the Food

their way along the new road, making short distances, and in the early evening the mules were unharnessed, and allowed to graze till morning, while near water, beside the road, the muleteers made camp. Naturally the cost of transportation was very great. It was no infrequent sight to see as many as twenty ox-trains of sixteen cattle each; twenty-five horse or mule trains of ten each, and no less than four hundred horses or mules with no vehicles, all engaged in the transportation of merchandise. Almost incredible are the changes and progress in the Pacific Province in the last three decades. The whistle of the railway train has long been a familiar sound in the once nigh-inaccessible Western land. Later facilities of transportation have been augmented by the great automobile trucks which, heavily laden, speed along the Cariboo Road. By means of this road the country has been opened up, and opportunities for agricultural and grazing operations have come within the reach of many. Up the Cariboo Road, eighty-seven and a half miles from Ashcroft, and two hundred and ninety one and a half from Vancouver is situated 100 mile-house, the chief house and general store of the Bridge Creek cattle ranch, the property of the Marquis of Exeter.

Cariboo freight team en route from Ashcroft Terminal—220-mile haul.

As ranches and the life thereon is much the same, a description of Bridge Creek will give a pretty good idea of the life in the "dry belt of British Columbia," through which passes the Cariboo Road.

There are several divisions on this ranch of ten thousand acres. From 100 Mile House one meadow extends westward for five miles, the Willow-Dale to the east for six miles, north-east for nine miles is the Milk Ranch, and twelve miles east is the Buffalo Lake District. These are fenced with wire or wooden rail fences.



The old way of hauling freight.

There are about 550 cattle, comprising Shorthorns, Highland and Herefords. These cattle are sold anywhere from two and a half to four and a half years, and marketed chiefly in Vancouver. There are about fifty horses on the ranch, chiefly Clydesdale, Blood and Bronchos.

About one thousand tons of hay are raised on this ranch, and is preserved in stacks containing on an average fifty tons. These stacks are built in the various meadows for the sustenance of the cattle kept at the several points, and which are left out all winter. The calves and bulls are kept at the Home Ranch, the breeding stock at Willow-Dale, the steers at Milk Ranch. In winter one man resides at each ranch to attend and feed the stock. This is usually done for three months, beginning about the New Year. The calves and their mothers are allowed to run together till the fall. When between six months and a year old, they are branded. First they are lassoed by the neck and hind feet, and, being thrown, are branded on the side or hip with a hot iron. The brand is a letter or figures, sometimes a design. Horses are branded with a crow-foot-half-circle, which has to be recorded. A round-up is for the purpose of collecting the cattle either to brand or to ship, and requires seven days. There are two of these round-ups every year. Cattle thieves were not very numerous, but when they did commit depredations were never caught.

About two-thirds of the land on the Bridge Creek Ranch is dry. The land is watered by irrigation, obtained from creeks. Big Bridge Creek runs from the south out of Horse Lake, while Little Bridge Creek runs from the Westward and is the one chiefly used.

Long trenches, two feet deep, are dug; the water is brought in open trenches at intervals; the sides are broken and by means of marking the water is scattered as desired.

Bridge Creek Ranch is situated about forty miles east of the Fraser River. The elevation is high, 2,500 feet above sea-level; the general character is "rolling." The mountains are no farther than a mile away to the south in the dry belt. The climate is dry, hot in the day, cool at night. In winter it is cold, but dry—the thermometer falling to 65 degrees below, with about 18 inches of snow. There is very little wind and none heavy. Rain is not common and thunder showers are a rarity. Mosquitoes are very troublesome in May, and even horse flies put in an appearance for a few days.

Work on the ranch included ordinary farm work, the hours being the usual ones: from seven a.m. to six p.m. Haymaking began in July and continued till October.

A Chinaman, capable, although not the cleanest in the world, did the cooking. His sense of humor carried him over many trials, The food was good and plentiful, fresh beef three times a day; good bread, cake and pies, and strange to say, usually canned milk.

The foreman or "boss," as he is termed, was a fine man whose duty was to see that the work was done. He, however, accompanied the men and never assigned a task from which he would shrink himself.

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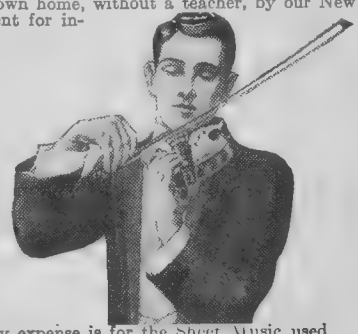

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The ranch house is a large, comfortable house, containing twelve or thirteen bedrooms, two sitting rooms, dining room, office and kitchen, besides barns and sheds. A general supply of dry goods and groceries is kept for use on the ranch, and also for travellers between Ashcroft and Kamloops, a distance of forty-five miles. The nearest neighbor is five miles away, while another is eight miles distant. A road house or saloon was seventeen and a half miles away beyond the mountains. Every house has a telephone connecting with the central, forty-five miles away at Clinton.

There was no thought of loneliness in this ranch house on the dry belt of British Columbia, for twice a week the mails arrived by the B. X. Co., which carried them from Ashcroft and Fort George a distance of four hundred miles. The passenger stage-coach was always loaded with passengers bound to the various trading places, or to the mines at the Canal (gold) Co. mine.

The chief papers included those from Vancouver and Kamloops. Although, perhaps argument sometimes waxed strong among the men employed on the ranch, there were no quarrels. Sunday is the regular wash-day, this and reading occupied the time.

Hospitality was a virtue in the dry belt as elsewhere. While tramps were not encouraged, none were turned away in winter and they averaged one a week. In summer they camped outside.

Hauling freight for Pacific Great Eastern Railway from Ashcroft to Soda Creek, 168 miles.

Derelicts on the ocean of life as they are, no doubt they each have a story to tell. One incident will suffice:

A traveller came through from Alberta on his way to Fort George to see his sister. Travelling down river by raft he was wrecked, losing everything and barely escaping with his life. Reaching his sister he found her in needy circumstances and, owing to his misadventure, was unable to help her. Travelling to the Coast in search of work, he passed along the Cariboo Road and in due time reached 100 Mile House. Tired and hungry he asked for food, which was given to him, and he carried the luncheon out behind the store to eat it alone. Among the men at the house was a warm-hearted Irishman, who, having finished his dinner, joined the stranger in his retreat.

In the course of conversation the traveller related the tale of his misfortunes and prospects—stripped as he was of all his little store by the treacherous river. Paddy had only a dollar in his pocket, but this he generously offered to his less fortunate companion.

The stranger refused to accept the gift, saying he could not beg, excepting for a bite to eat. Notwithstanding Paddy's efforts he would not touch the dollar, although the tears ran down his cheeks in appreciation of the kindness and sympathy of the ranchman. An unseen spectator to this touching sight affirmed that it was difficult to say which appeared the most affected, the would-be donor or the unfortunate traveller, who, in spite of his adverse circumstances, stoutly maintained his independence.

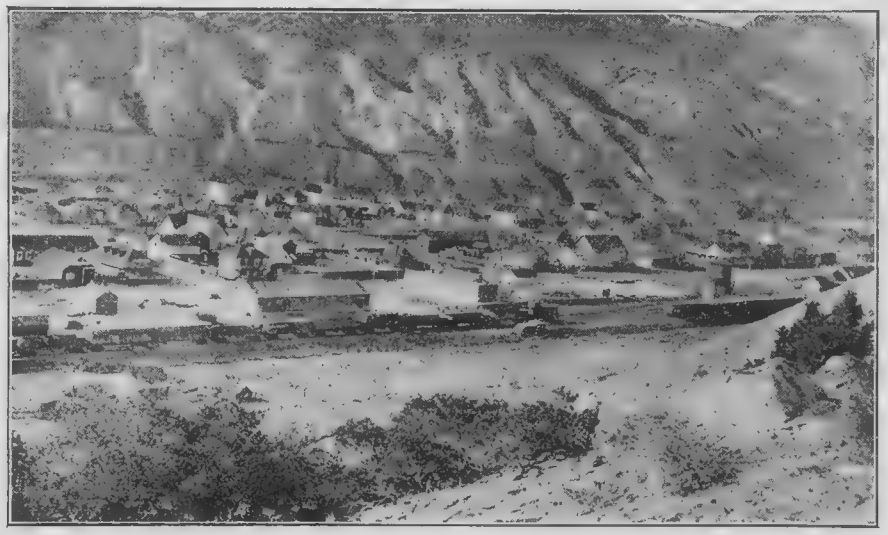
All is Well!

By Mrs. William G. Matheson

If thy courage never fails,
Then—All is well!
Winds of hope, to fill thy sails,
Yes—All is well;
What can daunt thee, if thy soul
Tranquil, fixed, to gain the goal,
Never falters, onward goes,
Fearless meeting, all thy foes.

Earth is dreary, cold, at times,
But—All is well;
Listen to the stirring chimes
Ring—All is well;
Set thy feet upon the way
They should go and ever pray
For the grit and patient strength
That must win, for thee, at length.

Friends may come and friends may go,
Still—All is well;
And concealed, waits many a foe,
Yet—All is well.
Hark ye to this bracing strain,
Courage keep, though faint with pain,
And your failing heart is stayed
By your God, "be not afraid."



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The Windigo at Beaver Rock

By E. G. Bayne

IT was the twenty-third of December and a bright morning. The newly-risen sun was pricking out a myriad diamond points along the illimitable sheets of crust and making of each snow-laden pine and balsam a thing of glittering beauty. Withal, the air was sharp. It "stabbed like a driven nail."

"Fifty-six below," remarked John Williamson to himself as he glanced up at the thermometer which hung on the outer door-jamb at the entrance to the little trading post. "That's fairly keen even for northern Alberta!"

The long, low-set log building, snuggled up in the lee of a small mountain, and further protected by a thin grove of pine and poplar to the east, was the only human habitation in miles. There was a tiny dock down at the lake and one or two outbuildings behind the trading post and this was all. Dog-sled trails led east, west and south, and here and there, sunken in the crust, could be seen the imprint of snowshoes, but beyond these slight evidences of human life, there was little to recommend the spot to a stranger sociably inclined.

John Williamson was practically a stranger, for this was his first winter at the post. He was filling, to the best of his ability, the place of the former factor who had joined the army the preceding spring. As to being lonely, some men might have confessed to this very natural craving for the companionship of their fellows. Not so John Williamson. Didn't he have a wife and daughter to make life cheery for him? Besides, trade had been rather brisk all autumn, and then, every two months the mail from the south arrived. It was to look for the mail dogs that he had come outside this morning. But there was no sign of them. He stood shading his eyes with both hands and gazing still hopefully down the long valley that ran south between two ranges of foothills.

The light tread of an Indian roused him, and he turned to find one, Black Swallow, standing almost beside him. The red man carried a large bundle of pelts.

"You bucks are certainly good at the gumshoe business," observed the factor, as he recovered from his start of surprise. "Come inside."

The Indian, following the other into the post, flung his furs down on the nearest counter and demanded, in confidential tone, some liquid refreshment.

"Hooch," he said, simply.

"No hooch, son," returned the factor, decidedly. "Government says not, you know, what's this—mink, marten, skunk, rabbit? Big catch, eh?"

"You new man? Where old man go?"

"He's gone to war."

"I go war soon, too. You gottum tobac?"

"Sure."

"You gottum gunpowder?"

"Yes; big stock—lots of it."

"You gottum chow?"

"Oh, plenty chow."

And while Black Swallow, with great deliberation ordered his chow (food), the factor asked him the news of the northland. There was very little, it would seem. Rabbits were plentiful. Beaver was scarce this year. Weather was bad. Black Swallow had seen The Windigo at Beaver Rock. The last remark set the factor to laughing. "You red rascals have cooked that yarn up amongst you to avoid carrying parcels for me. There are six bundles now, waiting to go to the Landing, and I can't bribe one of you, it seems."

"Get mail man," returned the Indian.

"Regular mail man is sick. And the mail from Edmonton is now four days' overdue. Besides, the Edmonton fellow won't care to go thirty miles off his beat, and back."

As the factor spoke, two more Indians entered the post. They bought pemmican, codfish, sugar, tobacco, molasses, red print, dates, some packages of meal, and various articles of wearing apparel, and the factor called to his daughter to come and check up these purchases while he counted the pelts.

Madge Williamson came out of the little office at her father's bidding. She had not yet become accustomed to the Indians. She distrusted them one and all. But as the morning passed and more Indians, and some white men as well, arrived to "trade," she was too busy to remember her fears. She was but a northerner in the making. "What's this about a ghost or something of the sort up at Beaver Rock?" demanded Williamson of one of the white men, a trapper by the name of O'Neil.

"Well, I don't know," answered the trapper slowly, his eyes taking on a furtive look. "There's them that only imagines things, John, an' then again, there's others, like myself now, that could tell you strange tales. Mind, I'm not sayin' I seen the ghost myself; but last night I met Jim Crow mushing across from the Yellowhead district an' he said he seen it, quite plain."

"It?" repeated the factor, a shade sarcastically.

"It," replied O'Neil with emphasis. "It is a tall fellow, dressed like one of them gentlemen of the comp'ny of adventurers y' know. Jim said he only appears off an' on like, mostly on windy nights, an' he's always diggin' away with a big shovel as though he might be lookin' fer gold under the snow. He's appeared oftener this year than ever."

"So it seems! I can't get any stuff up that way, and as all the men from the Landing have gone to the war, there's small chance of anyone coming down, for either mail or parcels. Why doesn't someone catch this hoodoo?"

"How'n thunder kin they ketch a thing that melts into thin air as soon as you git nigh him."

"Slippery sort, eh?" laughed the factor, skeptically.

"You kin laugh, John, but I tell you—oh well, let's git down to business. Got any more of that there canned syrup? Well, I'll take six tins."

Alphonse Chabot, a little beady-eyed trapper from east of Devine's Landing, came to the post about noon.

"Eh, mon Dieu! Not at your life I don't take no package to de Landing, m'sieu! Sorry, me, not to oblige. No, no!"

"But you came by Beaver Rock!" the factor put in, rather impatiently. "You always do."

"No, no! Me, I came by sout' trail, m'sieu."

"What! Went ten miles out of your way?"

The little Frenchman nodded, and shrugged.

"What would you? I got wife and eight kids, m'sieu. I tink of dem—not of m'self."

Saying which Alphonse gathered up his parcels and calling out a "Merry Christmas, m'sieu," scuttled away.

John Williamson sent an anxious glance into his office where the bundles for Devine's Landing lay.

"Guess I'll have to hitch the dogs to-night and go up myself," he said, finally, to his daughter.

"No indeed, Dad! If there's any question, I'll go. Why it was only yesterday you were complaining about that pain in your back again!"

"Somebody must go, child. Of course I know I haven't been on a sled since we left Athabasca, but there's a sick squaw at Devine's, waiting for those packages of medicine, and I can't get buck or white man to go past Beaver Rock. Besides—well, it's Christmas, and think of that little colony of disappointed people up there who won't have any Christmas cheer."

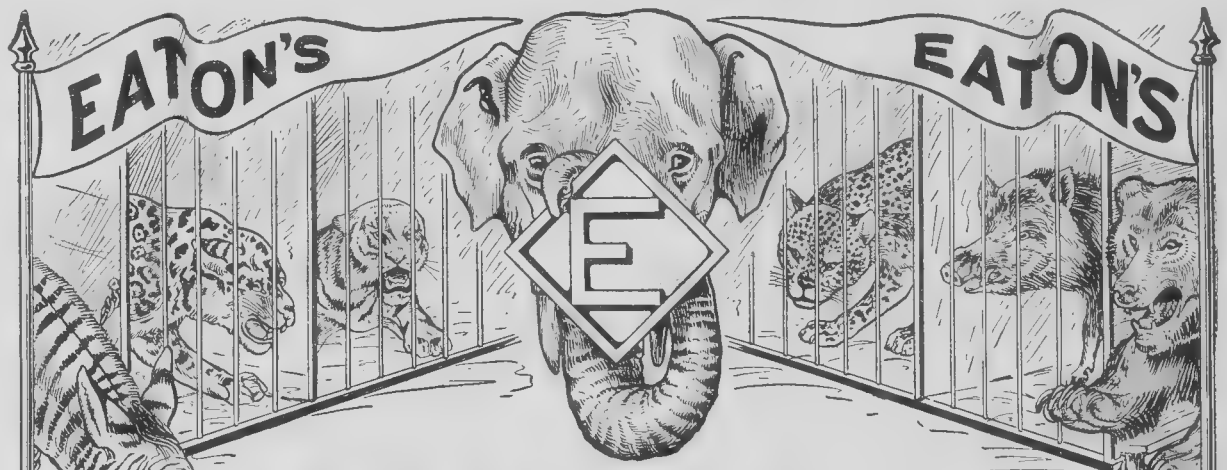
Madge made no reply, but she bit her lip thoughtfully, her dark eyes full of dread. Up at the Landing there were children, and children are the same the world over, at Christmas time. Only to think of the disappointment in those little faces, and all on account of a silly old Indian superstition!

"That copper-colored cheat, Rain-on-the-Lake, who was in here a few minutes ago," the factor went on, "tells me that there's a black fox up near Beaver Rock, and possibly more than one. Now if that's the case and the price of black fox pelts what it is, perhaps after all, there may be something in this ghost affair. It will take a pretty big spirit (manitou, or whatever they call it) to scare a chap like Rain-on-the-Lake."

"I'm not a bit frightened," returned the girl, pale nevertheless, in spite of her words. "So I'll go to the Landing, Dad, myself. No, don't say a word now! I'm going, just as soon as the mail comes, and if the mail isn't here by sunset, I'll start anyway!"

The factor looked anxiously at the girl. Well he knew her fear of the Indians, her slight knowledge of the trails, the distance to be travelled, the piercing cold. But all remonstrance was in vain. Madge was determined to go.

"I'll stay at the Landing to-night and be home before sunset to-morrow," she explained, patting her father's arm. "Don't you worry, Dad, and don't let mother worry."



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Cage containing Racoons
Cage containing White Fallow Deer
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Pit containing Kangaroo
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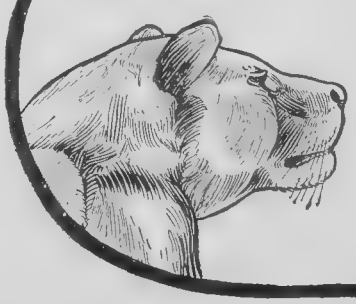

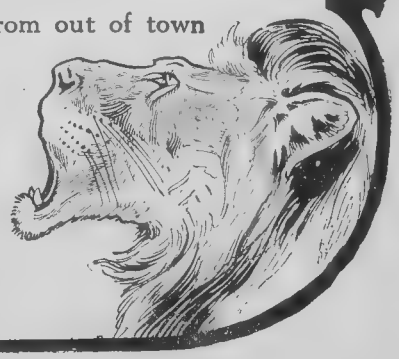

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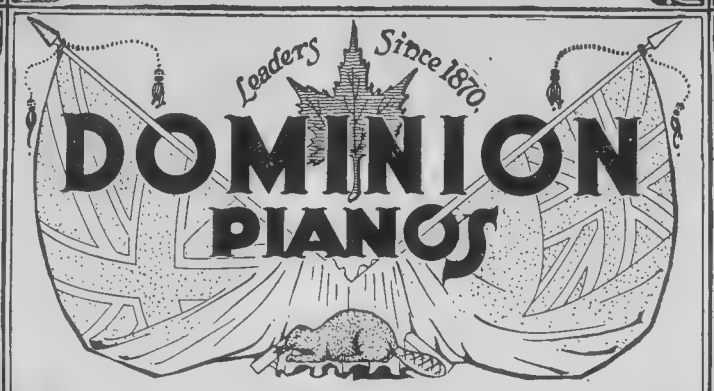

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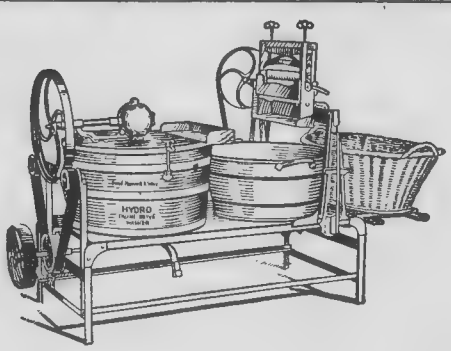

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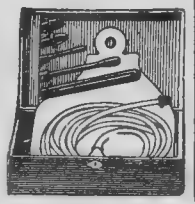

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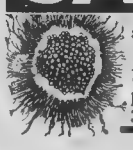

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"My child, if you are set on this, remember to use every precaution. The pistols——"

"I know. I'll take a gun, too."

"And the charcoal to rub on your eyelids to prevent snow-blindness——"

"Yes, yes."

"And the chocolate. Remember, too, your poor Uncle Jasper's fate, and don't lose your sense of direction. Take the old compass that's hanging on the nail yonder."

At the reference to her beloved uncle, her father's only brother, who had been lost in the snow four years previously when on a prospecting expedition, the girl paused. A shadow of pain crossed her face. John Williamson himself felt a clutch in his throat as he spoke, and to cover his emotion he turned to the big box stove in the centre of the room and threw some fresh hardwood logs on the fire.

Sunset arrived, but no mail team, so the factor's four dogs were hitched to the big sled, the packages placed thereon, and Madge Williamson with her snow-shoes, weapons and lunch set off for Devine's Landing, thirty miles north and west. It was now nearly five o'clock, and everything going well and the dogs making their best speed, she would reach her destination well before midnight, passing the dread Beaver Rock about half-way. However, the long twilight of this northern land, together with the beautiful arctic lights which began soon after sundown to flash across the sky, made the great wintry expanses that stretched away from her on every side as bright almost as day. Deep-piled, glistening drifts, great stretches of glare ice, now and then a precarious bit of trail that skirted a small precipice—these were encountered and passed in an endless succession. On the whole the trail was a straight one. She had very little need of the compass, she decided.

The tinkle of the harness bells made a sort of monotonous music, pleasing and soothing. The tang of the air made the girl's cheeks red as holly berries. Now and then she broke into a snatch of song, for when one is only twenty and full of the joy of living, what are a few indefinite fears, more or less!

"There's Beaver Rock!" she exclaimed, at length. And as if the dogs heard and understood, the four of them set up a long howl in unison. But they kept on, steadily.

"Go it, Wolf! Go it, Jack!" she cried to the leaders. "Mush, boys! We'll spin around that old Rock like oiled lightning, won't we?"

"Yipe, yipe!" answered the dogs, and increased their speed by several knots.

The great Rock reared its beaver-shaped form from out a shallow valley by a small lake. Madge could discern the outlines of it while yet three or four miles away. As they drew nearer and nearer, in spite of her assumed bravado, Madge felt her heart beating rapidly, so rapidly it caught her breath occasionally. Also, it seemed to be getting colder. Or was it hunger that made her feel chilly and rather forlorn? She had no time to decide the question, for the next moment they had swung around a bend and were in full sight of Beaver Rock.

There it rose, not forty rods away, dark and massive and mysterious. A keen wind blew from the little frozen lake. Madge pulled her beaver cap down tighter over her ears, and in doing so probably saved her own life, for in that second of time the dogs suddenly whined, slackened quickly on the reins and came to an abrupt halt upon their haunches, throwing the girl violently off her balance and into the drifts. Her head just glanced by a sharp, jutting rock, but her shoulder received the full force of the blow, and, with a curious sense of weakness mingled with a dull, throbbing pain, she felt everything going black before her eyes.

* * * * *

How much time passed then she could not tell, either at the time or afterwards. When she came to, it was to smell a sharp odor of frying venison. Then she saw a dull light. Presently her eyes made out earth walls, a rude table, an oil lantern suspended from the roof and smoking badly, some shovels and picks leaning against a wall and an old gun hanging from a nail over the couch on which she lay.

She started up, but was arrested by a sharp stabbing pain in her right shoulder. As she fell back she moaned in agony, and lay panting for several moments trying to piece together the almost unaccountable bits of evidence before her. Was this a dream? How had she gotten into this sod shack? Where were the dogs?

She felt her bed. It was made of hide stretched on a frame and covered with buffalo skins and a coarse dark blanket. Then a voice spoke. It was a hoarse, deep voice—the voice of a man. She turned to find a tall, uncouth figure bending over her. It was a white man, although at first glance she thought he must surely be an Indian. A thick grizzly beard covered most of his chest. He smiled a vacuous sort of smile, even while he asked with rough sympathy, how she felt. His face was bronzed to the color of old leather and his garments were a motley assemblage of skins of various animals. When he spoke it seemed to be with difficulty, as though he had been so long accustomed to isolation from his kind that his mother tongue tripped on his lips.

Madge stared at him with growing fear. He was the oddest creature she had ever seen. But as he haltingly told her of the hot supper he had just prepared for her, she made an heroic effort to smile.

"I can't eat—yet," she said, nervously. "Where is my sled, and the dogs and the parcels? I must be going on presently. I——"

"Eat—drink," insisted the stranger. "It will give you strength. Come."

Madge swallowed some of the soup, and felt better.

"I thought you were a man," said the odd creature, grinning queerly, "till I picked you up. I didn't know there was a woman in all this region—only squaws."

"Who are you?" demanded the girl, pushing away his proffered meat. "I—I never saw you before."

The man leaned against the wall, still smiling. "I'm the Spirit of this white wilderness," he replied in a sing-song voice, as though repeating a part in a play. "I'm the owner of gold—much gold. But they're all afraid of me. They——" Here he broke into a queer, mirthless, cackling laugh.

"They call me 'The Windigo,'" he added, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper.

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Madge felt now, what she had suspected all along, that the man was crazy.

"I keep away from them. Only at night I go near their trails. If I let them near me they would steal my gold—the treasure I've spent years in accumulating."

His words ended in a passionate gasp. His eyes gleamed strangely. Madge decided that it was best to humor him. Bye-and-bye she would manage to slip away and find the sled.

"Oh, I've heard of that Windigo," she said, with a quick laugh that only half concealed the tremor in her voice. "But you see, I don't believe in ghosts. Nobody does, except, perhaps, the Indians."

With a great effort she rose. Her hurt shoulder throbbed and ached till she felt like crying out. Her cap had fallen off and she began to look about for it.

At that instant the man leaped to the opposite wall and snatched his gun down. He had barely time to take up a position of defence against one of the posts when the rude door of the shack swung slowly open, revealing the muffled form of a sergeant of the Royal North West Mounted Police.

The girl gave a cry of mingled surprise and relief. The owner of the shack stood like an animal at bay, his eyes gleaming, his breath coming in short, quick gasps. His finger twitched on the gun trigger.

"Put down the gun, my friend," said the officer quietly.

As under a spell, still gazing at the newcomer, the other slowly lowered his rifle. The officer now perceived the girl for the first time, and he removed his fur cap. Madge saw the dark head and healthy-looking brown face of Sergeant Donald Macpherson, whom she had met two years before at a dance at Athabasca Landing.

"What are you doing here, Miss Williamson, may I ask?" he demanded, his quick eye travelling about the dark room.

In a few breathless words the girl told him.

"Are—are you going to arrest him?" she added, nodding inquiringly at her quondam host. "What has he done?"

"Nothing, so far as I know, except scare the natives. I believe he's harmless, but a little 'off.' He's the victim of paranoia—thinks he has a buried treasure. Yet he's cute enough to keep up a bluff about a ghost. Now, sir, I've been on your trail for over a year, but never saw you in the flesh until this minute, although I've beaten this whole territory up hill and down dale. Only for that sled and the parcels dumped out down the trail a bit, I'd never have found my way here. But I followed your tracks, and here I am. You must get ready to come back with me. Will you get ready at once?"

Something magnetic, either in the speaker's decided tone or the steady glance of his eyes, or both, acted like a charm on the grizzled hermit. He nodded affirmatively, and pulled down his cap and coat from a hook. Both were made of beaver skin. "You won't let them have my gold?" he whispered, hoarsely, laying a trembling hand on the sergeant's arm. "See, I'll show you—and her."

He turned, lifted a pick, and began to pry loose some boards in a corner. Macpherson drew his electric flashlight from his pocket and turned it upon the cavity revealed.

"A moment—only a moment," panted the hermit. He took up a spade and scraped away some loose earth and instantly there flashed into view the dull but unmistakable gleam of gold—gold quartz, gold in the nugget and gold in tiny grains.

"By jove! Then it's true, after all!" ejaculated Macpherson. "You really have buried treasure! I say, sir, what is your name?"

The hermit gazed sorrowfully at the young man. "I am the Spirit of this great wilderness," he replied, in his droning way. "This room we are in is well underground—out of the way of prying folk. I have no name. I live here in the daytime. At evening I go abroad. Sometimes," and here he chuckled, "sometimes they come close to me—those people of another world—but I have merely to sink into the good old earth. I have more than one entrance to my home—and they, well, they don't come as near again. They call me 'The Windigo,' I believe." And he laughed aloud.

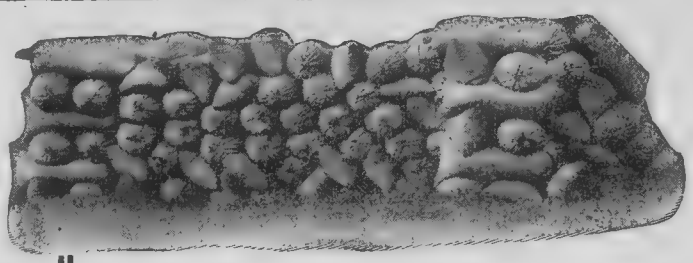
"You speak like a man of some education," said Macpherson, and added in an aside to the girl, "Take down a book from that shelf yonder, and see if his name is on it. There must be some clue, somewhere about."

Madge turned to a rude pine shelf nearby and took down a small volume, bound in dog-eared green leather. It was Service's "Songs of a Sourdough." She opened it at the fly-leaf. Macpherson switched the ray of his flashlight full on the page. There was both a name and a date:

"Jasper F. Williamson, April 9th, 1911."

* * * * *

"You see, I came up with the mail man," the sergeant explained, as the three travelled south under a sky so full of stars it seemed like a gown of purple velvet sown with diamonds. "He's a new



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	Red Fife, Registered	3204	3.10	3.25
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N.B.—Above stocks are not subject to market change, excepting **Wheat, Marquis No. K. 70,** which we offer on the following basis: When Fort William May price for commercial grade 1 Northern is under $1.85 our price will be $2.10 per bushel. Whenever Fort William price is $1.85 or more, add to our price of $2.10, 1c or fraction thereof per bushel concurrent with each advance of 1c or fraction thereof per bushel.

Prices quoted are for quantities of 10 bushels or more, for less quantities add 5c per bushel. **Special quotations on carloads.** Use Stock Number when ordering. **Add 30c** for Cotton Bags (wheat 2 bus., oats 2 ½ bus.), excepting those marked * which are put up in Jute Sacks **15c** each.

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ECONOMICAL
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Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.

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With matches, as with everything else, it pays to buy the best.

Eddy's Silent Parlor Matches

will save your time and temper, for they are good strikers — safe, sure and silent.

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quickly kills all nits and vermin in the hair. It is double the strength of any other but perfectly safe to use and will not injure the most delicate skin; nourishes and beautifies the hair.

In 15c. & 25c. *sizes. Extra large size* 50c.
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man and that accounts for his being so late. I've no doubt he'll make Devine's before dawn, though. A good thing he was going there, anyway!"

"It was kind of him to take my parcels on," said Madge. "Oh, thank heaven those dogs threw me out just where they did!"

"They must have caught a glimpse of 'The Windigo.' Well—he was real after all."

The girl leaned her head against the old hermit's shoulder.

"Poor uncle," she murmured, softly. "And you say he'll get better?"

"Not a doubt of it. I know of a number of like cases. Won't this be a happy Christmas for your father, though!"

"For us all! You'll spend it with us at the post, won't you?"

And underneath the parka Macpherson's hand sought Madge's mittened one as he softly said: "Well, rather."

The Country School as a Community Centre

By Robert J. C. Stead

Nations are built in the public schools. The ideals set up by the school teacher remain very largely the ideals of the pupil throughout life, and his conception of patriotism will be what he has been taught during his school years. It is not too much to say that the present world war is due to a difference of ideals fostered by different systems of education.

Great as is the importance of the public school in old and well established countries, this importance is even greater in the new lands which are being called upon to assimilate populations from the more congested countries. It is worthy of note that in Western Canada, which may be cited as a case in point of a country which is called upon to assimilate a population of many races, some of the most strenuous political and constitutional fights have hinged upon the systems of public education. These fights, however, were not without their purpose, and out of them has arisen a public school policy well calculated to meet the needs of a new and rapidly growing country. In such a country the public school has to take on functions not usually associated with it in the older and more densely settled communities. The prairie schoolhouse is not merely a centre of education; it is also the religious and social centre of the district. During the week days the school teacher furnishes education to the children of the neighborhood, but on Sunday the missionary holds his services, which all attend regardless of creed or nationality, and on week nights the building is used for meetings of farmers, for the various community societies, for the Red Cross or Patriotic Club, and for purely social events such as debates, concerts and dances. To facilitate the latter, it may be noted that many country schoolhouses use removable desks which the willing hands of the farmer's boys quickly dispose of whenever there is a dance in prospect.

Another phase of community work associated with the rural school which has been coming into prominence during the last few years, is the supply of books to settlers in the district. This work is encouraged and assisted by the central department of education, which provides catalogues of books suitable for such purposes, the actual selection being left to the teacher. The number of books allotted to a school district is based on the report of the inspector of schools. In the Province of Alberta, although this school library movement is only in its infancy, no less than 110,000 books were supplied for this purpose last year at a cost of some $30,000. Educationists of the province look forward to the time when every school district will be a library centre, giving to the settlers the facilities now afforded to residents of cities and towns through their public libraries. The prosperity which has almost overwhelmed rural Alberta in the last two years, when farmers have been reaping enormous crops and selling them at the highest figures in history, promises to contribute still further to the importance of the rural school as a social centre. With every farmer driving his own automobile, the opportunities for social gatherings are greatly increased, and the country school is the natural meeting place.

British official photograph showing a pathetic scene on the La Bassee front. A handsome horse, the mount of a British officer, is standing at the edge of a dug-out, where the British officer has gone, never to return. An unfamiliar hand will lead him away from the scene of his master's death. The horse has a grieved look. Many animals have been known to pine away in sorrow for their masters.

A New Heart

An anecdote published many years ago of the Indian chief Teedyuscung, king of the Delawares, is too valuable to be lost. "One evening he was sitting at the fireside of a friend. Both of them were silently looking at the fire, indulging their own reflections. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said: 'I will tell thee what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the author of the Christian religion, which, from its excellence, we call the Golden Rule.' 'Stop,' said Teedyuscung; 'don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence, tell me what it is.' 'It is for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him.' 'That's impossible. It cannot be done,' Teedyuscung immediately replied. Silence again ensued. Teedyuscung lighted his pipe, and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came to his friend with smiling countenance, and taking the pipe from his mouth, said: 'Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else.' Thus the Indian found the only means by which man can fulfil his social duties."

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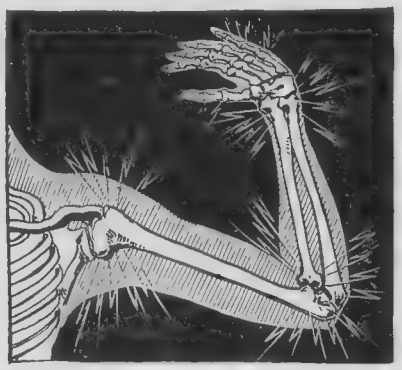
Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money—Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:



"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

"In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today. MARK H. JACKSON, No. 808C Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y."

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months' residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Big Game of the Far North

By Aubrey Fullerton

THE caribou and musk-oxen of the very far North are gradually decreasing, and a really serious situation may soon develop in the way of a big-game shortage. Mounted police patrolmen who have recently covered a part of the sub-Arctic country bring back news that the supply is coming dangerously near the point of extermination, and that steps will need to be taken before long to conserve the animal population that still remains.

Some time ago the well known Norwegian explorer, Dr. Leyden, after making a trip across the Barren Lands, recommended to the Dominion government that the sale of rifles to the Eskimos be discontinued because of this threatened shortage in the game supply. The primitive instincts of the child-like people of the North led them, he said, to use a rifle as a toy and to shoot everything in sight from the sheer novelty of it. They would suffer no real inconvenience if they were compelled to rely, as they had formerly done, upon their bows and arrows and the various trapping methods with which they had become very proficient. It would be a wise measure thought this experienced traveller in the North, to keep rifles away from them, in the interest of animal preservation.

The later report from the mounted police confirms that of Dr. Leyden, and gives new point to the argument made at various times during the past few years that the matter required attention. Both the caribou and the musk-oxen, which have been a chief food supply for the Eskimos from time immemorial, are said to be in danger, and men who have been in the far North claim that its big game will presently be a thing of the past unless measures are soon taken in the direction of a close season or the establishment of an animal sanctuary.

A Musk Ox of the Barren Land

The threatened extermination of sub-Arctic game is partly due to the fact that the Eskimos are good hunters. When the life of a whole family, or a whole community, is dependent upon the results of the chase, there must be no mistakes in hunting methods, and the Eskimos at such times, and in the most difficult situations, rarely do the wrong thing.

Bows and arrows were formerly their usual weapons, but since American and British whaling vessels have been going to Arctic waters the use of firearms, thus introduced in the North, has become general along certain parts of the coast, and the Eskimos have proved as skilful with guns as with their primitive bows. Large numbers of deer are also trapped in cleverly concealed pitfalls in the snow, so placed as to intercept the animals in their cross-country runs.

The musk-ox is distinctly a northern animal. It never goes farther south than halfway down the coast of Hudson Bay, nor farther west than the Mackenzie river; but throughout the Barren Lands, along the mainland Arctic coast, and on the islands beyond, it is king. Over that vast track it roams, usually in herds of twenty-five or thirty, and feeds upon grass, saxifrage plants, and dwarf willows. Even in winter it forages grass from under the snow. In the summer the herds move north, and before the ice breaks up they cross to some of the Arctic islands, where they find pasturage very much to their liking.

There is perhaps no animal better fitted to its conditions than this Northern ox. It is a thick-set animal, with a massive head and neck, and short legs; its horns are about twenty-five inches long and curve down, and it can boast of only an inch or two of tail. An average male animal is of about the size of a small domestic ox. He looks clumsy, but though his body is heavy and his legs short he is fairly nimble, and gets over rough surfaces, and even up rocky slopes, with seeming ease. He wears a heavy, cold-proof coat of long, brownish-black hair, under which is a thick growth of wool.

The flesh of the musk-ox makes excellent beef. When in good condition it is sweet and tender and highly nourishing, but in the winter it carries a strong flavor of musk, which has given the animal its name. The musk flavor, however, is not at all objectionable to the Eskimos, who use the meat as a part of their food supply and the pelts for bedding and clothing.

Of smaller build than the musk-ox, but much larger in numbers, is the other denizen of the North, the caribou. It, too, grazes on the nearer of the Arctic islands and over the Barrens, but in addition to this area it covers the plains of the Peace River country, the Yukon valleys and the wooded lands of the Athabasca and Mackenzie territories.

There have heretofore been millions of these woodland and prairie caribou, differing somewhat in size and habits according to the country. Like the musk-oxen, they break up into small bands for most of the year, except when on the move, when they mass into monster herds of several thousand. A caribou migration is one of the sights of the Northland.

If the musk-ox is of value to the Eskimos for both food and clothing, even more so the caribou, which supplies the Northern sewing room as well as the dining room with most of its raw material. The uses to which the skin of the deer may be put are almost unlimited, and the Eskimo seamstresses fashion wonderful things in the way of garments, blankets, tent-coverings, and footwear out of the only dry-goods stuff their restricted market affords them.

Other big game, such as walrus, seals and whales, make up the rest of the far North hunting list, but the caribou and musk-ox are the typical land animals, and the ones most in need of conservation. According to the reports at hand during the past year or two something in the way of restriction on over-hunting is really necessary if the animal population of the sub-Arctics is to be kept up; and it is certain that that is very desirable, for the good of the people who live there.

He was an ingenious and ingenuous small boy. "Mamma," he said, "will you wash my face?"

"Why, John, can't you do that?"

"Yes, mamma, I can, but I'll have to wet my hands, and they don't need it."
—Pearson's Weekly.

His First Night Away

By Strickland W. Gillilan

The neighbor lad had teased, and so had he
Till Mother sighed: "Well, if it has to be!"
And Father said: "Sure! Let him run along,
It's so near by there's nothing can go wrong."
So Mother rolled his gown into a lump
Smaller than one her throat held; put his comb
In with it; and he left, with joy a-jump—
First time he stayed all night away from home!

He choked a little when he said good-night
To stranger-parents; and he saw a light
Shining in his own house, two worlds away
In the next block; then dreamed till dawning day
That he was homeless. At their breakfast-time
He could not eat, but made his homesick flight
Without adieux—to him no social crime—
When first he stayed away from home all night.

And Mother met him with her arms outspread,
And in her loving bosom hid his head
A long, long time while neither of them stirred
Nor anybody said a single word.
In her a pang old as maternity
Forewarned her of long partings that must come;
For him had ended all eternity—
First time he's stayed all night away from home!

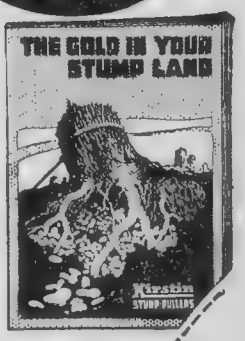
Send To-day For This Book

80 stumps in 100 minutes. Record made by Kirstin Horse Power Puller under official watch test at the Land Clearing Demonstration of the University of Wisconsin.

Yank Out Those Stumps!

A Guaranteed Saving of from 10% to 50% in Clearing Land Ready for the Plow.

The rich crop pictured above, is growing on what was a tax-eating stump field. The owner got it ready for the plow the Quickest, Cheapest and Best Way — with the Kirstin Method. Thousands of farmers have increased the productive value of their land a hundred-fold by clearing the Kirstin way. You do the same. Stop paying taxes on worthless stump fields; make them earn money for you — get a



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No deeply imbedded root is too big for the Kirstin Horse Power Puller. Its mighty strength is irresistible because of its triple power and other exclusive Kirstin features. It will clear more than two acres at one setting without strain to man, horse or machine. 21 years the leader.

One man without horses can pull the biggest stumps, too, with the Kirstin One Man Stump Puller. A little push on the handle gives tons of pull on the stump. This enormous power is developed by use of double leverage. It gives an ordinary 17-year-old farm boy a giant's power.

There is a machine for every need, from the smallest land clearing job to the biggest. Every customer is given a **Guarantee Bond** that The Kirstin Method will clear your land and make it ready for the plow at a cost from **10% to 50% cheaper than any other.** Every Kirstin Puller is **guaranteed** against breakage **for 15 years.** Every puller sent on **10 days' trial, money back** if guarantee does not deliver the goods.

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"The Gold in Your Stump Land." Read the letters from farmers who have bought Kirstins. Learn how, after clearing your land, you can make money by renting your Kirstin to the neighbors, learn about Kirstin service, forever free to all Kirstin Owners. Don't buy until you read this book.

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THEY ARE LOOKING TO YOU!

THEN shall the King say unto them on his right hand.....

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink.....naked, and ye clothed me....."

Then shall they answer him, saying —"Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?....or naked, and clothed thee?"

And the King shall answer.....
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Overseas, in ravaged Belgium, more than 3,000,000 of "the least of these" are hungry, thirsty, thinly clad—looking to us! Have you done what you could for any of them?

Whatever you can give, send your subscription weekly, monthly, or in one lump sum, to Local or Provincial Committees, or

SEND CHEQUES PAYABLE TO TREASURER

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THE GREATEST RELIEF WORK IN HISTORY

Maeterlinck Raises a Cry of Distress

Belgian Poet-Author Makes Fervent Appeal for Assistance to Relieve Distress of His Afflicted Fellow-Countrymen.

By Maurice Maeterlinck

"People know but very little of what is going on in Belgium and in the invaded departments. Now and then there may break out some scandal more sensational than the others; the assassination of some heroic patriots, monstrous slave-harvesting in the north, deportation of young Belgians of military age, a six hundred million robbery from the 'Banque Nationale,' and so many others too numerous to mention, for the recital of woes and of horrors has a prompt wearying effect.

"But even these are only cries of anguish or of revolt, which, perchance, may suddenly break the terrible silence which severs from the rest of the world the victims, abandoned defenceless to the scientifichatred of a foe to whom the pitiless abuse of force is the prime principle of his madly criminal ethics. In that ventless stillness, there has been in full action, for more than two years, an immense tragedy, almost without words, whose stifled echoes can reach us only in a very long while. As a matter of fact, we hardly suspect that just a few miles outside of our trenches, a whole nation, or almost nearly so—that is to say, some three or four million men, women and children—is slowly dying from inanition and is systematically and diabolically subjugated and decimated by famine. A recent article printed in the Daily News—an article which at first reading would have seemed to me exaggerated and incredible, had I not received to confirm it, reliable private information about the dreadful 'In-Pace' which to-day my native country actually is—gives an off-hand descriptive evidence, of the situation in Belgium; and 'that situation is growing from day to day more and more painful and abominable.'

Saved by Americans

"It is to-day a known fact that the admirable American intervention has literally saved from starvation more than one-half of the Belgian population. Of the eight million inhabitants that Belgium contained before the war, there remained in their native country about seven million people, all of them at the mercy of the invader who does not know what mercy means. Set aside one million of folks in somewhat easy circumstances, who have until now managed to find the necessaries of life, one million and a half of farmers, country people and such others who live on the ordinary land produce; add to these, although the figure may be somewhat excessive, one other million of mechanics, domestics and laborers who may still find some work to perform, and there remain a little more than three million unfortunate ones; small traders, employees, workmen of all kinds of trades, who are completely resourceless. Actually, every line of industry is gone, the workshops are closed and from almost every one of them the machinery has been dismounted, taken to pieces and shipped to Germany. These wretched people, therefore, have nothing to live upon except the soup and bread distributions which, thanks to the magnificent American generosity, are admirably organized in all the crowded centres of population. But these distributions, which have been going on for two years, absorb enormous sums, and to face the ever-growing misery they must be daily increased, thus forcibly becoming more and more difficult and parsimonious.

"The Daily News correspondent, who has seen it all with his own eyes, gives us a description of the impressive and lamentable spectacle of these crowds who, daily, and thus for so many days, are patiently waiting for the indigent sportula which prolongs life without averting death. And these crowds are not made up of paupers. You will not see there the rags nor the dereliction of misery. Those who are there have never held out their hand. They are neatly dressed, resigned, silent and dignified. But all of them from the older to the younger ones, and especially to the youngest, have the hollowed mask which cannot deceive, the wan and characteristic mark of people who, for nearly two years have not eaten to satisfy their hunger.

Plague Is Spreading

"Let us try for a moment to realize in our minds the actual meaning of these cruel words; not to eat to satisfy one's hunger, when they are applied to a nation, industrious above all, that, until the present day, by its own labor, had lived in a healthy and plain abundance and, indeed, was less than any other prepared for such a trial, the ending of which is not even in sight. In spite of all, it keeps its courage, it does not lower its head, it does not complain. The soul bears up against Fate, but the body is quite exhausted. It cannot stand with impunity, through endless months, a regimen of misery which no civilized nation would dare impose upon its worst criminals. And tuberculosis also has begun to play a dreadful havoc among these emaciated throngs. As is always the case, it preferably attacks young men, women and children, mowing in their full bloom the vital forces of the nation. In Brussels alone, hundreds of cases are reported daily; and in several centres where the working class is more densely located, especially in Ghent, Liege and Alost, the plague is progressing with a frightful rapidity, and alarming virulence.

The safety and the whole future of a race are at stake; and the Germans are there attending, with a satisfaction they no longer try to dissemble, the extermination of that little nation who, the first of all, dared to stand against them and commit that crime, in their mind unpardonable, of preferring death to dishonor. And now they are giving it to this nation, coolly, slowly, methodically, that death which it did prefer to their monstrous offer of friendship, the refusal of which did so gravely offend them. What can be done and what is the remedy? To redoubel relief? Undoubtedly, if it is possible. To appeal once more to the neutrals' conscience and humanity overflowing with indignation? Perhaps; one does not readily lose that habit of hoping against all possible hope. ut, at all events, it was necessary to enter, even now, this offence, more perfidious than the others, upon the long dark list of the crimes which shall be remembered on that very near day of the settling of accounts."

You can do your share by sending your donation to the Belgian Relief Fund, c/o The Western Home Monthly.

Belgian Government Has to Send Food to Belgian Slaves in Germany

An official statement has reached Belgian authorities here from Henry Carton de Wiart, the Belgian Minister of Justice, to the effect that the deportation of Belgians to work in Germany in no way relieves their dependents who are left behind, as Germany is trying to make the world believe. Mr. de Wiart says:

"As to salaries, the truth is that only workmen who consent to sign an engagement (so-called volunteers) have pay. Those who are resisting have thirty pfennigs a day and obliged to work in virtual slavery, with bad treatment and insufficient food. The Belgian Government was recently obliged to send food to 12,000 workmen reported to be in a desperate state at a camp at Soldau."

In face of the new oppression, the Belgians are showing greater determination, patriotism and heroism than ever. Mr. de Wiart continues:

"In spite of all the population and the deported maintain a splendid heroism. In spite of all the pressure and brutality very few sign the engagement. The Belgians have a deserved historical reputation of being the most obstinate people in Europe, and they will never resign their independence."

It is thought that this statement from Mr. de Wiart will be very welcome to those who are helping the Belgians by contributing for the Belgian Relief Commission. The Belgian Relief Committee is in constant receipt of expressions from Belgian authorities of the great moral as well as physical support which is afforded by the generous gifts from Canada.

As Mr. de Wiart has shown by the above, Belgium's need is not lessened but intensified by the recent deportations, which deprive Belgian families of workers who have been able to partly support their families by such local efforts as are now possible in Belgium. In addition to the thousands upon thousands of Belgian families whose breadwinners have been slaughtered, every day now witnesses more breadwinners being carried off into slavery.

Fresh contributions are most urgently needed to feed the starving women and children of Belgium, who will surely perish but for outside assistance. Canadians who will give out of their plenty to help succor this suffering nation may send contributions to the Belgian Relief Fund, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, or to The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Mabel Maysey's Dishonorable Deed

By W. R. Gilbert

I WAS staying with Mabel Maysey at her lovely house in Newport. Mabel and I had been at school together and later had spent two years "finishing" in France and Germany. Then we had come home and the next time I heard of her she was engaged to Gerald Maysey, awfully rich and a rare nice fellow.

Six months later they were married and after seemingly endless globe trotting had settled down in New York, at least when they were not at one of their country places.

That was fifteen years ago and since then Mabel had never missed having me to stay with her twice a year, more especially when she went to Newport.

"Let us have a quiet evening together, Winnie," she had said one afternoon. And I had heartily agreed, for the bustle and fatigue of dinner parties and balls for the last three weeks had thoroughly tired me.

We had drifted into Mabel's boudoir, chatting and laughing over the old times. Mabel languidly exploring an old and long-forgotten trunk the while and bringing forth first one thing and then another, which served to call up old memories and faces that night. Mabel was in high spirits and she filled the room with rippling laughter, as I told her of a serio-comic experience I had had in Italy a few months back.

But suddenly I noticed she was no longer attending. Instead, she was gazing with thoughtful eyes at a little silver casket she held in her hand, and which had evidently been brought to light from the depths of the trunk beside her.

Slowly she opened the delicate silver box and took from it a visiting card. Then she put it back and closed the box with a tiny snap.

"Mabel," I said, "you look quite serious. There must be some tragic tale connected with that card!"

Mabel started, then she smiled.

"There is a story, Winnie, but it is hardly tragic—at least to the person most concerned."

"Do tell it me!" I begged, forgetting my own unfinished story.

"Listen," said Mabel. "I will tell you the story of how I once did a dishonorable deed—no, don't open your eyes like that. Wait until I have finished and then you shall pass judgment."

"It happened eight years ago. Gerald and I were staying in this very house and I was giving a dance—one of the biggest of the season.

"I had staying with me at the time a very beautiful girl. Her name was Cynthia Carruthers. She was an English girl and in her first season all London had gone wild over her—one of her admirers, a Major Bewshire, had even followed her over to this side. Well, on the night of the ball, Cynthia came to me—I knew she was in trouble or difficulty, but had not asked her anything, knowing all would come out sooner or later. And it did that evening—

"It appeared there were two men—only two—whom she really cared for. Both were to be at the ball, and both, she expected, would propose to her."

"The poor girl was nearly distracted. She could not decide which to accept and came to me as helpless as a child."

"The two men were Major Bewshire and Charlie Carston—you have heard of him?"

"Both were handsome. Major Bewshire had money. Carston was then at outs with his father, and without his aid was practically poor, but I knew Charlie to be straight and felt certain the old man would come round. Of Major Bewshire I had my suspicions—chorus, cards, drink—nothing perhaps out of the way, but still it was there all the same. Charlie Carston, as I have said, I liked."

" 'Well Cynthia,' I remember saying, 'you must take Major Bewshire and give up Carston.' "

" 'Oh, no, no!' she cried, and when I said 'very well then, take Carston, you silly girl,' she had burst into sobs and said she could not give up Bewshire and so on. In fact, the girl simply did not know her own mind and begged me to decide for her."

" 'Very well,' I said, 'I will do so—or rather I shall help you to decide for yourself. But you must promise to abide by whatever decision we come to.' "

"She promised."

" 'You see this box,' I explained, 'and you see these two cards. On them I have written the names of your two admirers. You will draw one from the box, and you must accept the man whose name you draw.' "

"Cynthia turned very pale. Then she reached for the box and with trembling fingers drew out one of the cards."

" 'Well,' I said, 'and who is the lucky man?' and she whispered 'Carston.' "

"That evening Carston proposed. Cynthia accepted and they were married shortly afterwards, with the old man's consent and blessing, and a good fat check. Five years later, when Carston had become a master of finance, and Bewshire had shot himself at Monte Carlo, I met Cynthia. From a beautiful girl she had grown into a beautiful woman. She had two darling boys, and was as happy as a woman could be. I invited her here. One evening she showed me a visiting card. It was one of my own and on it was written the name 'Carston.' It was the card she had drawn on the evening of the ball five years before. She told me she treasured it as her most priceless possession and—and this, Winnie, is the other."

"I see," I said, "the other on which you had written the name of Major Bewshire."

"No," said Mabel quietly, "on which I had also written the name of Charlie Carston."

Waste and Want

By Leonard Keene Hirschberg

We are acquainted with a farmer who teaches his children by pointing out the mistakes of other people, but he goes at it in a peculiar way. He is progressive, thrifty, successful, gets the biggest crops, owns the finest house, and has the most friends of anybody in his community. He owns an automobile and enjoys nothing better than taking his little family upon frequent "joy rides."

"The man who lives here must be very, very wealthy," he comments in a deferential tone as the auto carries them by a poor, dilapidated-looking house in a weedy, neglected-looking yard.

"Why, father!" The children are incredulous. "Why do you think so?"

"Because he can afford to leave his implements out in the weather. A man can't afford to do that unless he has a great deal of money to buy new tools with."

The children look puzzled, but interested; they only half understand.

"Here," continues the farmer, "is another wealthy man—very wealthy."

"Why?" comes in one breath from the youngsters.

"Because he can afford to let the weeds grow in his crops. He wouldn't do that if he needed money."

The children understand now. It is an object-lesson in thrift; and for the rest of the ride they pick out the homes of the men who are so wealthy that they can afford to be slothful. There is always the same tone of deference that the father has used, but there is a sparkle of fun in their bright eyes, indicating a complete comprehension.

It is entirely possible to learn from the mistakes of other people without being harsh or uncharitable in spirit.

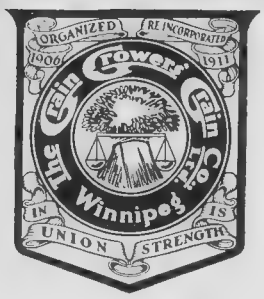
Appliances for the Relief of Rupture

It is stated on very competent authority that one person out of eight, including men, women and children, is ruptured. And notwithstanding the fact of this frequency, rupture is but little understood by any save those who are so afflicted.

It is just as essential that a person afflicted with rupture should wear some form of support for the weakened part as that a cripple should use a crutch or an artificial limb. And the usual "drug store" truss is said by experts to be about the poorest excuse of a contrivance that could be offered. The steel band that partly encircles the body and the hard pad that is pressed into the opening of the rupture are both wrong in principle and in operation. The steel spring is not only a torture and a torment, but it brings the pressure onto the side instead of bearing directly against the ruptured part, and has a very decided tendency to cause a double rupture rather than to effect a cure of a single one. And the hard pad presses into the rupture, instead of spreading over the wound and bringing the parts together, so that Nature may complete the healing.

The best appliance for the holding of rupture that has ever been brought to our attention is an automatic air cushion made of soft, pliable rubber, that has a tendency to bring the edges of the rupture together and hold them firmly in place. There are no steel springs in connection with this appliance and nothing to bind or torment. The cushion is so constructed that it is ventilated automatically with every movement of the body.

A letter addressed to the Brooks Rupture Appliance Co., 161A State Street, Marshall, Mich., will bring by return post a booklet giving complete information.



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1917 G.G.G. Catalog

has been carefully selected for its high quality. Prices have been brought as low as buying in large quantities and selling direct to the farmer for cash can make them. You should have this catalog to be sure you are buying right. Tell your friends to write for Catalog "Z". Mail in the coupon yourself today—unless you come under the "IF" below.

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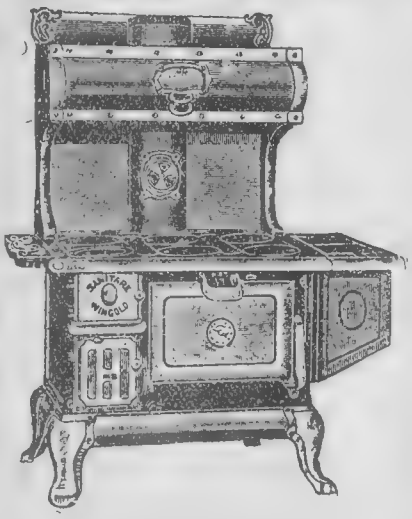

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LET ME HELP YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE

Until nearly middle age I was sorely troubled by hideous Superfluous Hairs. My face was a sight, with a heavy moustache on my lip and a tough beard on my chin. My arms were also heavily covered. I tried one thing after another without success. The electric needle only made the growth worse. Finally, my husband, an Officer in the British Army, secured from a Native Hindoo Soldier (whose life he saved) the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which forbids Hindoo Women to have even the slightest trace of hair on any part of their body except that on their head. I used it and in a few days my hair-growths had entirely disappeared. Today not a trace of it can be found.

MRS. HUDSON, Whose Soldier-Husband's Bravery Secured the Sacred Hindoo Secret.

I will send Free and without obligation to any one, full information and complete instructions so that you can follow my example and completely destroy all trace without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations and write me today, giving your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is, that you send me a 2c stamp for return postage. Address, Mrs. Frederica Hudson, Apt.mt. 912, E. Bronson Bldg., Attleboro, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Mrs. Hudson belongs to a titled family, high in English Society: she is connected with leading officials there and is the widow of a prominent officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. She has opened an office in America for the benefit of sufferers from Superflous Hair. Address as above.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

A Wealthy Woman

During the Christmas season I heard an expression so full of truth that I want every reader of this department to know it. I feel it will encourage our girls to treasure the real values of life. There are people who talk a great deal and say little—there are others who talk little and say much. At a little gathering of the Press Club, Miss E. Cora Hind was on the programme, and this was her contribution: "I feel that I am the wealthiest woman in Winnipeg for three reasons: I have always had plenty of work, I have liked my work, and I have lots of good friends."

The New Girl

The inefficient girl has had her day. The new girl is wide awake. We may as well make up our minds to this fact. It is the soul that is put into the work from now on that counts. Young women are receiving more attention from the public than ever before. Their wage, conditions of work, and efficiency are the subjects of carefully written editorials in the daily press and of much expert writing in the leading magazines. Business managers, social workers, leaders of thought in every line of work are thinking and talking about the life of the girl worker.

This last week I have wandered about the stores and places of our wage-earning girls, and I see visions fine and beautiful. What are they? A good woman friend for every wage-earning girl—a city full of Big Sisters—yes, a big sister for every tired, lonely, discouraged girl—Big Sisters planning social places for girls to have all the fun they want. Why girls have just got to have fun, and we are to blame if we do not provide good times for them in safe places. The girl who has proper recreation is going to do her work well. God made everything in this big world for the sun to shine on and He wants girls to live in the sunshine of life.

Group of women workers photographed during lunch hour at the shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway works at Montreal, where a large number of women are now doing work hitherto done by men. Canadian women war workers are fast adopting the practical overall costumes, following the lead of their American cousins. Women in Canada are more and more taking the place of men in many of the munition factories, where it is found difficult to keep anywhere near the full staff owing to the numbers of men who join the Army and are sent overseas.

I have been convinced that the public desires better conditions of work for girls and employers do realize that a tired dissatisfied girl, will not do as much work in ten hours, as a happy, contented girl will do in eight hours.

During the past month many girls have been in my home telling me their experiences; I respect, admire and honor them. I feel that the average woman does not half appreciate the wage-earning girl. Suppose for one day every wage-earning girl would take a vacation—suppose—well, just close your eyes and see the picture. Ah—we owe much to her patience—her brain—her hands and her very soul.

I asked a bright stenographer one day to tell me her idea of the method of procedure for increasing the efficiency of young girls and her answer was this: "We all need education—real human education—please organize a big, big class of girls in their teens—young girls—and teach us those truths that will make us strong in character and truth—teach us—we want to learn."

And, after all, dear girls, true efficiency is the greatest protection a girl can have, and that pure guiding light in her own heart, which even when the road is hard and rocky, illumines her path and enables her to climb steadily up to efficient service.

The Tragedy of Trifles

Do you remember what you worried about a year ago? Much Ado About Nothing is really a tragedy that is acted too often in everyday life. Last week I acted it perfectly. No one could have thrown herself into the drama with more energy. This week I look back and condemn myself for the useless loss of vitality.

"Are you worsted in a fight?
Laugh it off!
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off!
Don't make tragedies of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles,
Laugh it off!

"Does your work get into kinks?
Laugh it off!
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off!
If it's strength of mind you're after
There's no recipe like laughter—
Laugh it off!"

Courtesy in Business

In any business in which a young woman may engage, good manners are among her most valuable assets. The winning manner wins the battle almost before it is fought. Alertness, energy, sincerity, persistence, patience, accuracy, courtesy are all characteristic of the successful business woman. An indifferent salesgirl sends customers to other stores. An overdressed simpering stenographer never reaches genuine efficiency.

One business manager says he cannot employ girls who in business hours think more of themselves, their feelings, and emotions than they do of their work. The manner of the girl "whose armor is her honest thought" is so dignified and refined, although it may be attractive, that she does not suffer from undue familiarity from employer or other employees.

It is possible to cultivate an alert, energetic, spiritual manner until one throws around herself an atmosphere through which evil cannot penetrate. This manner is the protection of the business girl.

A little encouragement, a warm handclasp, a cordial letter are simple things but they have a mighty influence. "Courtesy is the cheapest thing in the world and goes the farthest."

A fine manner is a controlling power.

Do you want to be popular? Try this recipe:

"Force yourself to be ever sweet-tempered, polite and obliging; talk and think no evil; let not the bitter sneer, the word of idle or venomous gossip pass your lips; think well of every one; make yourself do this; be truthful, sincere and kindly towards all. This line of conduct steadily persisted in will draw around you loving friends."

"All places are open to those who are glad,
Too many lack courage, too many are sad.
Those near you need cheering,
So sing with your burden, the way is not long,
And if you look upward your heart will grow strong,
And skies will be clearing."

Appreciation?

It was nearly closing time. Her tally card scored high. She was proud of her sales that day. A late customer had purchased another big order.

She was unusually happy as she met the manager on her way to make the change.

"A big day!" she exclaimed excitedly, expecting a word of encouragement.

"See if you can do better to-morrow," he growled.

Her spirits sank. One word of encouragement she craved. She had earned it. The lack of it dampened her enthusiasm and her work the next day suffered.

"I hadn't the heart to work," she said to me, as I listened to her story of disappointment.

The same evening a stenographer came to me, her cheeks aglow with enthusiasm.

"My manager said I did my work so well that it would increase his business."

She could hardly wait for morning to come, so eager was she to begin her work the next day.

Encouragement—does it pay?

When the Tide Turns

One time she came to me discouraged beyond reason. She had lost her position.

"Perhaps it is well," I explained, "you may find this a stepping-stone to something higher."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk, but at my age there is no more opportunity—my best chances are gone."

She appeared about thirty years of age. Her future was a dark blank because she had built up a good business and was dismissed through jealousy, as so often happens.

For two years everything went wrong. Then an opening as stenographer came to her. She studied the business itself until she became very valuable to it. Every year she has advanced until now she is getting a salary of twenty-eight hundred dollars a year.

When this news came to me I thought of her depression only seven years ago.

One time when Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was struggling with The Wolf at The Door—she had not another cent, nor any prospect of earning any, and her stock of provisions consisted of a box of biscuits, her "courage was flowing from her like blood from an open vein" as she said, a turn of chance came to her and she resolved mentally to let that week decide her fate. Her shoes had burst open at the sides—for lack of car fare she had to walk, but she renewed her effort for one more week and worked with a final purpose as she had a chance to help a minister through a revival. He intended to give her part of the collections but they were too small. He could not pay her anything. In her story she says: "I was friendless, penniless, and starving, but it was not of these conditions that I thought then. The one overwhelming fact was that I had been weighed and found wanting. I stumbled along until I met a woman who must have understood, for she gave me five dollars. With the passing of the bill from her hand to mine existence had become a new experience, wonderful and beautiful." She turned to the woman and said: "This bill is big enough to carry my future on its back."

Sometimes it is the purse, but more often it is the personality that lifts girls over the chasm of despair.

Mental Wardrobes

Every young woman chooses her actions for the day—there are two mental wardrobes—one contains courage, truth, perseverance, punctuality, attention to work, kindness, order, cleanliness and work. The other contains cowardice, deceit, yielding to obstacles, tardiness, inattention, unkindness, disorder, uncleanliness and idleness. Which wardrobe furnishes your mind?

For soft corns trim off the thicker skin with scissors, apply carbolized vaseline and wear a little cotton batting between the toes, changing it often.

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Buy Now and Save Money on Your Spring Requirements

Owing to the continually advancing cost of raw material, we are compelled to advance the price on all styles of Sarnia Fence on March 15th, next. But in accordance with our established policy, we are notifying our customers previous to the advance, and thereby give them a chance to take advantage of the present low prices. MAIL US YOUR ORDER TODAY enclosing Post Office order, check or draft, and we will ship your fence at the opening of navigation.

Guarantee

We guarantee our fence to be made from the best galvanized hard steel wire both, stay, line wire and knot, and to be the most perfectly woven fence on the market, and of full Government guage No. 9 wire.

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We buy our wire on the open market of the world, and our business is of such a tremendous volume that we are in a position to demand the best. Our wire is galvanized to the highest possible standard, and is all full Government guage No. 9 wire.

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These prices are F.O.B. the Head of the Lakes. If you want delivered price write to us and we will tell you exactly what your order will cost delivered at your nearest station.

Remit direct to The Sarnia Fence Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont., by Post Office order, money order, or bank draft.

We want your order whether for one bale or a carload.

Send Your Order Today

Cash With the Order Saves Expense and You Get the Benefit of the Saving in the Price	PRICE F.O.B. Head of Lakes Before March 15	PRICE F.O.B. Head of Lakes after March 15
7-26-30 **LIGHT WEIGHT HOG FENCE.** Has 7 line wires, 26 in. high 30 stays to the rod, No. 9 wire top and bottom. No. 13 filler. Spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6. Weight, 5 3-4 lbs. per rod. Price per rod	28c	31c
7-26-30 **MEDIUM WEIGHT HOG FENCE.** Has 7 line wires, 26 in. high 30 stays to the rod. No. 9 wire top and bottom. No. 12 filler. Spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾ 5½, 6. Weight 7 1-4 lbs. per rod. Price per rod	33c	36c
8-34-16 **MEDIUM WEIGHT HOG FENCE...** Has 8 line wires, 34 in. high, 16 stays to the rod. No. 9 wire top and bottom. No. 12 filler. Spacing 3, 3¼ 3½, 4¾, 5¾, 6, 8. Weight 6½ lbs. per rod. Price per rod	31c	34c
8-34-30 **MEDIUM WEIGHT HOG FENCE...** Has 8 line wires, 34 inches high, 30 stays to the rod, No. 9 wire top and bottom. No. 12 filler, Spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾ 5½, 6, 8. Weight 8 lbs. per rod. Price per rod	38c	41c
9-42-16 **MEDIUM WEIGHT SHEEP AND HOG FENCE.** Has 9 line wires, 42 in. high, 16 stays to the rod. No. 9 wire top and bottom. No. 12 filler. Spacing 3, 3¼ 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6, 8, 8. Weight 7 1-4 lbs. per rod. Price per rod	33c	36c
4-34-0 **HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE...** Has 4 line wires, 34 in. high, 9 stays per rod. Made of all No. 9 wire. Spacing, 11, 11 12. Weight 5½ lbs. per rod. Price per rod	24c	26c
5-40-0 **HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.** Has 5 line wires, 40 in. high. 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 10, 10, 10, 10. Weight per rod, 6½ lbs. Price per rod	28c	30c
6-40-0 **HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE...** Has 6 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9, Weight per rod 7½ lbs. Price per rod	32c	34c
7-40-0 **HORSE, CATTLE AND SHEEP FENCE.** Has 7. line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 5 6, 6, 7, 7½, 8½. Weight per rod 8½ lbs. Price per rod	36c	38c
7-48-0 **HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE** Has 7 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 5, 6, 7, 9 10, 11. Weight per rod, 9 lbs. Price per rod	38c	40c
8-40 **GENERAL STOCK FENCE.** Has 8 line wires, 40 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 5 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. Weight per rod 10½ lbs. Price per rod	45c	47c
8-48 **GENERAL STOCK FENCE.** Has 8 line wires, 48 in. high 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod	48c	51c
9-48-0 **GENERAL STOCK FENCE.** Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 6, 8 8, 9. Weight per rod 11 lbs. Price per rod	48c	51c
9-48-0-S **SPECIAL HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.** Has 9 line wires 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 6, 6 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. Weight per rod 11 lbs. Price per rod	48c	51c
9-48 **GENERAL STOCK FENCE.** Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod 12 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	53c	56c
10-50 **HORSE, CATTLE SHEEP AND HOG FENCE.** Has 10 line wires, 50 in. high, 12 stays to the rod all No. 9 hard steel wire, Spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6 8, 8, 8. Weight per rod 13¼ lbs. per rod. Price per rod	58c	61c
POULTRY FENCE		
18-50-P **STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE.** Has 18 line wires 48 in. high, 24 stays to the rod, top and bottom wire No. 9 filling No. 13 hard steel wire, spacing 1⅜, 1⅜, 1⅜, 1⅜, 1⅜, 1 7-8 2¼, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 4½ 5. Weight 12¼ lbs.	60c	62c
STAPLES GALVANIZED. 1¾ in. per box of 25 staples	1.10	1.20
BRACE WIRE. No. 9. Soft per coil 25 lb.	1.10	1 20
STRETCHER. All iron top and bottom, draw very heavy tested chain, extra single wire stretcher and splicer. the best stretcher made at any price	9.00	9.50

PRICE

Sarnia Fence is sold Direct from Factory to Farmer for cash. By our unique selling plan we eliminate everything that adds unnecessarily to the price of our fence such as excessive overhead expense, Travellers' expense, Jobber's profit, Dealer's profit, bad debts, and charges for handling two or possibly three times. Thus we give you our fence at first cost.

Sarnia Fence is made in what is conceded by the best Industrial experts to be the best equipped and most economical fence factory in America.

Combining these features—**Our Direct Selling Policy—Our Low Cost of** manufacture, our unconditional **Guarantee**, and the fact that we are not connected in any way with Manufacturers' combines, for the elimination of competition and the maintenance of high prices we believe you will give us credit for being in a position to sell you **the best fence it is possible to make at the lowest possible cost.**

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

Have been saved each year by the Farmers of Canada through the Direct from Factory to Farm Policy of The Sarnia Fence Co., Ltd. You will remember the high prices the fence combine forced you to pay before Sarnia Fence came on the market. At that time wire cost less than half the present market price. Today our prices are lower than the previous high prices in spite of the doubled cost of raw material.

The Sarnia Fence Company, Limited, Sarnia, Ontario

Fence put up in 20, 30 and 40 Rod Rolls Only

N E W O A T

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"ALSASMAN"

The Greatest Oat of the Century
The Only Prairie-bred Oat Known

A product of intensive careful breeding from selected and re-selected individual plants of superlative excellence.

THE WINNER IN TRIALS (with every point recorded), **of practically every known variety.**

Branching head; white, large, plump, heavy kernels; thin hull; good elastic straw; exceptional vigor.

A Show Oat and a Yielder

Our stock weighs between 45 and 50 pounds per measured bushel. Yielded in 1916, on fall-plowed wheat stubble land, 110 bushels per acre. Thoroughly recleaned. Not a grain of anything in our stock—ALL OATS. Sow 2 bushels per acre. Price $3.40 for 2 bushels; 12 bushels for $19.00, bags included.

Should be in the hands of every progressive grower in Western Canada

FODDER CORN

Northwestern Dent
Minnesota 13

As Seedsmen, we were the first to introduce these varieties to Western Canada, and we have to-day what we believe to be **the finest stocks that ever came into this country, matured at the most northerly limits.**

The superb quality of our stocks may be understood from the fact that we were offered by another seedsman $2,000 premium on our crop of Northwestern Dent alone.

Write for Catalogue of "Famous Seeds for the West"

Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Limited

Canada's Greatest Seed House **WINNIPEG, MAN.**

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The Foreigner

Having attended the meetings of the various Manitoba Breeders' Associations and the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association in the early part of January, I feel like passing on to my women readers generally, some of the impressions made upon me by the discussions. In the breeders' meetings particularly the question of farm labor was very acute and there was a strong feeling of exasperation against "the foreigner" because frequently he refuses to work at all during the winter, and even if he will consent to work, he demands an exorbitant wage. The feeling was very strong that there should be some form of conscription of the foreign labor and that so long as our own men were fighting in the trenches for a little over a dollar a day, the government should regulate the wages for foreign labor.

Personally, I have no quarrel with that attitude. I think that the man of foreign birth who is not required to go and fight should be required to work, and to work for reasonable wages. All of these foreigners are enjoying the full protection of British institutions and the least they can do to help the war along is to contribute their labor at a rate somewhat commensurate with its value.

The thing which struck me, however, was that there was no differentiation as to "foreigners." The discussion brought out to an appalling degree the ignorance of Canadians with regard to the peoples of foreign birth that have come to make their home in Canada. When it is borne in mind how fussy a Scotchman is if he is taken for an Englishman, and vice versa, and how an Irishman resents being taken for either of the others, it should give Canadians some idea of how Russians, Polanders, Austrians, Italians, Belgians and Bulgarians resent being lumped under the generic term of "Galician," Norwegians resent being taken for Swedes, Danes object to being taken for Icelanders, and vice versa in both cases.

Unfortunately for Canada, the politician who made himself a big fellow by a rapid stimulation of emigration, made no attempt to classify these people and absolutely no attempt to Canadianize them, not even to the extent of insisting that they learn the English language. When the pinch of war came, Canadians resented the attitude of many of these foreign peoples. Very large numbers of them spoke German, though by no means all of those that spoke German were actually Germans, but they showed a decided tendency to lean in their feelings to the country whose language they understood. Of course, this was very trying and in many districts English speaking settlers actually suffered and some of them are suffering to-day from the aggressiveness of these people, and while they were smarting from such aggressiveness, it was not possible nor reasonable to expect an impartial view of the matter, but if anything like the same effort had been made to Canadianize these people as was made by the politicians to give them a vote, and then teach them that it was something they could sell, there would have been a very great deal more hope of them having a feeling of loyalty to Canada and Britain. If you tell a man that his possession of a vote is his badge of citizenship, and then teach him that he can sell that vote for two or five dollars, or a drink of whiskey, he is not apt to set an exalted value on citizenship in the country which teaches him such low ideals.

In speaking to the Grain Growers at Brandon, I laid emphasis on the work toward Canadianizing foreigners that could be done by the women in the Grain Growers, especially in the local branch, because I believe very firmly that the best way to reach these people is through the women and children, and inasmuch as the farmers must depend more or less on foreign labor, the women of the farms will, of necessity, come very closely in contact with these people.

To me, the first great undertaking would be to some extent to get their point of view, to find out what they are thinking and feeling, to get to know their different nationalities and respect them. Work along this line is not philanthropy, it is a necessary and safe protection if Canada is to remain British in spirit. In Manitoba to-day, very nearly fifty per cent of the population is of foreign birth or of foreign descent; in view of that fact and taking into account the terrible waste of our men in the present war, it is time we were up and doing.

Canadian women are fast enlisting for the work in the shops that would have to be left undone if it were not for them. Men are leaving for the front and they leave large gaps in the industrial enterprise of the country. The gaps are being filled now by women workers. They are competent workers, too. They are not trying to do their work in long, cumbersome skirts, but have shifted to overalls, which they find much more adaptable to their labors. Photo shows women workers in a car shop of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal, Canada.

Ukrainian

The Canadian West owes a very deep debt of gratitude to Florence Randal Livesay, of Winnipeg, for her book of Ukrainian poetry, with its notes and explanations, and I would very strongly recommend the women of the West to secure this book and read it. It will give you an entirely new point of view as regards the people so generally termed "Galician." Mrs. Livesay has spent toilsome days and weeks and months in having these people at her home and slowly gaining their confidence, and getting them to repeat their folk songs and transmuting them into musical English verse. If we had a few more such books, it would be a very great help in changing our point of view in regard to the foreigner.

The "Canadian Ruthenian," which is to a large extent the mouthpiece of the Galician peoples in Winnipeg, has the following appreciation of the book:

"The collection has not the pretence of "systematical arrangement that would "immediately give the pick of our litera-"ture. This is rather a luxuriant bouquet "of flowers gathered from the alluring

"abundance of our very rich field, inter-"mingled and arranged with generous "hand of the poet. We find in it our "national deeds by the side of the artistic, "the pagan side by side with the religious. "Further, wedding and historical songs, "wild songs of the Cossacks, epics or sad "songs, ballads of robbers and Tchumaks, "national songs, those sung when plant-"ing, Easter songs and finally some of "the works of our national poets, inter-"woven with many valuable and ex-"planatory notes dealing with many "interesting aspects of our literature, "history and national existence.

"The translation, while even through-"out, is very near the original in its 'dis-"tribution,' rhythm and confidence. The "book reads lightly and interestingly, "and the richness of material and the "plainly evident love and understanding "of our songs which the sympathetic "author puts into the theme is not without "influence on the reader. This work, "without doubt, will serve to lead to the "mutual acquaintance of Ukrainian and "English and so will be productive of "much good."

The book is quite cheap and can be had from any Winnipeg stationer or departmental store, I imagine, and probably it can be had from almost any bookseller in any town in the West. It has stirred an immense interest in Great Britain and has been liberally and favorably reviewed, notwithstanding the concentration of the war. No doubt Britain is getting around to the necessity of understanding more of the foreign peoples that have migrated to her colonies.

As Others See Us

We are too apt to think that the foreigner within our gates regards us as superior beings, but if we could get their true point of view, we would find that far too frequently they despise us and, I am afraid, not wholly without cause when we remember the work of political heads to which already reference has been made. In the matter of the high cost of living, I was greatly interested in the comment of an Italian neighbor in Winnipeg, she came from Italy when very young, and speaks English fluently. We became acquainted through the work of the Italian Red Cross Society, and I said something to her about the increased cost of living. She laughed and said, "Oh, you Canadians think too much of your work," and she went on to describe some of the dishes which contain all the proper proportions of a well balanced ration, which at the same time were very moderate in price. They all, however, took considerable time to prepare. She manages a small restaurant and I have sampled the dishes and know whereof I speak, and I know that they are excellent. My Italian friend shrugged her shapely shoulders and said, "You Canadians call us 'Spaghetti' and 'Macaroni,' but we can live and live well where you people would starve." Her remarks were not made in any offensive sense, but it was quite evident that she was not unduly impressed with the superiority of her Canadian neighbors, either as cooks or housewives.

I have another neighbor, a Roumanian, she does not speak English so well as my Italian neighbor, but she had gone to a bazaar for one of the city charities. The beauty and high quality of the needlework to be sold at this bazaar had been widely advertised and being interested in this kind of work, she had gone to see it. With a few very expressive gestures, she convinced me that her opinion of the quality of the embroidery, for example, was not high, and she emphasized her right to the opinion by producing samples of her own work, that I am sure would have put to the blush practically any article offered in the same line at the bazaar.

Among the peoples who have come to us there is a vast amount of talent lying dormant which we have made absolutely no attempt to develop barring a few tentative efforts by the Canadian handicrafts. Is it any wonder that these people are not loyal, that they are not developing any Canadian spirit and that their attitude of mind toward us is largely one of contempt?

The Little Helper

By Edith M. Thomas

Grandpa was sitting in the porch one warm spring day, when Tommy came in from his garden with two little wrinkles puckered right across his forehead.

"Grandpa," said he, "why did Noah let any toads come into his ark?"

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked grandpa, hiding a smile behind his newspaper.

" 'Cause I just wish he had let them all drown," said Tommy, in a disgusted tone. "I went out to sow some sweet-william seeds, 'cause you know William is papa's name, and there was a great big toad right in the middle of my garden. I most know he is waiting there to eat up my seeds."

"Toads do not eat seeds," said grandpa. "Do you suppose that toad is not good for something?"

"You said the earthworms were little spades, and dug my garden for me," said Tommy, thoughtfully. "But a toad can't dig, and I don't see what use he is, anyway."

"Well, then, I will show you," said grandpa.

So he went to the workshop, and chose four blocks of wood of the right shape and size. He carried them to the garden, and built a little house of them beside a row of young squash plants. Then he gave the toad a ride on the coal-shovel from Tommy's garden to the little block house.

"This is Mr. Toad's house," said grandpa. "We will leave him here, and never disturb him."

Mr. Toad seemed to take kindly to his new quarters. He was often seen sitting in his front door and looking out with a very serious expression, winking his bright eyes and spreading out his fingers just as baby spread hers when Tommy counted, "O, u, t, out," on them.

"Neighbor Smith says that the bugs have eaten up all his squash vines," said grandpa, one day. "Why have they not touched ours, Tommy?"

Tommy did not know.

"How about our lodger in the garden?" said grandpa, smiling.

"Do you mean Mr. Toad?" asked Tommy. "Does he catch the bugs?"

"If you watched him long enough, you would see," said grandpa. "When he sits in his front door, he is taking care of our garden, and when a trespasser comes along, Mr. Toad arrests him at once. The least that we can do for him is to give him a house rent free, don't you think so?"

"O grandpa," said Tommy, eagerly, "is everything in the whole world of some use?"

Cold Sores—These may often be prevented from developing by applying spirits of camphor on their first appearance.

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The pictures on this page were taken while these twenty different artists were actually singing or playing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work.

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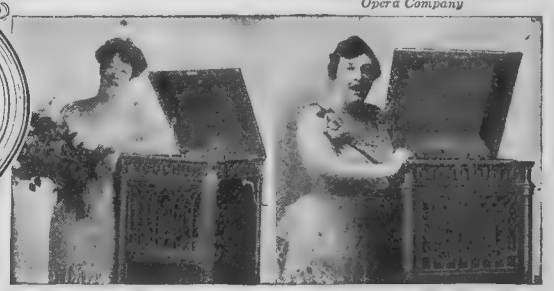

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Popular Scotch Baritone

Progress of Canada

Interesting address by the President and General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at the Annual Meeting of the Bank.

We have grown accustomed to look to Sir Edmund Walker's address at the annual meeting of The Canadian Bank of Commerce for a comprehensive review of the history of the year, and instructive comment upon prevailing conditions. In his recent address we note the following passages of general interest:

"I shall not apologize as I did a year ago for asking you to devote your attention to the material affairs of Canada at a time when the Empire and its Allies are fighting for the greatest of all causes—the liberty of the world. Canada has in that short time so enlarged her sphere of action that only the blind could fail to see that every detail of our national life which aids or hinders our power to serve in the great conflict is of supreme importance. In the terrible winter of 1914-15 we did not realize that our aid was to count for much in the struggle, greatly as we desired to help. We did not really believe, despite the warning of Kitchener, that the war would still be raging in 1917 with the end not nearly in sight. Now we do not talk of any definite time for the end; we only know that the last man, the last gun, the last dollar, may be needed, but that we shall win beyond any peradventure if the people in all the Allied countries can be made to understand what is required of them.

Exports Exceed Imports

"Turning at once to our trade with other countries, that being the best indication of the tendency of affairs at the moment, we find that, leaving out the shipments of gold and bullion, both inwards and outwards, our exports for the fiscal year ending 31st March, 1916, exceeded our imports by $249,088,274, and that for the six months ending 30th September, 1916, the excess was $141,100,898. We cannot keep in mind too clearly what has happened since the end of our period of expansion in 1913, and a repetition of the figures given last year will aid us to do so

Fiscal year.	Imports.	Exports.
1912-13	$686,515,536	$377,068,355
1913-14	635,383,222	455,437,224
1914-15	497,376,961	461,442,509
1915-16	530,211,796	779,300,070
6 mos. ending September..	405,901,765	547,002,663
	Excess Imports.	Excess Exports.
1912-13	$309,447,181	.....
1913-14	179,945,998	.....
1914-15	35,934,452	.....
1915-16	.....	$249,088,274
6 mos. ending September..	.....	141,100,898

"The improvement from year to year is as follows:

1913 to 1914	$129,501,183
1914 to 1915	144,011,546
1915 to 1916	285,022,726
1913 to 1916	$558,535,455

"For the six months of the present year the gain over the astonishing figures for the first half of last year is nearly another 100 millions.

"The gain of 285 millions in our foreign trade as compared with March, 1915, is almost all due to the increase in the value of the exports, the increase in the imports being only 32 millions.

Effective Economy

"If we are really to exercise an effective economy we should be very jealous as to the nature of any imports not necessary for the production of war supplies or for our national existence. There is some improvement in this respect, but it is not pleasant to see about 10 millions sent abroad for motors and about as much more for silk goods and velvets. The chief increases are in iron and steel bars and goods, and in iron ores, in machinery, in wool, cotton, and jute and in goods made therefrom, in raw rubber, in various chemicals, oils, explosives, etc., needed for making munitions, in various articles for the army and navy, and to a considerable extent in foodstuffs, so that apparently the chief increases are in necessary articles although we regret that many of them were not made in Canada. There is a large increase in our exports under every general heading, especially under manufactures, mining, agriculture and animals and their products. The total of our imports and exports of merchandise in the fiscal year ending March, 1916, was $1,309,511,866, against $241,025,360 in 1896, that being also a period of excess exports. This enormous foreign trade is of course coincident with a great decline in all domestic trade not connected with the war, and is swollen largely by purchases of steel and other material imported from the United States to be used here in making munitions; the money result is abnormal because of the high price of almost every known commodity. I am not putting forward the figures, however, as a guide to what may be possible after the war, I am putting them forward as an indication of what may be accomplished when we are spurred by great events. The financial ideal for us at the moment is to pay interest on our foreign indebtedness, to provide our share of the cost of the war, and to lend as much as possible to Great Britain to pay for munitions made for her by Canada. We are apparently accomplishing this, but in the absence of figures we cannot estimate what amount of profit from our home trade is eventually invested in war securities. We are, however, being helped to accomplish this result, in a manner which may deceive us, by the large market in the United States for our securities, and also by the many subscriptions received from our wealthy neighbors when issues of our own war loans are made in Canada.

Agricultural Production

"The only direction in which the tide of prosperity in the United States is not at the full is in agricultural production. In a year when the world is facing the highest prices of recent times, the great decrease in the wheat crop, the moderate yields of corn and oats, the small yields of minor products, and the adverse effect of high-priced feed on the live stock situation, are matters of deep concern. The individual producer may be compensated, at least partially, for the low yield by the higher price, but no comfort for the consumer, weary of high prices, can be found in a world short of food and of almost every commodity that enters into his daily needs.

"A matter of supreme importance to Canada, and for the frequent reference to which no excuse is needed, is that we must as far as possible provide the cost of the war at home.

Cost of the War

"At the end of October the war had cost us a little over 350 millions and at our present rate of spending 300 millions more may be added during the coming year. From the excess of revenue over expenditure we may at the end of the fiscal year have 50 millions, or even more, to apply on war charges. To provide for so great a proportion of the total cost of the war in this manner reflects great credit on those who are responsible for Dominion finance. We have managed to finance the remainder of the cost thus far partly by an account with the Imperial Government for oversea and other disbursements, and partly by loans floated in Canada. Over 100 millions of the amount due the Imperial Government has been funded permanently, and most of the balance is offset by payments on Great Britain's account. Some loans for ordinary capital expenditures which could not be deferred were made in New York in 1915. In March, 1916, a second loan was placed in New York amounting to 75 millions, of which 25 millions was used to take up a corresponding amount of the 45 millions borrowed in July, 1915. In September, a second loan in Canada was offered. This time the Finance Minister asked for 100 millions and the subscriptions exceeded 200 millions, the banks receiving nothing on their underwriting of a portion of the loan. These are such notable achievements that I am sure they cannot have escaped the memory of any Canadian, but I mention them for the benefit of the very large number of people outside Canada who read our annual reports.

War Finance

"In this review of the finances of the year it is necessary to recall that the proceeds of the first war loan of November, 1915, 100 millions were used mainly, if not altogether, in the year 1916. There is one feature in Canadian war finance which differs in a marked degree from that of Great Britain. Our Finance Minister has as far as possible funded the debt as it has been incurred, with maturities neither so long as to involve present rates of interest for too many years, nor so short as to trouble the Government during a period of some years beyond any probable duration of the war. One of the disturbing features of the finance of Great Britain is the enormous quantity of treasury bills which must be renewed at very short intervals.

Thrift for the Empire

"Thrift for the individual is excellent, but just now that is of minor importance. Thrift for the sake of Canada, thrift for the sake of the Empire, thrift to win the war should be our cry. We shall not fail for men, difficult as enlistment may be. We shall not fail because of inability to make or to procure war supplies. If we fail it will be because we have wasted on unnecessary things the money that would have won the war. The man or woman who works hard at making shells may take much comfort in helping to win the war, but the man or woman who, in addition, saves a part of the present high wages due to the war and buys a war security, or helps a bank to do so, has helped twice, and the second kind of help is the most vital. The manufacturers of the United States will make war supplies for money. We are doing better only if we supply them on credit.

"In addition to the credits for munitions, the Canadian banks are at the moment giving credits to the British Government for the purchase of wheat to the extent of 20 millions, but the transactions are for a shorter duration than the obligations already mentioned.

Bank Deposits

"The total of the deposits of Canadian banks at 30th November last was $1,521,349,000, as compared with $1,288,985,000 at the same date in 1914, an increase of $232,364,000. Our deposits will, we trust, continue to increase, but the extent of the increase will depend on the results of the campaign of thrift, and only to a proportionate extent shall we be able to help in the way which we believe most vital in winning the war. We must, of course, bear in mind that the war securities held by the banks are only a part of the resources which are being used for war purposes and that the loans made to every manufacturer of war supplies have to be included to indicate the total extent to which their resources are so used.

Prosperity General

"The review of business conditions which accompanies our annual report records prosperity beyond anything we have ever known in almost every part of Canada. This results from the existence of a market which needs almost everything we produce and which must pay almost anything the seller asks. If it is true that ninety per cent of the exports of the United States are a result of the war, much the same must be true of Canada, and in addition a large part of our home consumption is due to the requirements of the Canadian army. As individuals, almost all are gaining by the war, except those with more or less fixed incomes and without power to adjust the same when prices are high, and those who are engaged in business not connected with war supplies. The money made by the individual, however, has, so far as the nation is concerned, to be provided by a war debt incurred partly by Canada and partly by Great Britain. We do not, like the United States, receive gold in exchange for a large part of our products, we even borrow from the United States part of the cost of the war.

The Dollar Saved

"If we could free ourselves from the habit of thinking of commodities merely in the terms of their money value, we should discover that what we are doing is to provide material to help our gallant sons and their fellow Britons to win the war, and that there is no one to pay for this material ultimately but ourselves and the Motherland. Therefore, in the monthly letters issued by this bank we have constantly preached thrift in order to discourage people from spending that which as a nation we cannot afford to spend. We repeat once more that every dollar any Canadian saves, whether he buys a war bond therewith or indirectly enables the banks to do so, is one dollar more of power to win the war, and that particular dollar no one else can provide if he fails to do so. We are told by every one who visits England, and especially by those who have also seen the battle line and the conditions there, that in Canada we act as if no war existed.

Extravagance

"I have referred to the motors and the silks, but they are only examples of an extravagance which is observable in every direction. We should undoubtedly forbid, or at all events heavily penalize, the importation of all luxuries; municipal expenditures should be further curtailed and all projected improvements first submitted to the criticism of Provincial commissions; we should not think it amiss if the expenditures of individuals at eating places are legally restrained and meatless days are instituted. I am not endeavoring to say in what directions economy should be enforced in Canada as it has been in England, but beyond a doubt it must be enforced in many directions if it is not voluntarily adopted by our people.

Production and Prices

"It is not easy to conjecture how far the prosperity of Canada is due to the activity in production of all kinds, to the ready market and high prices, and how far to the grain crop of 1915, a crop so extraordinary that it exceeded some estimates by seventy million bushels and our own by fifty-seven million, but it is well to remember that our prosperity was due to both causes and that the crops this year have not been good. If we have throughout Canada a fair average result, that is the best we can say of our agricultural and pastoral production. High prices will make up for this to the producer, but nothing can make up to the nation for the shortage of foodstuffs at such a time. The liquidation of debts following the great crop in the West, the improvement in the towns and cities of the prairie provinces and British Columbia, the growth in bank deposits, the marked improvement in railroad earnings, and the increase in the figures of every clearing house in Canada, are all things so directly dependent upon the great crop that we must expect a lesser degree of prosperity in the West in 1917.

War Purchases

"The purchases on Imperial account by the Department of Agriculture for the year to 23rd December, amount to 186,000 long tons of hay, 450,000 tons of oats, equalling nearly 30,000,000 bushels and 187,000 tons of flour, the amount expended in this way being over $37,500,000.

"Among the purchases of the British War Office Purchasing Department at Montreal for the past year, are the following items:

Cottons and woollens	$1,000,000
Foodstuffs — cheese, canned meats, vegetables, etc.....	20,000,000
Miscellaneous merchandise of iron and steel	1,500,000
Other miscellaneous merchandise	1,500,000
	$24,000,000

"There are, of course, thousands of articles not mentioned here which are made in Canada, the cost of which represents many millions; indeed it is a most gratifying fact that Canada has been able to produce nearly everything required by our army, the exceptions being binoculars, machine guns, revolvers, motor trucks, and some less important articles.

"Since the war began we have learned

Progress of Canada

much in the workshop, in the chemical and physical laboratory, in the refinery, in the counting house, in finance, indeed in every walk of life. We have been able to form some estimate of our value among the forces of the Allies, from the boy in the trenches to the father at home who is backing his son in so many ways, but do we realize that what we do, or do not do, may turn the scale on which depends victory or defeat? Our responsibility for the future of the Empire and of Canada is so great that there is no room for slackness. We must do, not many things, but everything that will help to win the war."

General Manager's Address

Our great banks touch the life of the community so closely and at so many points that the remarks of Mr. John Aird, the General Manager, who dealt chiefly with the progress of the bank, must interest every Canadian.

"The shadow of the great European war has been the dominating influence in business affairs during the year through which we have just passed. No important new transaction could be undertaken without considering the effect of the war, and in the conduct of the affairs of a great fiduciary institution such as a bank it has been necessary to give more consideration to the factor of safety than to the factor of profit. Under these circumstances we feel that you will be well content with the results which we lay before you to-day.

"The bank's profits for the year under review were $2,439,415, an increase of $87,380 over the figures of the preceding year, a trifling sum when you consider the increased amount of business on which it has been earned, and the great activity which has prevailed throughout the year. We have felt it our duty to render a large amount of assistance in their financing to both the Imperial Government and the Dominion Government, and as rates of interest on this class of business are naturally low, our profits have been reduced correspondingly.

Increased Turnover

"Apart from this, however, there has been a greatly increased turnover during the past year which is not reflected in an increase of the profits of the bank, and this tendency towards a steady reduction in profits has been apparent for some years past. The ratio of our profits to total average assets during the five years ending 1915 ranged from 1.45 per cent to 1.13 per cent, but in almost every year the tendency has been downwards.

"We have paid the usual dividends at the rate of ten per cent per annum, with bonuses of one per cent at the end of each half year; the war tax on our note circulation has called for $147,288, the officers' pension fund for $80,000, and sundry subscriptions for patriotic purposes for $71,700, leaving a balance at credit of profit and loss of $802,319 to be carried forward to the accounts of next year. As long as present conditions continue we must, I fear, accept a low rate of profit, and it is, of course, possible that there may be still further depreciation in the market value of securities, so that we think it wise to carry forward a large balance in profit and loss account. During the past year the values of investment securities have depreciated further, which is only natural as long as the governments of the great nations engaged in the war are obliged to increase the rates of interest which their securities bear. Up to the present, however, we have not found it necessary to add to the sum of $1,000,000 reserved last year for possible further depreciation, and we believe that we have provided for anything which is likely to occur.

The notes of the Bank in circulation show an increase of $2,861,000 over the figures of the previous year. Throughout the year the note circulation of the chartered banks has been unprecedentedly high, due partly, no doubt, to the high prices prevailing for almost all commodities and partly to the activity in business arising from the large orders for merchandise and munitions placed in Canada by the allied governments. In the general increase of note circulation this Bank has had its full share, and the demand upon our supply of notes has been much greater than had been anticipated. Almost throughout the year our note circulation has been in excess of paid-up capital and beyond any figures heretofore reached in our history.

Growth in Deposits

"Our deposits show a satisfactory growth, the increase being $35,373,000, of which over $25,000,000 is in deposits, bearing interest; these include the savings of the people and are therefore less subject to fluctuation than demand deposits not bearing interest. Through the medium of our monthly commercial letter we have endeavored to impress upon the public mind the necessity for the exercise of economy to a degree never before known in Canada, and we should like to think that some part of the increase to which we have just referred has been due to the advice thus given. Canadians cannot too often be reminded that only by the universal exercise of economy and thrift to an extent to which they have in the past been strangers, and by the setting aside of what is thus saved for investment in government loans or as bank deposits, can we do our share to provide the wherewithal necessary to carry the war to a victorious conclusion.

Strong Cash Reserves

"Our total holdings of coin and legals are $46,291,000, an increase of $6,389,000 over the figures of a year ago, but of this sum $6,000,000 is represented by a deposit in the central gold reserves to cover the issue of note circulation in excess of our paid-up capital, already referred to. These holdings of cash represent 18.5 per cent of the total of our deposits and circulation and 17.9 per cent of our total liabilities to the public, and in view of the uncertainties of war conditions we are sure that you will approve our policy of keeping strong in this respect. Our immediate available assets total $129,341,000, equal to fifty-six per cent of our deposits and fifty per cent of our total liabilities to the public. The largest increase in any one item composing this amount is in British, foreign and colonial securities, etc., which show an increase of over $15,500,000 and include the securities purchased and held for the advances which we have made to the Imperial Government to finance their purchases in the Dominion. There has been a slight increase of $858,000 in our holdings of Dominion and Provincial securities and a decrease of $1,802,000 in our holdings of railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks. We have thought it desirable, in view of the exigencies of the war and of the requirements of the governments of Great Britain and Canada to realize on these securities as opportunity offered. This has seemed the more advisable because of the doubtful outlook as to the future trend in the value of such securities.

Their Supreme Sacrifice

"Since our last annual meeting an additional fifty-nine brave and promising young men of our staff have laid down their lives on the field of battle. Our complete casualty list as at December 31st is as follows:

Killed	84
Wounded	175
Missing	8
Prisoners	9
Ill	20
	296

"We have received many indications that our men are measuring well up to what is required of them and are capable of taking their full share in the wonderful operations at the front which are thrilling the world. Six of our officers have been awarded the Military Cross and three more have been recommended for it.

Staff at Home

"We do not think that it would be fair to express our pride in our banker soldiers without adding a further word in commendation of the staff at home. While we still have to expect that some of them will take up military duty, we are satisfied that those who have remained at home thus far have been actuated by the highest motives; indeed, the work of the bank could not be efficiently carried on without retaining the services of many men who in other respects would be available for military service."

$26.40 a Year

payable for twenty years only, will purchase a $1,000 Insurance Policy in The Great-West Life Assurance Company on the Limited Payment Life Plan, at age 21.

At the end of twenty years the Insurance will be paid for, and a paid-up Policy will be issued for $1,000. The profits earned under the Policy will then be payable, unless, as may be chosen, if desired, these profits have been paid at the end of each five-year period.

During the twenty years the Policy carries liberal loan values; and at the end of the period, if the Policyholder so desires, the contract may be surrendered, and the total Cash Value obtained, showing an excellent return on the outlay — while the twenty years' protection will have cost nothing.

Personal rates and full details will be furnished on request.

The Great-West Life
Assurance Company
Dept. "Q"
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

In requesting information ask for Desk Calendar for 1917

UNION BANK
OF CANADA

Head Office, Winnipeg
Total Assets over
$109,000,000
Deposits over $85,000,000

Open a Housekeeping Account and Pay Your Bills by Cheque

THERE is a decided advantage in depositing your housekeeping money in the **Union Bank of Canada** and issuing cheques for your expenditures. You avoid the risk of keeping a considerable sum in your home or carrying it when shopping, and each cheque when cashed becomes a receipt.

Over 305 Branches in Canada
Over 40 Branches in Manitoba
Over 90 Branches in Saskatchewan
Over 50 Branches in Alberta
Over 10 Branches in British Columbia

MONEY TO LOAN

in moderate amounts on improved farm property occupied by the owner and situated not more than 10 miles from elevator and railroad

FULL PARTICULARS FROM OUR AGENT IN YOUR DISTRICT, OR

UNION TRUST
STRENGTH — FIDELITY
COMPANY LIMITED

REGINA, SASK. WINNIPEG, MAN.

199

Milk Foods for Baby that are Scientifically Modified.

The 'Allenburys' Milk Foods have in thousands of cases proved a safe, successful alternative for mother's milk, when this is scanty or altogether lacking.

In their preparation fresh pure cow's milk, is "humanized" by increasing the proportion of cream and milk sugar and removing the excess of curd-forming material. This is done in splendidly equipped laboratories, with scientific accuracy—Milk Foods Nos. 1 and 2 (add hot boiled water only) provide a complete dietary for the first 6 months of infant life.

That is why even the most delicate babies digest and thrive on

The 'Allenburys' Foods

Milk Food No. 1 *From birth to three months*

Milk Food No. 2 *From three to six months*

Malted Food No. 3 *From six months onward*

"Infant Feeding and Management" Is a Booklet that will help you with Baby. Write for it.

The Allen & Hanburys Co., Limited
TORONTO 8

TAKE ADVANTAGE of the Low Railway Fares in February

to have your eyes scientifically tested.

Properly fitted glasses benefit the wearer in many ways—in correcting errors of vision, relieving **Eyestrain** and improving **Eyesight.**

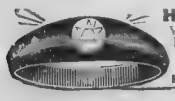
The exact method of the **Optometrist,** in making a scientific examination of the eyes, is essential in supplying properly fitted glasses.

Norman H. Neill
Optometrist
Paris Bldg. WINNIPEG
Look for the Whirling Sign

ALL LENSES GROUND IN OUR WORKSHOPS

"I earn $2 a day at home"

You may say that, too—if you want more income. Easy to learn. Steady work at home *the year round.* Write Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd. Dept. 333F 257 College St., Toronto.



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Will never tarnish—made of Persian Ivory. Will last a life time. To make new friends I will send this Ring for 12c to help pay adv. Order today—now.
R. C. Hill, Dept 19 Battle Creek, Mich.

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood, Man.

February, the month of conventions of all sorts, as well as the big Winnipeg poultry show, is not any too soon to make real preparation for the spring work of incubation and chicken raising. Doubtless we are all guilty of "counting our chickens before they are hatched," but preparedness in the poultry yard will aid materially in the success of our season's work. First, the breeding birds should be carefully selected—color, shape, a fine straight breast bone, a bright eye and alert habits denote a good breeding bird. Do not have them too fat, and better results, "more eggs and better hatches" will be obtained from mother hens that have not laid heavily during the cold months. If first class pure bred cockerels or cocks have not been secured, pay a visit to the nearest poultry show and learn all you can about your favorite breed. Perhaps the prize birds may be beyond your purse. If so, the owner usually has some for sale at home of the same strain and can supply a good cockerel at a moderate figure. Build up your flock by introducing good blood; the male bird is half the flock and breeding will always tell. The day of the scrub fowl is past and gone; our young people in the boys' and girls' clubs will have none but the best these progressive days in the poultry world. Feed the breeding pens with screenings or good mixed grain, vegetable matter and grit, with water to drink and buttermilk as well, if obtainable. Buttermilk is a grand thing for chickens of all ages, a fine egg producer, and better than green cut bone for fertility. Of course, the whole success of the spring work must hinge on the fertility of the eggs set. Fresh air, clean quarters, with plenty of exercise indoors in deep litter until an outdoor yard can be used, will help secure fertile eggs.

Do not give much soft mash during the breeding season. A cockerel mated to one and two-year-old hens, and a cock mated to the young, well matured pullets should give good results in fertile eggs.

The news in a local paper that a petition to raise the bounty on coyotes is to be presented to the provincial government is very pleasing to an old chicken farmer, who has written many letters in years past to Ottawa asking this very boon, i.e., "an increased bounty on the head of the miserable coyote" that has annually diminished the profits of Western poultry keepers. The suburban poultry keepers near Winnipeg are taking this step and it is earnestly hoped their efforts will meet with success. The coyote is the one real menace to successful chicken and turkey farming in all of our Western provinces.

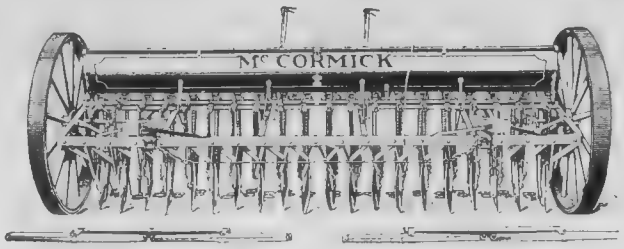
In the future all eggs shipped to commission merchants in Winnipeg are to be officially tested before being passed into the trade of the city—a commendable idea for the shipper, as well as for the consumer. In the past the testing was done in a haphazard way. In some of the commission houses the city man could not be sure of the freshness of his breakfast eggs, and on the other hand the farmer was sometimes credited with more "rots and leaks" in his case of eggs than was fair.

Before spring opens all odd jobs such as a thorough cleaning of the incubator and brooders should be seen to; chicken coops can be overhauled and repaired, and new nest boxes made before the rush of farm work comes on. If at all possible have a brooding house somewhere in stable or barn arranged with proper nests for the sitting hens, where they can do their bit in peace and quietness. The best of hatches will more than repay you for the trouble and work involved. The daily task of caring for a dozen or more sitting hens in a proper compartment is a small matter compared to chasing about the farm attending to broody hens in holes and corners from the stable loft to "under the bed," a favorite incubation corner in early Manitoban days. Incubation will be my theme next month.

The Human Side of Gardening

Corn has ears.
Potatoes have eyes.
Squashes have necks.
Cucumbers have warts.
Cabbages have heads.
Celery has a heart.
Wheat has a beard.
Grapes have skin.

—Life.



Every Bushel Counts

WITH crop prices at top figures and likely to stay there, it is a very important matter to handle your seed sowing and crop growing so as to get every dollar of profit. Nowadays every bushel added to your harvest yield counts!

That is why so many careful farmers put the seed in the soil with **McCormick** drills. Why? They know that seed deposited at even depth means grain all up, growing and ripe at the same time, no half-ripe, half-green fields, no shriveled kernels in the grain.

McCormick drills have all the modern conveniences—braced angle steel frames; anti-friction, dirt and dust-proof disk bearings, accurate feeds; and any kind of furrow opener your land requires. Either plain or fertilizer types.

Your farm—no matter how "different" your soil or fields are—needs a **McCormick** drill. This is a good time to know more about them. Send for our drill catalogues and folders. They make profitable reading.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

EAST—Hamilton, Ont.; London, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec, Que.; St. John, N.B.

Great Bargain Offer

The Western Home Monthly
AND THE
Farmers' Telegram & Family Magazine

FOR **$1.25**

From this date to December 31st, 1917

The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine is essentially a family newspaper with features of interest to every member of the home. The Telegram's exclusive war news service from Windermere, Roland Hill, Herbert Corey and The United Press is recognized as the best in Western Canada.

"The Farm and Its Interests," "Sunday at Home," "The Poets' Corner," "Woman's Domain," short and serial stories are only a few of the many features that have made The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine the most popular newspaper published west of the great lakes.

Take advantage of this Great Bargain Offer to-day. The sooner you order the more you get.

USE THIS COUPON

Enclosed please find $1.25. Mail to my address for one year, the Western Home Monthly and The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine.

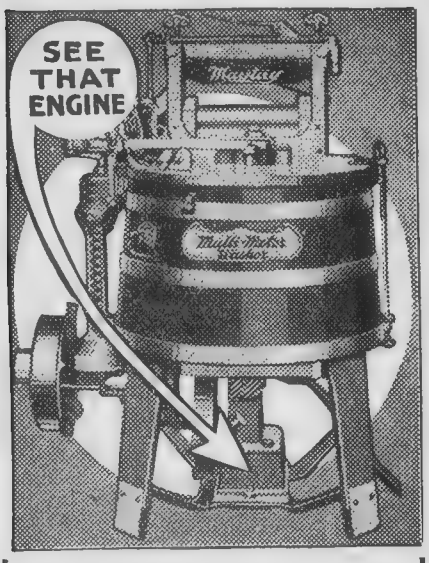
Name .....

Post Office .....

Province .....

Man! Have a HEART

Maytag Multi-Motor Washer



What the Maytag Multi-Motor Washer Will Do

It operates the washer and wringer. It will operate the sewing machine, churn, cream separator or any other small machine that does not require more than ½ H.P. **Wash-Day,** and that is **Work-Day,** changed into **Play-Day.** Good-bye backache, headache, nerve wreck! No woman need bend over the wash tub, as her grandmother did, nor turn the old-style washer, as her mother did, if she has a **Maytag Multi-Motor.**

THE MAYTAG POWER WASHER

in general construction is the same as the Multi-Motor. It has a pulley so it can be driven by a separate engine.

There is a **Maytag** Washer of every type—**Hand, Power-Driven, Electric**—all built to the enviable **Maytag** standard.

Drop us a card and we will mail you a copy of **The Maytag Laundry Manual** (48 pages). Even if you do not buy a washer, it will be a great help to you, as it contains many valuable formulas and recipes that can be used to advantage in any home. It is **Free.**

ADDRESS

The Maytag Company Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

If you live in Alberta, write direct to The Merchants' Hardware Specialties, Ltd., Calgary.

"A Woman o' Me Own Heart"

By Rae Lunn

A WISTFUL, longing look haunted her homely face that could not deny a rounded forty summers. About her clung four children, equally as freckled and stub-nosed and gaunt as herself. Mrs. Sarah Stebbins—it was scrawled on her barrel-top trunk—gazed after the departing train and drawing her bedraggled widow's weeds from the clutches of the wailing twins, she seated herself on her trunk and added her tears to those of the chorusing quartette.

Sam Hatfield, station master and mayor of Fraserville, dropped his truck and scratched his head. A woman's tears to Sam, whether of anger, trouble or sorrow, were as water to a lump of brown sugar.

"Mrs.——?" Sam glanced at the trunk, "er—Mrs. Stebbins, is there anything that I can do for you or your children?" and Sam picked up seven-year-old Jenny and tried to look six ways at once.

"My name ith Jenny Thusana White," Sam's charge lisped in a Poll-parrot treble.

"Er—Mrs. White—excuse me, ma'am," Sam hastened to apologize, "I looked on your trunk and seein' 'Mrs. Sarah Stebbins' I thought 'twas your name."

"M-my f-first husband's name was W-White," Mrs. Sarah Stebbins explained between sniffs.

Sam rubbed his chin and shifted uneasily, blew out his tobacco quid and reached to the right back pocket of his overalls, from which dangled the third of a bandana handkerchief. "It's plenty o' trouble that you've had, Mrs. Stebbins," Sam coughed and wiped his eyes. When the sniffs had subsided, Sam settled the twins in his vacant arm and began again, "Where are you headin' for, Mrs. Stebbins?"

"I—I—don't know," Mrs. Sarah Stebbins wept. "I c-came here to look for a p-place to b-bb-board. The doctor said that I m-must stay in the cc-country for my h-health. Do you k-k-know—would it be too much tt-tt-trouble for you to t-tell me—help me f-find a p-place?" and Mrs. Sarah Stebbins lifted a tear-stained face to Sam.

"Er—let me see," Sam pondered, glancing down the street to the Fraser Inn, where, on its veranda, Fraserville's boarding trio—Mary Ann Watson, Maria Hanfrey, school teachers, and Lydia Jane Seaworth, piano and vocal instructor—had left their rockers and crochet hooks for the front gate, so as to get a better view of the little group on the station platform.

"Gabblin' old hens. They'll pick her to pieces before she gets there, but there haint no other place this side o' Clifton," Sam grouched to himself as he placed barrel-top trunk, Jenny and the twins in his truck and followed by Mrs. Sarah Stebbins carrying her worn hand bag and the squalling infant, Sam conducted his charges to the Inn.

Instead of spending his evenings smoking on the station house steps, Sam now held a one-sided conversation with Mrs. Sarah Stebbins or trotted the twins on his knee and, to the open disapproval of the boarding trio, played "bear" with Jenny, while Mrs. Sarah S. crooned to the dimpling Sammy, as she had named him.

One morning after Mrs. Sarah S. had been the nucleus of Fraserville's bacon-and-eggs for six weeks, Sam's peace of mind and the boarding house trio received an unsuspected upheaval. The cause—Mrs. Sarah S. discarded her dull black for a jaunty, strawberry foulard and arrayed her quartette in their spic-and-span best out on the back porch, where the bubble of excitement—a man, citified and with a charming smile, sedately sallied forth.

He held Mrs. Sarah S's hand for a full minute by Lydia Jane's alarm clock, patted the quartette's heads, gave each a bright new penny and a stick of striped yellow and red candy—the kind that corner stores dole out in the same kind of paper bags; had lunch under the grape arbor and departed whence he had evidently come—oblivion.

"That accounts for the letters that she's been getting and sending every week," Mary Ann confided to the remainder of the trio. "Sam better look out or he'll be getting the mitten. It would serve him right for picking up with strangers and thinking those of his own town too good to associate with. But, that's the way with these widows, the men

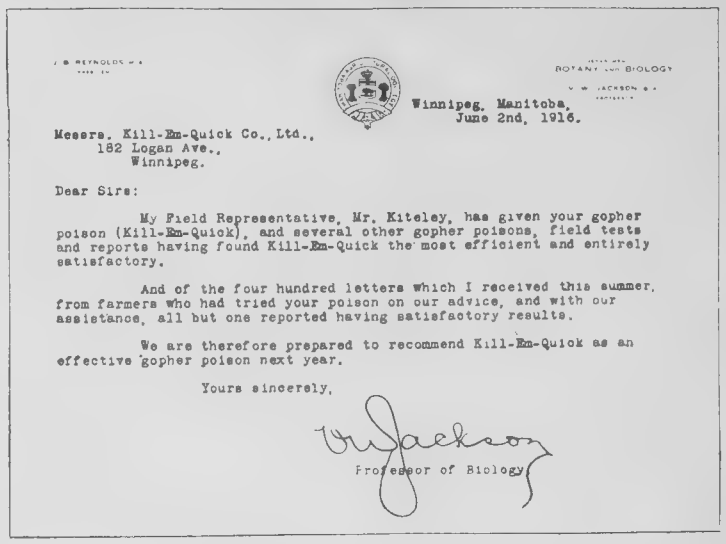
"399 of 400 Farmers Report Success" —Prof. V. W. Jackson.

Kill-Em-Quick GOPHER POISON

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Time-Tested, Guaranteed Gopher Killer

Unbiased, Convincing Evidence



Winnipeg, Manitoba,
June 2nd, 1916.

Messrs. Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd.,
182 Logan Ave.,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs:

My Field Representative, Mr. Kiteley, has given your gopher poison (Kill-Em-Quick), and several other gopher poisons, field tests and reports having found Kill-Em-Quick the most efficient and entirely satisfactory.

And of the four hundred letters which I received this summer, from farmers who had tried your poison on our advice, and with our assistance, all but one reported having satisfactory results.

We are therefore prepared to recommend Kill-Em-Quick as an effective gopher poison next year.

Yours sincerely,

V. W. Jackson

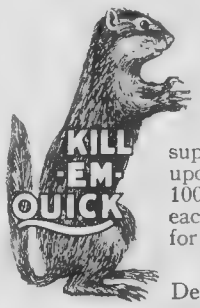
Professor of Biology

The claims we have made for Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison are facts. Here is authority that nobody can get around,—the word of a man **whose business it is to know,**—Professor Jackson of the Manitoba Agricultural College. **Read his letter again.**

This fact is proven—Kill-Em-Quick will save your grain. It will destroy gophers. In fact, the profits of over 6,000,000 acres of Canadian grain lands were saved by Kill-Em-Quick in 1916.

Which will you Raise—rain or Gophers?

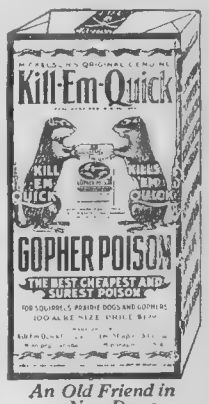
Grain is more profitable than gophers. Then raise grain!



One cent an acre spent for Kill-Em-Quick will convert your gopher losses, which amount to as much as the cost of your seed grain or more, into profits. Can you afford not to use it?

Get Kill-Em-Quick—your druggist can supply you. If he cannot we ship direct upon the receipt of the price. 40-acre size, **50c;** 100-acre size, **$1.00.** Guarantee printed on each package—money back if it fails. Send for Free Gopher Book.

Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd.
Dept. G **Winnipeg, Canada**



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Expert Mounting of Game Heads and Birds

Highest Prices for all kinds of Raw Furs, Hides and Large Game Heads. Will buy Wolf and Bear Skulls.

Taxidermist Supplies

WRITE FOR NEW FUR LIST

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Official Taxidermist to Manitoba Government

Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT

Sold on Merit for Over 25 Years

Absolutely No Alcohol is Added

BIG BOTTLE ASK YOUR DOCTOR ALL DRUGGISTS

The One Greatest Opportunity of the Year to Secure Highest Grade Furs at Greatly Discounted Prices

FAIRWEATHER'S Annual Fur Sale

You buy direct from the manufacturer and our excellent mail order system affords you practically all the advantages accorded our Winnipeg customers. Any of the following garments will be forwarded to you C.O.D., for inspection. If you are not satisfied, return them to us. We take all the chance, and pay express charges both ways.

Ladies' Fur Coats

Hudson Seal Coat, made from best quality skins, 42 ins. long with very full ripple skirts, trimmed collar, cuffs and border of Alaska Sable. Reg. **$275.00** for.. **$195.00**

Ladies' Muskrat Coat, 50 ins. long, best selected Canadian Muskrat, high storm collar and cuffs, heavy satin linings. Reg. **$100.00** for.. **$75.00**

Ladies' Marmot Coats, 45 ins. long, made from very dark pliable skins, high storm collar, good satin linings. Reg. **$65.00** for... **$48.75**

Ladies' Fur Sets

Mink Set, made from natural Canadian mink, fancy six skin stole in cross-over effect, trimmed with head, tail and paws, large pillow muff trimmed to match. Reg. **$125.00** for **$75.00**

Alaska Sable Set, large fancy cape stole, trimmed with heads, with round or pillow muff to match. Reg. **$125.00** for.. **$90.00**

Black Wolf Set, very long silky fur, stole in animal effect, silk or fur lined, round or pillow muff to match. Reg. **$50.00** for.. **$33.50**

Men's Fur Coats

Men's Black Dog-lined Coats, with Russian Otter notch collars, very warm and durable coat for little money. Reg. **$45.00** for.. **$30.00**

Men's Raccoon Coats, we still have a limited supply of good appearing, well matched coon coats, made with shawl collars and quilted satin linings. Specially priced at **$85.00**

Men's Wambat Coats, made from good wearing natural skins, exceptionally well made, unsurpassed for driving or country use.... **$35.00**

Men's Mountain Bear and Yukon Beaver Coats; these very popular coats extra well made, with leather loops for fastening, and warm quilted linings. Reg. **$35.00** for... **$28.00**

FAIRWEATHER & CO., Limited
297-299 Portage Avenue
Department E WINNIPEG

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS

FIGHT

AT THE FRONT.

BUY

DOMINION OF CANADA

THREE-YEAR

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

$ 25.00 FOR $21.50
50.00 " 43.00
100.00 " 86.00

INDIVIDUAL PURCHASES LIMITED TO $1500.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY AT ANY BANK OR ANY MONEY ORDER POST OFFICE

JAN. 9, 1917 FINANCE DEPARTMENT OTTAWA

always like 'em," and Mary Ann jabbed her needle into her ball of wool.

That night Mrs. Sarah S. confided to Sam that Mr. Chatham, her visitor, was an old friend of her first husband. "He takes as much interest in the children as if they were his own. He comes as regular as clock work, every six weeks," and Mrs. Sarah blushed deeply and pressed her hands to her bosom.

Sam was silent. Mrs. Sarah S. sighed.

The next night Sam smoked on the station house steps. He seem worried. But true to his nature, said nothing. The boarding trio bubbled over. Mrs. Sarah S.'s handkerchief became a damp wad. Sammy wailed, the twins bellowed and Jenny awoke the echoes.

The next morning Sam departed on the morning train. On his return that night life with Mrs. Sarah S. and the quartette switched back into its old channel. When the trio had stood their rockers against the wall to protect their varnishless seats from the dew, Sam slyly slipped his hand into Mrs. Sarah S.'s.

"D-do you love me, Sarah?" he whispered.

"Oh, Sam," Mrs. Sarah S. breathed, and her head found a ready spot on Sam's shoulder. Silence reigned.

"D-do--do you care for me as much as—as you did your other husbands?" Sam hesitatingly broke the golden period.

For reply Mrs. Sarah S. broke into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"Sarah, darling, I—I did not mean to hurt - -"

"Sam—ogg—ggg—og—ohgg-g Sam-ogg-g," Mrs. Sarah S. wept, "you will ogg-gg-never—ogg-og-ggwant to marry me now. Ogg-g I—lied. I—Iog-ogg-gg-I—"

"There, there now," Sam soothed, "don't take it so to heart. As soon as I heard you say Chatham, I fell like a dog does to a bone. He and me were school chums. His wife——"

"Sam!" Mrs. Sarah S. gasped, "you knew that I was only Sarah Stebbins. You knew that Jenny, the twins and Sammy was from the Home. That I was pretendin' to be a widow 'cause men like w—oh-og-gg-og-gg-Sam-og-gg--SAM oggg!" and Mrs. Sarah S. wept aloud.

"There Sarah, there now," Sam cooed, "widow or no widow, you're a woman o' me own heart, I'm tellin' you. Jim says that th' little uns are ours as soon's th' knot's tied."

The Late Anson McKim

By the accidental death of Mr. Anson McKim, head of A. McKim, Limited on January 25th, Canada lost a distinguished son and Montreal one of its most public spirited citizens. Early in life he sought the advertising field as a sphere for his energy and ability and the A. McKim agency doing business the world over is the result. The many enterprises with which he was associated will miss his cheerful optimism and keen discernment. Very specially will the publishers of the Dominion realize that one is gone who did much in developing the publicity idea throughout the land and with whom their business relationships were always cordial and satisfactory. He was the founder and dean of the advertising agency business in Canada instituting this branch of publicity work when advertising was not the popular subject that it is to-day and when it was not considered by many a necessary business accessory. Truly his work has been fruitful and Canada is the richer because of his active and successful career. Success left Mr. McKim still the same unassuming courteous gentleman. His fine consideration and kindly encouragement for the junior members of the Advertising Fraternity who sought the favors of his office will long remain a pleasing memory with many publicity men all over the continent.

The Publishers of this magazine join in the many expressions of sympathy that will reach his family and his firm.

Per-haps

"And what do you propose to do now, William?" asked his father of the son who had just come home after graduation at college.

"Oh," yawned the optimistic young man, "I think I'll go over to New York and look for a position at five thousand per—you understand? At five thousand per."

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "I understand. You mean at five thousand perhaps!"

What They Did For One Family

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Where Doctors Failed

Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, After Years of Suffering, Found the Remedy They Sought in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Capreol, Ont. (Special)—Firm believers in Dodd's Kidney Pills are Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Sawyer, of this place. They have their reasons and are quite willing to make them public.

"I was a complete wreck when I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Sawyer says. "I had suffered for ten years. I tried five doctors altogether. Some said it was rheumatism. Others called it lumbago, but none could give me any permanent relief. Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new man of me.

"My wife got the same good results from them. She also had been to several doctors. A specialist from Sault Ste. Marie advised her to stay in bed for a month. But she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills instead with splendid results.

"Do you wonder that we both praise Dodd's Kidney Pills? No one can speak too highly of them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are purely and simply a kidney remedy. If the disease is of the kidneys or from the kidneys they will cure it.

A $10 WASHER
Direct to You
$7.50

READ WHAT USERS SAY

Hamilton, Nov. 2nd, 1916.
Messrs. Schultz Bros.
Brantford, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I am enclosing money order for seven dollars fifty cents ($7.50), price of Knoll Washer. Please forward by Canadian Express and oblige.

Yours truly,
MR. H. C. NICHOLSON.

P.S.—We have used one fifteen years and prefer your Washer to others.

KNOLL WASHERS

For a big batch or a little one. Perfectly adjustable. Will not tear, wear, rip or pierce the clothes. From lingerie to blankets, from cambric handkerchiefs to sheets, everything is safe, everything is made clean, sweet and healthful by the Knoll Washer.

Send for a descriptive folder, or, better still, send $7.50 and get the Washer.

$7.50 F.O.B. Brantford

Schultz Bros. Co., Limited
41 Albion St., Brantford, Ont.

MARTIN & CO.
608 McIntyre Block WINNIPEG
MEMBERS WINNIPEG STOCK EXCHANGE

Stocks, Bonds and Investment Securities bought and sold on commission on all the principal exchanges. We will be glad to send our monthly Market Letter to anyone interested

Application forms and information regarding **DOMINION OF CANADA 5% DEBENTURE STOCK** forwarded on request.

COULD NOT SWEEP BACK WAS SO SORE.

Women are coming to understand that weak, lame and aching backs from which they suffer so much excruciating pain and agony are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

On the first sign of any weakness in the back Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken.

Mrs. L. Gonshaw, 683 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in writing you, stating the benefit I have received by using Doan's Kidney Pills. About three years ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad I could not even sweep the floor. I was advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills, and before I had used one box there was a great improvement, and my back was completely cured. I highly recommend 'Doan's' for lame back."

Doan's Kidney Pills are put up in an oblong grey box, the trade-mark is a Maple Leaf, so accept no other.

Price 50c. per box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering, direct specify "Doan's."

Ladies! Save Your Combings!

We can make your combings up into a switch and it will only cost you 50 cents an ounce.

Send us your combings—it will surprise you to see the fine switch that can be made out of even a small quantity of hair.

Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

Dr. J. Klein, Prop.
Elite Hairdressing Parlors
207 New Enderton Bldg.
WINNIPEG

Usual Good Service During 1917

IT is our intention to continue giving our customers the best possible value for their money, and we would like to send you a copy of our 1917 Catalogue, which contains full particulars and prices of different kinds of hair goods, including **Switches, Pompadours, Curls, Bangs, Transformations, etc.**

Our hair goods are guaranteed to be composed exclusively of best quality hair, and accordingly we do the largest business in hair goods in Western Canada.

Switches, any length or color, from **$1.50**

Combings made up..... **1.00**

Postage 10c. extra.

SEAMAN & PETERSEN
NEW YORK HAIR STORE
Kensington Block Winnipeg

CATALOGUE NOTICE

Send 10c. in silver or stamps for our Up-to-Date Spring and Summer 1917 Catalogue, containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a **Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, also some Points for the Needle** (illustrating 31 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Rose Bud Ring Free Gold Filled, Guaranteed for 3 years. Set with beautiful Rose Bud. To introduce our big bargains we will send this ring any size for 12c to help pay advertising. Rex Jewelry Co. Dept. 18 Battle Creek, Mich.

All About Fireworks

By Ethel M. Foster

Although, of course, it was a shocking thing to do, most of us, I think, would be very sorry if Guy Fawkes had never tried to blow up King James I. and his parliament, because if there had been no gunpowder plot we should not celebrate the fifth of November; and, if we did not do that, one of the chief reasons for having the fireworks that we all so dearly love would be gone.

No one quite knows who first started having fireworks; but the Chinese, who seem to have invented so many things, had fireworks in very ancient times, and still use them to-day in their religious ceremonies—indeed, some of the most wonderful fireworks in the world are to be seen in China and Japan. The Greeks and the Romans, too, were fond of fireworks; but I do not think they were of the same kind as we have, although we hear of "whirling wheels and dropping fountains of fire" being displayed in the circus at Rome. After Rome was sacked by the barbarians, we do not hear anything more about fireworks until the Crusaders brought back with them from the East the art of making gunpowder.

But from the Middle Ages onwards, great occasions of all sorts—from the birth of kings to the celebration of some great victory—have been marked by firework displays. At the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn the citizens of London were treated to a great display of fireworks, part of the show being a red dragon spouting fire, round which leapt and shouted a number of "terrible, monstrous, wild men."

It was the people of Florence—those great traders who introduced so many of the marvels of the East into Europe—who were responsible chiefly for the development of fireworks as we know them, and Italian people still are very fond of them.

Now, how do they make those beautiful and wonderful things we call fireworks? As a child this was always a profound mystery to me, and now that I have been over a famous firework factory and seen rockets and crackers, and Roman candles and catherine wheels, and all the rest, being made, it is almost as much of a mystery as before. For who could guess that that hollow tube of paper or cardboard, or that round, whity-brown ball, looking like something between a gourd and a punching-ball, which is being filled with an uninteresting black powder and little lumps of what might be an ordinary brick, will, when set alight, fill the air with showers of golden sparks or silver rain, or stars of every color in the rainbow, or will light up the landscape with a red, blue or green light that "never was on land or sea"? And yet, whether you go in to watch a Roman candle being made, or a rocket, or one of those big "bombs," or "shells" as they are called, from which come showers of stars and golden rain, etc., you find that the two chief ingredients are a black powder and the little bricky-looking cubes.

The secret, of course, lies in what the powder and the cubes are composed of. If you look carefully at the black powder in the different sheds, you will see that some of it is very coarse, in great big grains, and some is as fine as dust; and, although the cubes, or "stars" as they are called, look very much alike, if you could see them being made, you would know that there is just as much difference in them.

All sorts of things are used in the composition of both the powder and the "stars," the ingredients required to cause the explosion being, of course, different from those that give the color to the firework.

The explosive part usually consists of gunpowder, or its constituents, charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre in various forms, though other things may be mixed with it, such as resin, lamp-black, starch or gum, in order to lessen or increase its explosive force. In order to obtain color, various chemicals are added; for instance, baryta gives a green flame, copper a blue flame, and soda an orange. The brilliant white light that accompanies silver rain is produced by adding powdered magnesium, while red fire is obtained from strontia.

The "stars" from which come the balls of fire, golden rain, etc., that light up when a rocket bursts into flame, consist of such things as gunpowder, charcoal, nitre, sulphur and some of the coloring materials I have just mentioned; these

A Special List Of High-Grade Pianos

(Almost New), taken in exchange on Nordheimer and Gerhard-Heintzman Player Pianos.

We find it necessary from time to time to take in exchange for the Steinway, Chickering, Gerhard-Heintzman and Nordheimer lines many high-grade Pianos. All have been repolished, and cannot be told from new. It is our policy to hold similar sales once or twice a year. An early selection is urged and recommended.

No Piano in this List in Use Over One Year

$375 Colonial—Upright Piano, studio design, mahogany case. Over strung scale, copper-wound strings in lower bass; three pedals. This instrument has been thoroughly renewed in every part. A splendid bargain at..... **$245**

$400 Canada Colonial—Upright Piano; polished dark mahogany case; has over strung tri-chord scale, three pedals. This lovely instrument has been carefully gone over, and is just like new. Special snap at..... **$285**

$400 Doherty—Cabinet Grand Upright. Polished mahogany case; over strung scale, 7 1/3 octave keyboard, three pedals. This is a well-known Canadian make, and a bargain at..... **$285**

$425 Bell—Upright polished mahogany case. Over strung scale, 7 1/3 octave key-board, three pedals. This is another well-known make, which has been carefully overhauled. Price..... **$345**

$450 Gerhard Heintzman—Upright Piano. Handsome figured mahogany case, overstrung scale, copper strings in lower bass; 7 1/3 octave key-board, three pedals. This Piano has been put in perfect order, and has an elegant tone. Is a snap at..... **$375**

$450 Gourlay—Upright Piano. Figured walnut case; Boston fallboard; long music desk; over strung scale; 7 1/3 octave key-board. It has had very little use, and a bargain at..... **$295**

$425 Nordheimer Lansdowne—Upright Piano. Polished mahogany case; plain design; Boston fallboard; automatic full-length music desk; over strung scale; 7 1/3 octave key-board. The above Piano has only been in use for a few months, has a lovely tone, and is offered special at..... **$365**

$425 Doherty——Large Cabinet Grand Upright Piano. Polished walnut case; over strung tri-chord scale; 7 1/3 octave keyboard; three pedals. A lovely Piano, with an elegant tone, and is a splendid bargain at..... **$325**

$400 Lesage—Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, in handsome dark mahogany case. Has over strung scale; 7 1/3 octave keyboard, three pedals. Has guaranteed Lesage tone and touch, and would prove satisfactory in every way. Special bargain price..... **$285**

TERMS: **One, two or three years to pay. Monthly, quarterly, halfyearly or yearly payments arranged. Freight paid to any address.**

A brand new Bench, with Cabinet to hold Music, accompanies each instrument.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO 333 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.

DIRECT FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES

STEINWAY, GERHARD HEINTZMAN, NORDHEIMER, CHICKERING, HAINES, BELL, SHERLOCK-MANNING, DOHERTY, CANADA AND LESAGE PIANOS. EDISON, COLUMBIA, EUPHONOLIAN AND PHONOLA PHONOGRAPHS

The Bed Spring that will not Sag

¶This bed spring will not lose its shape because of the strong coil helical springs on which the fabric is suspended at every link. The 1¼-in. steel side band, suspended on two extra helicals at each end, makes it almost impossible for a person sitting on the edge of the bed to weigh this spring down to the side rail.

ALASKA Twisted Link SPRING

Number "72"

¶ The high corner castings keep the fabric well off the side rails, and in addition give the bed a much better appearance when made up.

WILL NOT DAMAGE BEDDING

¶ This specially constructed and finished spring is guaranteed not to injure bedding in any way. Guaranteed for 20 years.

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING Made in Canada

THE ALASKA BEDDING CO. LIMITED
Makers of Bedsteads and Bedding 31W
Calgary :: WINNIPEG :: Regina
"ALASKA on an article means *High Grade Every Particle*"

FARMERS!

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carload shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against Shipping Bills at 7 per cent interest. : : : :

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.
700 W Grain Exchange Winnipeg

are mixed together with some gummy liquid, rolled into a sheet, varying in thickness from ½ to 1 inch, and cut into cubes.

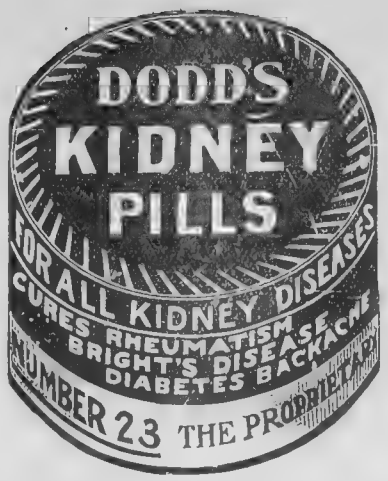
Although the ingredients used in different kinds of fireworks seem very much the same, variety is obtained by the kind of case into which they are put. For catherine wheels a hollow tube of stout paper, about ⅛ inch across, the length depending on the size of the wheel, is filled with the black mixture, the powder being rammed firmly down by means of a long wire. The ends are then tightly twisted, and the tube is wound round and round a flat circle of wood, and kept in place by a little colored paper band. It is wonderful to see the speed and neatness with which the girls can wind and fix these wheels; some are so smart at it that they can turn out over 400 an hour.

For crackers, paper tubes are "charged" or filled with gunpowder through a funnel, and the paper tube, when filled, is put through a press and flattened, and then twisted backwards and forwards till it is like the letter Z, after which the open ends are capped with paper and tied up. Squibs and snakes consist of a cardboard tube half filled with mixture, and then filled up with gunpowder.

Great care has to be exercised in the "charging" of the big Roman candles. The cases of these, and of rockets as well, are composed of layer after layer of cardboard, making them as tough as wood, for the force with which they explode is tremendous. At the bottom of a Roman candle case is put a layer of clay, to keep the other stuff in; then a layer of explosive composition, then a "star." Sometimes as many as twelve "stars" are put in, the layer of composition between them getting larger and larger as it gets nearer the bottom, for the lowest ones, of course, require more force to throw them up to the same height, than the topmost ones. In order that the whole thing may ignite almost simultaneously, a strip of quick match, which looks something like a bootlace, is put in.

This quick match is really a long thin thread of cotton wick, which is soaked in a nauseous black and sticky mixture of gunpowder and starch. When it has been thoroughly steeped, it is wound on big frames and left to dry, after which it is given another coating of powder, and it is ready for use. It is a curious fact that when it ignites inside a paper case this quick match burns six times as fast as in the open air. So fast does it burn, that if a man took a hundred feet of it and held both ends in his hands and lighted one end, the fire would get to the other end almost before he had time to drop it.

The case and the "charging" of rockets are somewhat similar to that of Roman candles, but the rocket has to be assisted in its upward flight by having a peaked cone to cleave the air before it, and a



CONSTIPATION
THE COMMONEST ILL.

Constipation is one of the commonest ills of mankind and one too often allowed to go unlooked after until some serious complication sets in.

If the bowels are properly looked after there will be no constipation, jaundice, sick or bilious headaches, heartburn, coated tongue, sour stomach, floating specks before the eyes, etc.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will keep the bowels regular and cure all liver ills.

Mr. Philip McLeod, Tarbot, N.S., writes: "I suffered from constipation ever since I can remember, and for years had pains in the left side of the back. If I walked across the kitchen floor I would have to sit down and rest. That I think was terrible for a man of 20 years of age. The condition of my system was shown by pimples breaking out on my face. I suffered so much pain and stiffness in my back I am sure my system was full of poison. Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have entirely cured me.

I thoroughly recommend them to everybody."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial, 5 vials $1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

SOW SIMMERS' SEEDS

CONFIDENCE is the greatest factor that enters into the buying of seeds, since you are buying not a finished product, but only the means by which your garden may be either a success or a partial or complete failure. You will make no mistake in placing confidence in Simmers' Seeds.

Catalogue Free on application.

J. A. SIMMERS, LIMITED
Established 1856
Bulbs, Seeds, Plants
TORONTO ONTARIO

FOR BEST RESULTS.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE

REQUESTS

THE PEOPLE OF CANADA TO

BEGIN NOW

TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE

NEXT WAR LOAN

JAN. 9, 1917

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
OTTAWA

for Swellings

Thousands have used this efficient liniment with remarkably good results.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is healing, cooling, soothing and invigorating.

When rubbed into the skin, it is quickly taken up by the pores, the circulation in surrounding parts is stimulated and healing helped.

$1.00 a bottle. Druggists or postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
509 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

long stick to guide it—like the tail of a kite. Rockets are of all sizes, from 1 oz. to 6 lb., and the largest require a stick 6 ft. long and 1 inch square to guide them. A rocket consists of two parts—the part which causes it to soar upwards with a hissing sound, and the part which bursts into stars, or rain, or colored balls when it starts to fall again. This part is attached to the cone, and by a clever arrangement, does not ignite till the rocket reaches its highest point.

As you all know, rockets are very much used for signals at sea, especially when a ship is in distress. These sea rockets generally contain colored lights—different steamship lines having different lights or combinations of lights, so that one ship knows to what line another belongs by the color of its signals. Some of these sea rockets are nearly a foot long, and the fuse is covered with india-rubber to protect it from damp. It is by means of rockets, too, that ropes—life-lines—are cast to the shore or to another ship, and many a life has been saved by their instrumentality. Although some rockets can be let off by hand, the stick to which they are attached is generally fixed into a bottle, or if very large, they are fired from a frame.

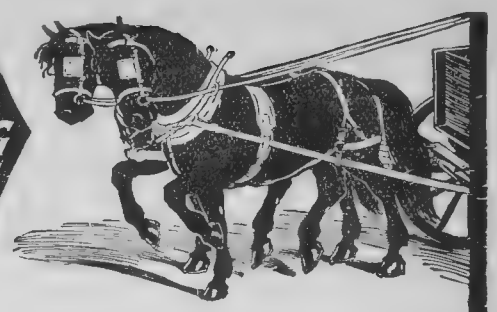
For exhibition purposes "shells" are very much used. These are great round things, looking something like a football, and made of papier-mache, which scatter a shower of beautiful colored stars as they burst. Inside are placed a variety of fireworks, which, when the "shell" explodes, go off one after another, so that a splendid effect is obtained. These have to be fired out of a mortar, or small cannon, the fireworks inside being ignited by a fuse which passes through a hole in the top. The stars in these shells are of the "pill-box" variety—looking just like a small pill-box—and each has a bit of quick match in it so that it lights easily.

I dare say you have often, like myself, wondered how the beautiful "set-pieces" that one sees—portraits of celebrated persons or an illustration of some event—are obtained. Well, it is in this way: The design is first drawn by the artist upon squared paper; he then sketches the design—say a portrait of the King or Queen—in chalk upon a framework consisting of one-foot squares, corresponding with the squares upon the paper, and a man follows after him nailing strips of bamboo over the chalk lines. The fireworks are then set and fixed to the bamboo lines, with quick match running round, so that the whole design lights practically simultaneously.

Not long ago this youngster was looking at a drop of water through a microscope. Here, there and everywhere were darting animalculae.

"Now I know," announced the child to the family, "what sings when the kettle boils. It's those little bugs."

KEEP YOUR HORSES IN PRIME WORKING CONDITION



SOUND legs pull big loads. No horse with a Spavin, Splint, Curb, Ringbone, Bony Growth or Sprain, can do itself justice. Thousands of horsemen have been keeping their horses sound by using Kendall's Spavin Cure—the old reliable, safe remedy. Mr. Maurice Wayville, Amherstburg, Ont., wrote on April 20th last—"I cured a jack spavin with two bottles of your Spavin Cure. I am just taking off a bog spavin. It is the best liniment for sprains you can get for man or beast. I would like to have a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse".

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

acts quickly, leaves no scars or blemishes, and costs little—$1. a bottle—6 for $5. Get our valuable book—"Treatise on the horse"—free at your druggist's, or write us 111

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VERMONT, U.S.A.

This Washer

Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that, I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

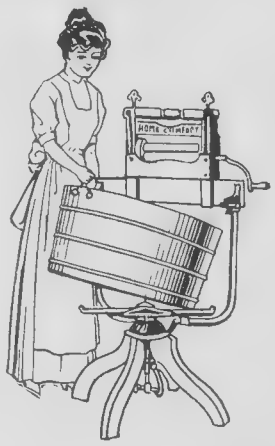
You see I make Washing Machines——the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.



Our "GRAVITY" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for the people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand, Engine Power, Water or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet.

Address me personally, O. T. MORRIS, Mgr.,
Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.,

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Western Home Monthly
and
Weekly Free Press
and
Prairie Farmer

Both for One Year for $1.25

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We will also include **free** and postpaid to the first thousand people answering this advertisement a copy of the **Ladies' Model Fancy Work Manual** and a good sized package of **Silk Remnants** suitable for Patchwork, Etc.

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Enclosed find $1.25. Send me The Western Home Monthly and Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer for one year, also premiums.

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by the use of a good reliable cream, and this you will find in my "IDEAL" VELVET CREAM which is neither sticky, greasy nor irritating. It WILL NOT GROW HAIR on the face, prevents blackheads and chapping, rendering the skin, clear, white and smooth. I make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other.

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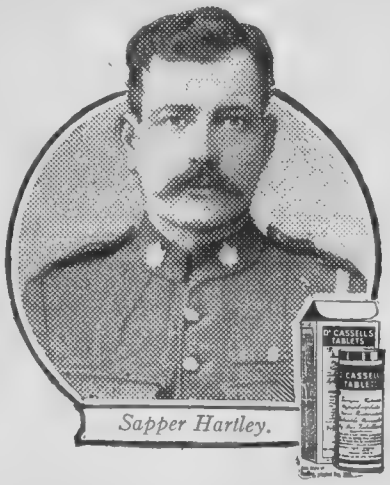
Ontario Sapper Praises Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

That a soldier should use and praise Dr. Cassell's Tablets is clear proof of the wonderful sustaining power of this great strength-giving medicine. And thousands of service men on land and sea are trusting to Dr. Cassell's Tablets to sustain them through all the hardships of relentless war.



Sapper Hartley.

SAPPER A. HARTLEY, OF THE A. COMPANY, CANADIAN ENGINEERS, whose home address is **906, TRAFALGAR-STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO,** is one of many who have written in praise of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. He says:—"As a constant user of Dr. Cassell's Tablets I would like to add my testimony to their value. I used them when I was in the South African War, and, finding the benefit of them there, have taken them since whenever I felt run-down. I always recommend them, for I know they do all that is claimed for them. In my opinion they are the best tonic anyone can take for loss of appetite, poorness of the blood, or general weakness of the system. We have had a lot of hard training here, and some time ago I began to feel the strain, but I got some Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the boys are surprised at what a difference they made in me. I mean to have some with me always on active service."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets put new life and vigour into weak, overstrained people. They nourish the nerves, enrich the blood, strengthen the general system, and create that snap and fitness which make life a joy. Take a course of them, and health and vital energy will soon be yours.

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FREE SAMPLE.
On receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing and packing, a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto.

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Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the Critical Periods of life.

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Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. My treatment has reduced at the rate of a pound a day. No dieting, no exercise, absolutely safe and sure method. Let me send you proof at my expense.
Dr. R. Newman, Licensed Physician State New York, 286 Fifth Ave. New York, Desk C-1

Got Gophers?
Kill-Em-Quick
For further information see the Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison Advertisement on Page 27

Classified Page for the People's Wants

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF POULTRY, FARM PROPERTY, FARM MACHINERY, OR IF YOU WANT HELP OR EMPLOYMENT, REMEMBER THAT THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY ARE ALWAYS READY TO HELP YOU ACCOMPLISH YOUR OBJECT. COST 3c WORD, MINIMUM 50c. CASH WITH ORDER.

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HIGH GRADE SHEET MUSIC—The entire stock of a prominent wholesaler. All attractive titles and selections. Space does not permit listing, but they are the biggest value. Six assorted copies postpaid, 25c., 12 for 50c. Order quick. They won't last long. Home and Office Supply Co., Montreal. 2-17

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GOES' LIQUID POISON CAPSULES kill animals on spot. Goes' Luring Bait attracts them. Eleventh season. Excellent testimonials. Write for free circulars. Mention this paper. Edmund Goes, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Station E. 2-17

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A RARE OPPORTUNITY—Comfortable living, home sewing, plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers wanted. Samples 10c., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers' Sewing, Rehoboth, Del. 2-17

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DO YOU WANT WATER—I have an instrument with which I have located over 400 wells in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Registers only on springs, no soakage shown. Terms moderate. This instrument not for sale. E. A. Hobart, Water Expert, Brandon, Man. 3-17

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN — Swedenborg's great work on "Heaven and Hell," and the life after death; over 400 pages. Only 25 cents postpaid. W. H. Law, 486-C Euclid Avenue, Toronto, Ont. 5-17

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RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts. Gillette, 35c. per dozen; Ever-ready, 25c. per dozen. Mail to Albert Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont. T.F.

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The latest inventions and modern improvements that makes a sewing machine run very easy and noiseless, is the toggle link take-up, forced feed, and invisible half needle bar which is found on the Dominion Sewing Head. It is a pleasure and not a drudgery to run one—the beautiful designs, quiet running and perfect sewing appeals to every woman. They are guaranteed and will last a lifetime. Ask our agent to show you a Dominion before buying any other make. The price is within the reach of all. If there is no agent in your town yet, write us and a beautiful catalogue will be mailed to you by the Dominion Sewing Machine Co., Winnipeg. Agents wanted.

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We Pay Highest Values
Write for Price List and Shipping Tags
Pierce Fur Co. Ltd
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We Also Buy HIDES and SENECA ROOT

About the Farm

The Ground

By C. Zander

I love the ground:
To me it has a friendly look;
And ev'n when hid by winter snows
Its trees are signposts
Reassuring me that in the spring
Earth's rugged, kindly face will smile again.
Then, like a little, lonesome country boy,
Who snuggles close against his father's side,
And loves the very stains and smells of toil and sweat,
So I'll companion with the good brown soil,
And comfort find
Ev'n in the thought that when my tale of years is told,
And God shall call again the spirit which He gave,
This earthly tabernacle shall return,
Dust unto dust, till that great day
When there shall be new heaven and new earth.

—In The Westminster.

Establishing the Home—A Pleasure

"Maude Stewart," Lanark Co., Ont.

This question of money and marriage is a very difficult one to answer, as so much depends on circumstances and the disposition of the girl the young man is going to ask to share his fortunes. In towns and cities, probably the amount of money required will depend on the young couple's standing in society. In the country, people are nearly all on the same social standing. Here the eligible young men are the farmers' sons. Some of these go into business in town, but the majority count on possessing a farm some day and a home on the farm is the ideal one.

The energetic, independent Canadian girl will value her home infinitely more if she helps to pay for it. It is the working for a thing that gives us pleasure. The girl who helps to pay for her home will have a thrill of pleasure as each instalment is paid. How happy she will be every time a new piece of furniture is added. She will take a great deal of interest in all improvements that are made from time to time in the home, as well as the stock, garden, poultry and so forth. Feeling that she is working with her husband for her home, she will value it and love it accordingly. A woman said the other day, "I was far happier when my husband and I were working and striving to pay for our farm than I am now with thousands of dollars in my possession."

Money is an incentive to work, but it is the pleasure we derive from accomplishing something, that makes life so sweet to men and women alike.

War's Waste in Wool

"To keep the soldiers in the great war supplied with clothes would require the wool from the backs of a billion sheep." That is the opinion, or rather the estimate, of an authority upon the matter. Now, there are about one-quarter of that number of sheep in the whole world. It is a striking example of the meaning of war's waste. While the world was at peace, the same number of sheep that exist now, was sufficient to supply the whole world with wool for clothing and other uses. But with ten millions of men in the field, the case is very completely reversed.

Soldiers in the field wear clothes out faster. They do not wear clothes made up with shoddy cotton and other things. They are made from cloth manufactured from pure wool, and it takes two or three suits a year to keep them clothed. When these clothes are worn out and discarded there is no salvage. Clothes worn by people at peace are recovered, worked over into new material and thus utilized over and over again. But the clothes of the soldier are gone, a total loss when they are done.

Under the existing circumstances there are new situations likely to arise in the wool markets. Prices unheard of in all past history are by no means an impossibility. The whole question of wool may be the subject of serious consideration and possibly of regulation by our governments as well as by those of the rest of the world.

Raising a Calf on Skim Milk

There is no getting away from the fact that whole milk is the ideal feed for young animals. It is rich in protein and ash, in fact every nutrient required to build up a strong, healthy body is contained in correct proportions. Whole-milk calves usually are fleshier and look smoother at weaning time than calves forced to subsist on milk from which the fat has been removed. Six months after weaning the difference is not so marked if the calves have been properly fed. Those fed on whole milk make most rapid gains at first, but it is at greater cost. In a trial at the Kansas Experiment Station the average daily gain for a number of calves fed skim-milk was 1.5 pounds at a cost of $2.26 per hundred pounds gain. Whole milk calves made an average gain of 1.9 pounds at a cost of $7.06 per hundred pounds of gain. At the present price of whole milk the cost is greater. These same calves were turned in the feeding lot after weaning and those fed skim-milk made an average daily gain of 2.1 pounds and required 439 pounds of concentrates to make 100 pounds gain. The calves raised on whole milk averaged 1.9 pounds per day, and required 470 pounds of concentrates to make 100 pounds of gain. This is an argument in favor of raising calves on skim-milk, a substance which contains everything found in whole milk except the fat. This ingredient can be substituted by various feeds. However, many feeders make a dismal failure of rearing calves, unless they have a liberal supply of whole milk. In most cases the fault is in the feeder, not the feed. No hard and fast rules of feeding can be given, as the success of raising calves depends a good deal upon the skill and judgment of the feeder. It has been demonstrated time and again that heifer calves carefully fed on skim-milk and some fat substitute develop into as large framed, heavy producing cows as do those reared on whole milk.

Dairymen shipping cream have a splendid opportunity to raise calves at a minimum cost for feed, but there are certain requirements which must be met if the greatest success would be obtained. A calf should always be given the milk of its own mother for a few days. The first milk is not normal, but is prepared by Nature to stimulate the calf's digestive organs. It pays to feed whole milk for the first two or three weeks at least, and then change gradually to skim-milk. The fatal mistake of

Five healthy Holstein youngsters.

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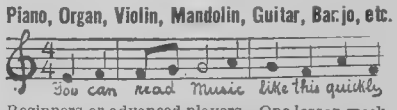

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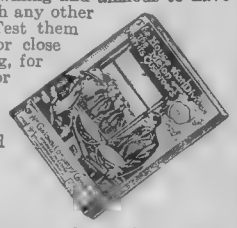
Note These Points of Superiority—

Easy to wash clean—no sharp corners, no rough edges. Bowl catches any foreign matter in the milk. Easy to turn because only two shafts in whole gearing, all accurately machined and set in perfectly fitted bearings. All working parts run in spray of oil. Discs not fastened together. Both gear shafts and both spindle bearings supported by one solid casting. Big, roomy, seamless, pressed steel supply tank.

We took four years to design and perfect the Galloway

Sanitary and now we are willing and anxious to have you try it out in a test with any other cream separator made. Test them side by side, test them for close skimming, for easy running, for sanitary perfection, and for high class workmanship, and if you are not satisfied that it is the best your money can buy, send it back charges collect.



Read all about it in my New Wonderful Catalog

It tells how these separators are built, and why I can put such a low price on a separator of such high value. Send for your copy of the catalog to-day.

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"C. O. Brown, 340 Emerson Place, Youngstown, O., writes: 'I used Save-The-Horse for a splint; she was so dead lame 'Humane Society' would have had me arrested had they seen her. Veterinary said stop work and blister. Instead sent for Save-The-Horse. Never let her up. She was worked right through and no one ever saw her take a lame step.'"

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Druggists Everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with CONTRACT, or we send by Parcel Post or Express Paid.

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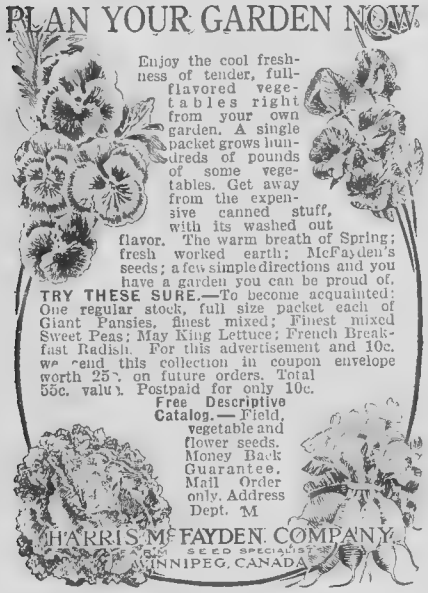

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E. R. Page, 330 Main St., Marshall, Michigan

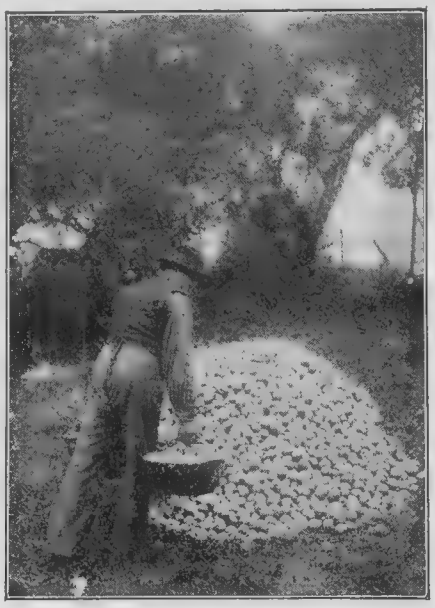
changing too rapidly is oftentimes made. It must ever be kept in mind that whole milk is the natural feed and that the calf's stomach is so constituted that it can digest it readily. The digestive tract must undergo a change with the change of feed. Ten pounds or four or five quarts of new milk per day, fed in two feeds for a strong calf, and three for a weakling, is sufficient for a start. When changing to skim-milk best results have been obtained by substituting one pound at each feed until the calf is entirely on its new diet. At four weeks of age 12 pounds of skim-milk can safely be fed, and as the calf grows this should be gradually increased to 15 or 18 pounds; the latter amount is sufficient for a five-months-old calf.

Scours is the common ailment of the skim-milk-fed calf. This can largely be controlled by paying attention to the cleanliness and temperature of the milk. It should always be fed sweet and at a temperature as near that of blood heat as possible. Too many fail to realize that milk will cool several degrees from the time it is drawn until it comes from the separator, even under the most ideal conditions. Sometimes the milk is allowed to stand for some time before it is fed; cold milk chills the stomach so that the digestive processes are checked and disturbances are bound to follow. Cool milk, or failing to feed it at a constant temperature from day to day, is a direct cause of many unthrifty, skim-milk calves. Over feeding may cause trouble. It is not kindness to the calf to give it all it will drink, as a calf's appetite for milk is hard to satisfy. The scales should be used frequently, if not all the time, in order to be sure that the calf gets the proper amount. Pails cannot be kept sweet unless they are scalded regularly. The condition of some calf pails is enough to put the young animal off its feed. Sweet skim-milk in the right quantities, at uniform temperature, fed in clean pails at regular intervals, in conjunction with some concentrates to furnish fat, will produce thrifty calves, provided they are kept in a clean, well-ventilated stall or yard. The feeder must watch the young animals and rectify any disorders the moment they are noticed. Prevention of calf ailments is easier than effecting a cure.

Some feed must be given in conjunction with skim-milk to take the place of the fat removed. The nutritive ratio of whole milk is 1:4.4 and for skim-milk 1:2.1. This shows the latter to be richer in protein than the former and requires a carbonaceous food rather than one rich in protein to make a suitable ration. It is the heat and energy-producing factors that have been removed, and fat or carbohydrates are required to replace the fat removed from the milk. Whole oats have been used successfully; oat chop gives good results. A mixture of two parts ground corn and two parts crushed oats gives as good results as any grain that can be supplied. The calf can be allowed all it will eat of this mixture up to about 3 pounds, which should be the limit until it is weaned. It is not necessary nor advisable to feed high-priced nitrogenous feeds to skim-milk calves. A calf commences to pick at hay when quite young, and as it grows its first stomach or paunch develops and considerable roughage is required. Well cured clover or alfalfa hay is preferred for growing calves, and at five months of age about 5 pounds will be consumed daily. The manger or rack should be cleaned before each feeding, as leaving the hay to accumulate from day to day soon turns the calf against its feed. Pulped roots are relished by the youngsters and can safely be fed. Silage can also be fed in limited quantities; some calves are very fond of it. A calf requires water to drink besides skim-milk. Many dairymen find that it pays to have water accessible to the calf at all times. It requires salt as well as the grown animal.

The following ration should give fairly good results for a calf from three to six months of age: Skim-milk about 15 lbs. a mixture of two parts corn and one part oats, feeding 2.5 lbs. per day; clover or alfalfa hay, 4 or 5 lbs., and a couple of handfuls of pulped roots or silage. A thrifty calf should gain from 1.5 to 2 lbs. daily up to six months of age. To make the calf fat should not be the aim, but it is necessary to keep it vigorous and in a growing condition. Strong bone and muscle is required. At six months of age the calf should be ready for weaning, and 2 lbs. daily of a mixture of 75 lbs. corn chop and 25 lbs. oats or bran, together with all the clover hay the calf will eat should keep it in good growing condition. Good pasture without concentrates will keep it thrifty. From six to twelve months of age the gains will not be quite so rapid.

A calf born in the fall usually gets a better start in life than one born in the spring and at less cost. By spring it is large enough to turn on pasture with the rest of the stock. The spring calf will require very much the same treatment as outlined for the fall calf. To get the best results it must be kept in a paddock or stable throughout the summer where it has protection from the sun and flies. It is not advisable to turn it with the older stock. The first winter it will require some high-priced feed in the stable. The calf must be fed well and kept growing at all times. A poorly-fed calf will not make as good a cow as it would have, had it received proper attention. While badly stunted calves may recover somewhat from the effects, if well fed in later life, it is poor practice to try to raise calves on a limited amount of feed. The second year the heifer is able to rough it, and can be brought through the winter in good condition on a liberal supply of clover hay and silage or roots. The first year is the most critical time of the calf's life and the time which exerts the greatest influence on the size and capacity of the mature animal.



The Apple Harvest in Ontario

A Town Garden

By Nora Tynan O'Mahony

My garden's but a small, square space,
Beset with city walls,
Where no green trees bestow their grace,
Nor note of blackbird calls
Across the sunburnt plot of grass
Which doth its center make,
Nor is there terrace-walk, alas!
Nor fountain cool, nor lake.

But here the sunshine floods all day
The white walls new and bare,
Where I have planted roses gay
With pinks and lavender,
Sweet-williams, stocks, and asters fine
Bloom bravely in the sun,
And happy I to call them mine
When the day's work is done.

And when I'm tired and sad and lone
In Dublin by the sea,
A bit of country all my own
My garden makes for me.
Yet in my dreams I sometimes see
Another garden fair,
Where floats the drowsy hum of bee
On balmy country air.

A tangle sweet of apple-bloom,
Of roses and woodbine,
Where country breezes go and come
And skies of azure shine.
Ah me! how dull my garden grows!
Its sunburnt plot of green,
And narrow flower-beds set in rows
The hard stone walls between!

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Sheep for the Grain Farms

By J. C. McCaig

The startling feature of the sheep business in Southern Alberta, however, is the anxiety of the grain farmer to get a few sheep. The big yields of last year and this year have obliterated the memory of the bitter times of two, three and four years ago, but on the whole there are a few things which the grain farmer in Southern Alberta is up against in the best of times. He has to keep always as much land under cultivation as he has in crop; labor is high, power stock is high, machinery is high, even though the care of fallow land may be distributed along through the season to some extent. In most cases, however, he finds that he is up against very heavy work in the growing season. About 60 per cent of our moisture comes in the months of May, June and July. Heat and moisture seem to conspire to produce the largest possible crops of either good or bad kinds in the shortest possible time in Alberta. Very often the growth on the summer-fallow gets ahead of the farmer. This is where he can make use of sheep. If a person can hold a flock of sheep on a summer-fallow, they will soon destroy all the green stuff on it. They will also improve the land considerably by fertilizing it and tramping their droppings into the soil.

Sheep Pack the Soil

Next to destroying weeds, however, the greatest benefit they confer is in packing the soil. Frequently the amount of cultivation that is necessary to keep down the weeds is so great as to destroy the texture of the soil. The soil becomes light, ashy and does not make a good seed-bed. In this case, sheep will supply the place of a packer. Besides destroying the weeds on the summer-fallow, the sheep do a useful work in cleaning up the stubbles after the crop is removed. The chief reason why weeds are so bad on our grain farms is that the autumns are so dry that the weed seeds do not germinate after the crop is harvested and consequently are not killed by fall cultivation or later frosts. Then again it is frequently too dry to plow in the fall. If sheep are allowed to run over stubbles, they destroy any young weeds that may start, clear the ground of fallen heads of grain and so prevent voluntary grain the next year, tramp down the stubbles and generally improve the land.

Feeding Fat into Milk

No Practical Method of Doing It Has Been Discovered

Many dairymen, who have never had experience in feeding cows for test purposes, seem to think that the men who handle the cows that make big records have possession of some secret for the combining or selection of certain feeds that will make a cow give abnormal quantities of butter fat. Some people have even gone so far as to state that they would give certain sums of money if they could only become the possessor of this secret. Many dairymen who are high up in this line of work have the idea that there may be a possibility of feeding a cow so that she will produce more butter fat. In other words, it is not altogether clear to the large majority of dairy farmers whether this is possible or not. The following article by E. S. Savage, an authority on the subject, which appeared in a recent issue of The Holstein-Friesian World, is worthy of careful study:

"Ever since interest in high production records was stimulated by the dairy breed associations, breeders have looked for ways and means of raising the normal percentage of fat in a given individual cow's milk for seven, thirty or longer periods of days, including semi-official and official yearly records. The writer has never yet seen but one way of doing this successfully. Many breeders have been sure that they had a way, but no one way has been successful enough to give that breeder any lead over others. And so far as the writer is aware no method has ever been tested out carefully and scientifically except one. That one method is to fatten an animal before the testing period and then feed her carefully so that she will lose her body fat and put it into the pail.

And after all, what would the economic effect of a successful method to feed fat into milk in a short time test amount to? The partial success of feeding fat into milk by means of fattening the cow before testing, has already brought seven-day records into more or less disrepute as real evidence of what a cow can do as a breeder for total efficient production. The law of conservation of energy holds true no less with animals than with machines, and if a method of changing body substance into milk fat is found the same amount of food must be used to produce the body substance at some other time in the course of the period between the birth of two calves.

No, in the opinion of the writer, breeders who seek to find a method to increase the percentage of fat in the milk of any individual for any period of time short of the whole life of the individual, is not doing himself or the breeds any real good. The breeders of the Holstein-Friesian breed had better give their attention to the study of methods of breeding which may on the one hand increase the normal fat content of the milk of the breed, if that is deemed desirable, and which must be done at the expense of a less quantity of milk, and on the other, to methods of breeding which will increase the capacity of the breed as a whole to utilize feed above maintenance and change it into milk. Suppose a method should be found which would cause a cow to test higher than her normal inherited percentage for seven or thirty days, or even a year. What good would that do the breed? Until it was established beyond doubt that a certain breeder was doing something which was influencing the production of his individuals for short periods of time of course he would make money, but it would react on him in the end and do him and the breed harm. It would be a great boon to the breed if some way could be found to enable a cow to turn more food into milk, but it is the firm conviction of the writer that it is futile to look for methods of this kind except through breeding for greater capacity and production. This kind of work will permanently better the breed.

To be somewhat sure of his ground, the writer has looked over rather carefully the literature on this subject in recent years by carefully consulting the Experiment Station Record. The only positive evidence that appeared was found in Bulletin 100 by C. H. Eckles of the Missouri Experiment Station. Eckles' work was wholly along the line of feeding the animal previous to the beginning of the test and getting her fat. Where this was done the percentage of fat in the milk would be high during the first part of the lactation period. The effect persisted to a more or less extent through the whole lactation period. This kind of feeding is to be advised because undoubtedly the capacity of the animal to produce is increased in a perfectly legitimate and normal manner, and it is a case of actually turning more feed into milk.

The experiments along the line of the specific effects of different feeds have been very numerous, but any positive effect of any one feed or combination of feeds is shown to be short and slight. It is probable that in many cases the effect could be shown to be within the limits of experimental error if a careful study were made.

A number of experiments on the use of the extracts from certain glands of the body, particularly the pituitary gland, for the purpose of increasing the percentage of fat in milk and also for increasing the amount secreted, have given positive results for short periods of time, but these results usually have been followed by corresponding periods when the amount and quality have been below normal.

In conclusion, the author must confess that he sees little hope for any method for really increasing the fat percentage in milk except through breeding and rations, feeding to produce cows nearer the ideal that is held for the breed in question. The true method to get cows with high records is to breed for size and capacity, and perhaps if that is the desire and ideal of the breed, to select for a higher percentage of fat.

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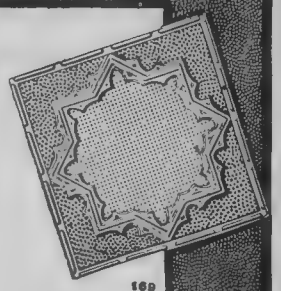

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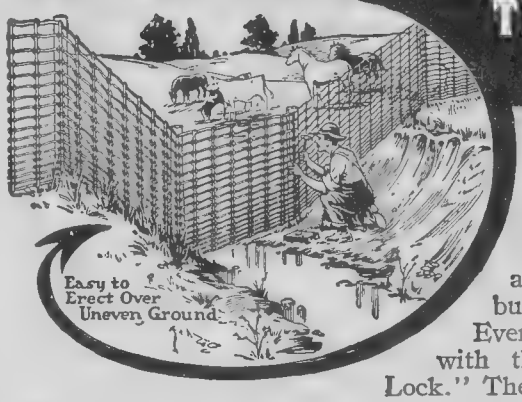

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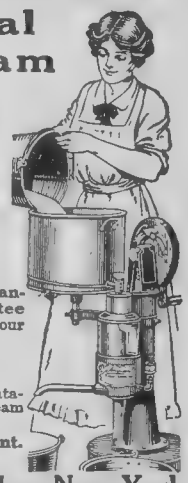

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Woman and the Home

A Simple Request

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a boy again, just for to-night.
Give me a go at the food that they fry,
Let me make bold with a green apple pie,
Then let me sink to my innocent rest,
Free from all care as to what I digest;
Confident, even in moments of pain,
That mustard or ginger will soothe me again.

Fain would I seek with a juvenile zest
The cupboard instead of the medicine chest;
And drink from the spring where the germs roam at will,
Instead of from crystal drafts, foaming or still.
Give me not wealth nor the badge of the proud,
Nor a place on the platform, high over the crowd.
But give me, oh, give me my old appetite—
Make me a boy again just for to-night!

—Washington Star.

Mr. Peaslee on Discipline

Mr. Peaslee had been watching young Henry Coburn's efforts to quiet the noise that his two sons—five and seven years old respectively—were making. Henry had attempted to control them by his voice, and had failed completely; so now, with a restraining hand on two sturdy little shoulders, he was inducing them, as he said, to "listen to reason." He returned to the little group of neighbors upon his porch, flushed and apologetic.

"They mean to mind," he explained, "but they get to making such a racket in their playing they don't hear me. When I get my hands on 'em, they do as I tell 'em!"

The corners of Mr. Peaslee's mouth curled up into a smile.

"They're like Mac Dyer's oxen," he said; "they can't hear you hollerin' 'Whoa!' until you're where you can make 'em listen, and then they're as biddable as a shepherd dog.

"Mac was working for some one over round the Great Pond," Mr. Peaslee went on, "whether it was Jed Lumbard or Butler Skeele or who it was, I forget, and he had a pair of young cattle to work with, yardin' hemlock. The cattle hadn't really got their growth, and they were as spry as a couple of red squirrels, and not wonted to mindin' when anyone hollered at 'em.

"Mac was twitchin' the logs along with 'bout twenty foot of chain hitched to the yoke, and a fid hook on the end of the chain—a good big fid hook that was six inches 'cross the bight, and big 'nough to take in quite a tree.

"He got 'long all right except for one thing—'bout once a day he'd f'git, and take his eye off'n them cattle for a minute, and then away they'd line for the camp, two mile off, and Mac would have to quit and go after 'em. Hollerin' 'Whoa!' to 'em didn't have any effect, but Mac couldn't help hollerin', and that was the way they'd kiver that two mile—the cattle ahead humpin' themselves along ten mile an hour, and Mac behind 'em bellerin' 'Whoa!' until they could hear him clear out to Amherst.

"That four-mile trip every day took time and hendered Mac in his work c'nsid'ble, and whoever it was Mac was workin' for finally told him he'd have to learn them cattle to mind his voice, or else some one would have to drive 'em that could make 'em mind.

"Bein' afraid of losin' his job kep' Mac a mite more careful that day, and he'd yell at the cattle if they so much as wiggled an ear while he was workin' off to one side of 'em, and he kep' at 'em so sharp that they minded pretty well, and Mac begun to think he'd mastered 'em.

"The next mornin', though, it was cold and sharp, and they acted restless and onsatisfied; so Mac kep' as handy to 'em as he could, and kep' his eye on 'em all the time—and then, 'bout the middle of the forenoon, jest as he was stoopin' to lay holt of the fid hook, they started!

"He had time to git both hands on the fid hook and start with 'em, but the fust jump they made tailed him out behind like a yardstick. By'n'by he got his footin' and ketched his breath, and so they snaked him along, with him a-hollerin' 'Whoa!' so loud that Lafe Willett, comin' up the log road a half a mile off, could hear him as plain as if he was jest round the next turn.

"Jest before they got to Lafe the road angled a mite,—not 'nough so but what Lafe could see the whole actions,—and right in the bilge of the turn there was a young birch, mebbe five inches through, and as solid as a rock wall, and Lafe could see Mac driftin' sideways as much as the speed would let him, to get in line with that tree. Jest before he got abreast of it he put every mite of strength he had into one cast, and let go of the hock, and it sailed off to one side as flat as a plate, and snubbed round the trunk of that birch—and when it did he hollered, 'Whoa!' and jest at that instant the cattle fetched up so solid that it almost yanked the horns off'n 'em! Lafe said it turned their yoke, and for a minute he thought it had broke their necks, they was sprawled out so flat; but then the nigh one let out a bawl like a scared youngster, and so he knew that one was alive, anyway.

"When Lafe got up to 'em, Mac was settin' right where he'd been flung, and he acted as tickled as a boy.

" 'Did you hear me when I said 'Whoa!' to them oxen?' says he. 'They heard me, and they stopped jest as quick—right on the word, seemin'ly. That's all you've got to do with cattle—make 'em hear you, and let 'em know you're in earnest!' he says.

"And mebbe, Henry," concluded Mr. Peaslee, "it's the same way with children. Jest make 'em hear you—"

"Oh, well—" said Henry Coburn fondly.

Encouraging the Children to Save

By Elizabeth Robinson Scovil

Thrift is not one of the natural virtues of childhood. All the necessaries of life are provided for a child, and he receives them as a matter of course, neither questioning their source nor speculating whether they will continue or not. Many children can have almost anything they want for the mere asking, so there is no incentive to save. For them putting money by for a rainy day merely means having more to spend on the next rainy day when they are in want of amusement.

Much of the happiness of life depends upon the wise expenditure of money and particularly upon the power of living within one's means. This is only possible to the large majority of persons by their having the power to save; if this is not their natural disposition they will never acquire it unless they are taught it in childhood.

Before a child can save he must have some money that is absolutely his own to dispose of as he pleases. This may be given him as an allowance, but it is better that it should come in the form of wages for some task performed—honest recompense for honest toil. No matter how trifling the work is he should be made to do it faithfully and to the best of his ability, and the remuneration should be paid as punctually as any laborer's wages.

When the child has the money in his hand it is the mother's part to guide him in its disposal. It is here that the foundation is laid for the habits of a lifetime.

Teach him first to think of others, and to put aside something, if only a penny, for those who are poorer than himself. When he has accumulated enough to be of use, let him buy a few flowers or a little fruit for a sick child or an old person, and give it himself, to show him practically the value of sympathy. Try to instil into his mind the fact that money is a trust, not to be expended solely for self; that a part is due to those who need, and that he must share it with them if he is a faithful steward.

Next let him lay by a portion for the future. Some end not too distant should be chosen at first—a thing that he wishes very much to possess and can buy if he saves enough to do so; a little journey that he may take if he has the money for the expenses; something, whatever it may be, that he can attain in a reasonably short time. This will impress upon him as nothing else can the advantages of being forehanded, as one expressive idiom has it.

Lastly, let him have a little money to spend on passing pleasures—candy, if that is a treat to him, or whatever he likes best; only make him know that self-indulgence should come last, not first,

nd that what is wasted cannot be had back again.

Ten cents a week amounts to five dollars and twenty cents in the course of a year. This, if allowed to accumulate at compound interest, will attain respectable proportions in fifteen years, and be enough to give substantial aid when the child needs it on starting out in life.

It is always easier to save when there is a special receptacle where the savings may be deposited. There are many pretty toy banks made, some of them with amusing mechanical devices by which the penny is taken possession of and tossed to its destination. These make the first steps in saving more attractive to the beginner.

Besides the desirability of forming habits of prudence in children, and teaching them how to save, to their great benefit in after life, it is the parents' duty to save for their children. They are responsible for bringing them into the world, and as far as possible they should provide means to set them forth in life in the best possible manner. There are several ways in which this saving may be accomplished. A small fixed sum may be set aside each week, or each month, and deposited in a savings bank of undoubted reputation. As has been said before, money deposited regularly, at even a small rate of interest, soon mounts up. Some parents accustom themselves to save all the small change that comes into their possession for the children, putting away the five and ten-cent pieces until enough have accumulated to be deposited in a bank. Others deny themselves little indulgences, as unnecessary rides in the street cars, soda-water, expensive cigars, and add the money that would have been expended on them to the children's fund.

Many insurance companies offer special inducements to parents in the form of endowment policies, requiring quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments, as may be agreed upon. These mature at the end of a certain number of years, when the whole sum is paid over by the company and may be applied to the use of the child. Sometimes a bonus is given which may be used toward the payment of the premium.

The mother may help very materially by dressing her children simply and putting away for their after use the money that would otherwise be spent in elaborate clothing. Simplicity in dress is a mark of refined taste. Handsome materials are not suited for children's use. Children require plain garments not easily spoiled by the freedom of action which is their birthright. These garments may be as pretty and dainty as possible, but rich fabrics and expensive ornament are out of place on a child.

Luxurious living is so much the custom in our prosperous Canadian homes that curtailing the luxuries of the tables is seldom thought of as a means of saving, and yet a simpler diet may be of more real benefit to the family, and the money saved may be more wisely used if laid aside for the future.

Plain food may be made as dainty and appetizing as the more costly kinds if it is properly cooked, and seasoned or flavored with skill, and there is an art in buying only those delicacies which are in season when their price is the lowest that makes a substantial saving for the family purse.

Expensive toys are often purchased for little children who do not appreciate their value and cannot take care of them. Cheaper playthings would give nearly if not quite, as much pleasure, and the difference in price might go to swell the bank account for the owner's future use.

What Some Have Said About Gifts

"To the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when
Givers prove unkind."—Shakespeare.

"Great is the influence of a gift."
"They are the noblest benefits and sink
Deepest in man, of which when he doth think,
The memory delights him more from whom,
Than what he hath received."
—Johnson.

"Those gifts are the most acceptable,
Which the giver has made precious."
"I never cast a flower away,
A gift of one who cared for me.
A flower—a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly."
—Loudon.

A rose from thee, dear love, is more than a rose;
It is a portion of thy loving thoughts
Made over to my keeping, which I guard
And cherish as of thee a part. Thy touch
Hath glorified it, and thy kisses given
An added fragrance to its petals sweet.

To-day is the Day of All Days

To-day, lo, to-day! is the season we've sought,
The era we've dreamed of and prayed for is here;
It comes with rich treasure of privilege fraught
For all who have vision to see it anear.

To-day, ah, to-day! is the time to achieve,
To do what so often our hearts have resolved;
To turn to attainment the thing we believe,
To bring to fulfilment the purpose resolved.

To-day, oh, to-day! is the chance to lend hope
To hearts that are burdened, to spirits depressed;
With comfort to strengthen the fearful who grope
In shadows and danger, discouraged, distressed.

To-day, this to-day! is the day of all days,
But swiftly, so swiftly it speeds ere we know;
Then crowd it with labor and fill it with praise,
For e'en as we ponder its fleet hours go!
—Philip B. Strong.

The Gentle Art of Being Kind

What is art?

The method of doing well some special work—and fine art? Fine art is the application of skill to accomplish the beautiful.

What is kindness?

It is the quality of showing tenderness and goodness for the happiness of others.

In accomplishing any artistic work, there are certain methods to follow.

Let us notice some rules to follow in order to make happiness in others—that is to be kind to them.

Speak well of the absent and you will always have a defender in some friend.

Never does a woman portray her own character more vividly than in her portrayal of another.

Carlyle said:—

"In the meanest mortal there is something noble."

James Whitcomb Riley said:

'When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall—instead
Of words of blame or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

'Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head.
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

'No generous heart may vainly turn aside,
In ways of sympathy—no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.

'And so I charge ye by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown
Let something good be said.

Do not be the medium of small talk—nor the distributor of gossip.

Women who retail scandal are despised by women and avoided by men.

Gossip comes from little minds.

Repeat nothing that has been said by another—or done—that would injure her.

Do not infringe on other's rights.

Can you give incidents that appeal to you as being kind? Stop and reflect on the gentle art of kindness.

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Fashions and Patterns

A Simple, Serviceable Model—1471—What housekeeper or home worker does not appreciate a "cover-me-all" apron of this kind. It is a simple style, good for gingham, lawn, percale, cambric, denim, cretonne or sateen. The fulness may be held over the back by the belt, that may be slipped under the front or may hold the front on the outside. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Smart Model—1921—Ladies' house dress with sleeve, in wrist or elbow length. Serge, taffeta, gabardine, voile, linen, drill, gingham, chambrey, seer-sucker and percale are all nice for this style of garment. The waist fronts show deep box plaits beneath pointed yoke sections. The sleeve may be finished with a band cuff in wrist length or with a turnback cuff in elbow length. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about three yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple School Dress with Sleeve in either of two styles—1936—Striped woolen in brown tones was used in this instance, with trimming of brown velvet. Blue serge with braid or embroidery or red cashmere with black satin for collar and cuffs is also very appropriate for this style. The belt portions are stitched to form convenient pockets at the sides. The skirt is gored and is arranged in smart plaits. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style on Popular Lines—1940—Ladies' dress, consisting of a one-piece over dress and an underwaist, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This design is nice for serge, satin, taffeta, gabardine and broadcloth, and lovely for combinations of material. In blue serge, with waist of crepe in a matched or contrasting shade, the model will be suitable for general wear and also for more formal occasions. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with deep cuff and added trimming, or in the comfortable short sleeve style, with turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material for the underwaist, and 3⅞ yards for the overdress, for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures three yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Up-to-date Style—1938—One-piece over dress, having an under waist in surplice style, with sleeve in either of two lengths (for misses and small women). This style would be pretty combined in satin for the underskirt, crepe for the tunic and lace, net or tulle for the underwaist. The style is charming in its simplicity and especially adapted to slender figures. It could be made of gabardine or serge with contrasting silk for the waist. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 4¼ yards of 44-inch material for the underdress and three yards for the overdress, for an 18-year size. The underskirt measures about 2⅞ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model—1939—Girl's dress, with blouse and skirt attached to an underwaist. Sleeve in either of two lengths. Serge, gabardine, satin, voile, nun's veiling and all wash fabrics are nice for this style. Corduroy and velvet may also be used. The blouse is full beneath square yoke sections, over the fronts. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or with a

turnback cuff at elbow length. The collar is deep and square over the back. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4⅜ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Negligee—1917—Ladies' dressing or house sack. Crepe, lawn, flannel, flannelette, satin, challie, cashmere, taffeta and China silk could be used for this model. The fulness at the waistline may be gathered or left unconfined. The pockets may be omitted. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Party or Best Wear—1639—Blue batiste embroidered with white dots is here illustrated. The model is exceedingly becoming and effective. The waist portions are in Empire style, with the skirt portions gathered or plaited. The bolero is shaped in attractive outline. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or in shaped kimono style at elbow length. For low neck effect, the waist could be cut out on a line with the bolero. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3⅛ yards of 44-inch material, with 1⅜ yard of 27-inch material for the bolero and collar. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Attractive and Popular Style—1863—Ladies' one-piece dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Checked plaid, striped and mixed suiting are nice for this style. The fulness is confined by a belt at the waistline. The fronts are cut to form a panel over the centre. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or short length. The neck is cut in low outline and finished with a smart, deep collar. The pattern is in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The dress measures a little over three yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Unique and Practical Design—1535—Ladies' overall apron. Striped percale in gray and white is here shown. Facings of dark gray on front, neck edge, collar and belt afford a neat trimming. This design has ample fulness, good design, and simple lines. The back may be cut with or without a seam. The fulness is held by a belt, which may be omitted. The model is good for all wash fabrics, lawn, gingham, percale, chambrey, seersucker, drill, linene or alpaca. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 6¼ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Coat Suit for the Growing Girl—1875—Cheviot, tweed, serge, broadcloth, velvet, corduroy, shepherd check and novelty weaves are all appropriate for this style. The coat is cut with simple front closing and has a broad sailor collar. The skirt has ample fullness. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, and requires 4¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Fashionable Gown—Waist 1873—Skirt 1877—Comprising Ladies' Waist 1873, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1877. Taffeta and pompadour silk are here combined. The waist is made with overblouse portions, which may be omitted. The sleeve is new and has a fancy shaped cuff. The skirt has plaited sections over the hips, to which the back and front sections are joined. Ladies' Waist pattern 1873 cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Ladies' Skirt 1877 cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 8⅛ yards of 36-inch material to make this costume for a medium size. The skirt measures about 3⅞ yards at its lower edge, with plaits drawn out. Separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on

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A Simple School or Home Dress—1864—Girl's dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Serge, gabardine, galatea, gingham, chambray, linene, linen, lawn, percale, cheviot, mixed and plaid suiting are nice for this style. The closing of waist and skirt is at the centre front. The sleeve may be finished with a deep cuff at wrist length or in elbow length, with a turnback cuff having pointed edges. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Becoming, Youthful Model—1872—Dress for misses and small women. This style is especially suitable for soft fabrics, such as voile, gabardine, nun's veiling and satin. It is also nice for taffeta, velour, crepe and crepe de chine. The style is simple but attractive. The waist portions are joined to yoke sections, and the right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff and frill, or in elbow length, with a flare cuff extension. The pattern is in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 16-year size. The skirt measures three yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Work for Busy Fingers

Abbreviations and Terms Used in Giving Directions

Knitting

K—Knit plain.
N—Narrow, or knit 2 together.
P—Purl, or seam.
P2 tog—Purl 2 stitches together.
S—Slip, or take the loop off needle without knitting.
O—Over; that is, to throw thread around needle.

O and N twice is equivalent to over, narrow, over, narrow.

The figures after the letters indicate the number of stitches to be worked; thus, k 2 means knit 2 stitches; p 3, to purl 3, and so on.

Twist stitch—Like plain knitting, only the needle should be put in the back part of stitch instead of the front.

Cast off—Knit two plain stitches; pass first over second, knit one more, pass first over second, and so on to the last stitch, when you draw the thread through to fasten it.

Crochet

Chain stitch or ch—This is the foundation of all crochet, and is simply a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one.

Single crochet, or s c—Put the hook in a stitch of the work, bring the thread through in a loop, and also through the loop on the hook at the same time.

Double crochet, or d c—Put the hook in a stitch of the work, bring thread through, forming a loop, thread over and draw through both loops on the hook.

Treble crochet, or tr—Throw thread around hook, insert the hook in a stitch of the work, thread over and draw through a loop; thread over and draw through two loops, over again and draw through two more loops.

Long treble, or l-tr—Throw thread two or three times around hook and proceed as in treble stitch, working off the loops two at a time.

Picot—This is formed by working a certain number of chain loops and then putting the hook back through the first and catching first and last loops with a single crochet.

Stars (*) and letters of the alphabet are used merely to save words, and they indicate a repetition of the pattern only that they thus inclose.

To "raise" is merely to pick up a stitch from the previous row and draw the wool through in the usual way.

Infant's Vest

Materials required: Two ounces Lady Betty or white Berlin wool, three bone pins No. 10 (Walker's bell gauge).

Cast on one pin 100 stitches, knit three ribs. Thus knit two rows, purl two rows, knit two rows. Then knit forty stitches, and with the third pin continue to work on these forty stitches until you have twenty-two rows—that is, eleven ribs. Leave these stitches on the pin. With the third pin cast off twenty stitches for the shoulder (by passing one stitch over the other) of the sixty stitches left on the first pin. Knit on the remaining forty stitches twenty-two rows for the back same as for the front.

In the 23rd row, cast on twenty stitches for the other shoulder, and knit them on one needle with the forty stitches left from the front. You will now have 100 stitches again, on which knit six rows as at the beginning.

Cast off the stitches and sew up the sides under the arm, leaving the armhole open.

A crochet edging is worked round the neck and sleeves.

1st row—One single into the edge of knitting, two chain, pass over one stitch of knitting, one single into the next.

2nd row—One double under two chain of last row, three chain, one double under next two chain. Repeat.

A tape or ribbon is run through the first row of crochet round the throat.

Zigzag Wheel for Tidy

Make a chain of ten, join in a ring.

1st row—Work sixteen d c over ring, join.

2nd row—Make eight wings. Make the first as follows: Chain three above, join to first d c of ring, and consider this equivalent to one d c. Chain fourteen; turn, work twenty d c over ch of fourteen; then work 1 d c in next d c of ring, after join. Next turn work twenty d c on twenty d c just made, taking up the back of each loop only. Chain one at end, turn the wing *; work four d c on first four d c, taking up back of each loop. Make a picot by chaining four, and work one d c in first of ch four. Repeat * until three more picots have been made. The row is completed by four d c in last four d c; work one d c in next d c of ring. This completes one wing.

Child's Knitted Drawers

These drawers, for a child from four to six years old, are worked with fine knitting wool of any desirable color that will stand the wear and washing.

Through the row of holes at the waist insert ribbon or cord of worsted, worked in chain stitch to make it elastic, and finish the ends with small tassels of the wool.

Begin at the ankle and cast on 40 stitches. The steel needles should be of suitable size for the wool.

1st round—(*) Knit 2, purl 2; repeat from (*) 29 times for the ankle.

31st round—(*) Knit plain and repeat from (*) 39 times, but purl the first stitch of every other round and widen in the same rounds on the fourth from the beginning and the fourth stitch from the ending of the round by taking up and knitting the horizontal thread after and before these stitches; this prevents an eyelet hole in the work.

Now bind off the first and last second stitch in the round and knit in rows back and forth 40 times.

These 40 rows must be plain on the right side, excepting the second stitch from each end; these 2 stitches are purled for seams.

For the first 20 rows (of these plain 40), widen every other time at the back edge only, after the fourth stitch by taking up the horizontal thread.

Now knit the other leg as far as this one, join them together on the front edge; continue the purling at the back; knit in rounds.

1st round: (*) Knit plain and repeat from (*) 23 times.

25th round: Knit 1, narrow, then plain to end of round.

26th round: (*) Knit 2, over, narrow, repeat from (*) to end of round.

27th round: (*) Knit 2, purl 2, repeat from (*) to end of round.

Repeat the 27th round of ribbing for the band or waist for 25 rounds; then repeat the 26th round of eyelets for the ribbon.

Now 1 row of the ribbing, knit 2, purl 2, and cast off.

At the top of the band and bottom of the ankle part, work a row of crocheted picots thus: 1 double crochet in first stitch, (*) 4 chain, 1 double crochet in first of 4 chain for picot, miss 1 stitch, 1 double crochet in next stitch; repeat from (*).

Wide Lace

Fifty stitches.

1st Row—K 7, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 1, o n five times, k 7, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 2, o 2 n, k 1.

2nd Row—K 3, p 1, rest plain.

3rd Row—K 6, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 3, o n four times, k 7, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, rest plain.

4th Row—Plain, plain.

5th Row—K 5, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 3, o n five times, k 5, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 4, o 2, k 1, o 2 n, k 1.

6th Row—P 1, k 2, p 1, rest plain.

7th Row—K 4, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 5, o n four times, k 5, o n, o n, k 2 o n, o n, rest plain.

8th Row—Plain, plain.

9th Row—K 3, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 5, o n five times, k 3, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 6, o 2 n, o 2 n, o 2 n, o 2 n, k 1.

10th Row—K 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, rest plain.

11th Row—K 2, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 7, o n four times, k 3, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, rest plain.

12th Row—Plain, plain.

13th Row—K 3, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 5, o n five times, k 3, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 6, 2 n four times, n.

14th Row—K 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, rest plain.

15th Row—K 4, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n k 5, o n four times, k 5, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, rest plain.

16th Row—Plain, plain.

17th Row—K 5, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 3, R n five times, k 5, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 4, o 2 n five times, k 3 tog.

18th Row— K 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, rest plain.

19th Row— K 6, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, k 3, o n four times, k 7, o n, o n, k 2, o n, o n, rest plain.

20th Row—Bind off 18, rest plain.

How Running Noses and Decayed Teeth May Cause Blindness

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (John Hopkins University).

It is not generally understood even by doctors that inflammations and "colds" in the nose in the form of infections of the nasal "ethmoid" bone or ethmoiditis can cause severe grades of eye troubles, even blindness, yet such is the case. No less an authority than the distinguished Professor G. E. De Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, announces that patients not only with ethmoiditis but also with abscesses of the teeth may lose their eyesight.

Dr. De Schweinitz calls attention to the fact that, in recent years various types of partial blindness—called by pundits amblyopia and scotoma—have been observed as due to neglected discharges from the nostrils, often wrongly called "colds."

Many miscalled "rheumatisms" are now known to be traceable to distant places full of pus and matter. Pus in the roots of teeth, in the nose, in the tonsils, or lungs are at the basis of these points and joint deformities.

A focus of infection in the mouth, teeth, tonsils, and elsewhere may even cause ulcers of the eyeball. Dr. De Schweinitz, however, reports especially a patient nearly blind from such seemingly distant causes.

A man, aged 45, an engineer on a seagoing steamship, came to him for treatment on the sixteenth of March, last year. His eyesight had begun to decline. A month before he had noticed sharp, knife-like shooting pains over his left eye which spread to the ear and scalp.

His attention soon fell upon the fact that when he looked at objects some way off, the periphery or edges would be blotted out. He incidentally told about a lot of teeth and nose trouble.

An examination of his vision by Dr. De Schweinitz revealed a definite absence and constriction of his sight. The oculist decided that he must have an X-ray examination of his jaw, teeth and nasal bones. Dr. Weider, his family physician, and Dr. Pfahler, the X-ray man, found that there were large abscesses and cavities at the apieces of the roots of the teeth on both sides. There was nothing else that could have been responsible for the beginning blindness.

Dr. Praul, a dentist, was then summoned and his examination shows that the original infection and the source of the other trouble is caused by the crowning of the upper right central incisor without treatment of the corresponding root canal. The operator used a gold shell as an abutment, to replace the left tooth, the central incisor, which had been extracted. This work was done in the West Indies a good many years ago. Dr. Praul further states that he warned the patient of the 15th on March, 1914, that the root of the tooth should be treated, and a different type of fixture should be used, but at that time he could not obtain permission to make the change. Later, when the plates were made of the upper and lower jaw, Dr. Praul reported that they showed four large abscess cavities about the upper anterior roots. The involved teeth were extracted and the sockets drained. Dr. Wieder continued the treatment of the ethmoidal lesion, iodide of potassium was administered.

Shortly after this visit he was ordered to sea, and about three or four months later a letter from him came to Dr. De Schweinitz in which he said: "My eyes continue to improve, and I have no difficulty in writing and very little trouble in reading. Indeed, the eyes seem to be entirely correct, except that at times I still have a faint blindness to the right side while I am reading. The blind spot seems to come over the last word on the line, and I do not see it until I start the following line, when I find that I have missed this last word, and go back to the line above and find the word. Occasionally I have a slight pain in the top of my head and just back of both temples. It is not severe and lasts only a very short time. I am feeling very well and am gaining in weight."

In the present instance there is a partial blindness, which almost disappeared within ten days after the treatment of the ethmoid and the abscess cavities at the roots of the incisor teeth had been drained. Which of these two local areas of infection was the more potent it is difficult to state, but it would seem that the teeth cannot be held entirely blameless, inasmuch as the rapidity of the cure was especially marked after their removal.

The cover or sheath of the optic nerves of each eye run perilously close to the ethmoid bones in the nose. There is always danger of the germ laden moisture of the nose penetrating this outer band and poisoning it. If it continues unchecked permanent blindness by damage to the optic nerve is probable.

This new discovery of nasal and teeth infections as a source of possible blindness may now clear up those mysterious and sudden visitations of blindness some of which equally suddenly heal up with restoration of perfect vision.

An old maid had a parrot whose favorite expression was, "I wish the old woman was dead."

This worried her a great deal, and one day when the minister called, she spoke to him about it. He said he had a parrot which only said religious things, and that he would bring it over some time and see if it would not break her bird from saying its favorite expression. So one night they were going to have a meeting at her house, and he gathered up his parrot and took it with him. When he went in he hung his cage up near where the old maid's was hanging. The meeting was being opened with prayer, and all of a sudden her parrot said:

"I wish the old woman was dead."

The minister's parrot cocked his head, and, looking at the other parrot, in a solemn voice said:

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

The Hours We Don't Forget

The Same Good-Nights, for a Hundred Years, Will be Said Over Dishes of Puffed Grains

The little ones, in countless homes, will to-night float Puffed Grains in their bowls of milk.

In times to come, their children's children will do the same, no doubt. For no man can ever make from wheat or rice a better food than these.

The Pinnacle Foods Forever

Hundreds of foods have been made from these grains. But Puffed Grains mark the apex. They can never be excelled.

Prof. Anderson's process takes whole wheat or rice, and makes every atom digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Every granule is fitted to feed. No one can ever go further.

These grains are sealed in guns. For an hour they are rolled in 550 degrees of heat. The moisture in each food cell is changed to steam. The guns are shot and that steam explodes.

There occur in each grain a hundred million explosions—one for every food cell. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. They come out airy, flaky bubbles, as you see.

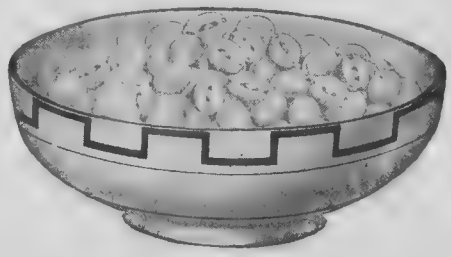
No other cooking process breaks more than half of the food cells. None can ever break more. So these must forever remain the sovereign foods produced from wheat or rice.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Each 15c., Except in Far West

These are not mere morning dainties. They are all-day foods. Folks use them like nuts in candy making, or as garnish for ice cream. They serve them as wafers in soup. Between meals they eat them dry. And no other morsels are so ideal for serving in bowls of milk.

Serve **one** each day.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada (1498) Saskatoon, Canada

Young People

A Brave Boy

About thirty years ago, said Judge F., I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," said the salesman.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the man just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I am at home. All the boys have got one, and they will all get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places he used to go to."

"Does he go to these now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy, softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir; if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I'll do. I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can; or, I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at some of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir; you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came in his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm, that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

I was surprised to see those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at other passengers who crowded up to hear the reply, and said, rebukingly:

"Yes, sir; there is a hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor one of the crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail it shall not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you at the pumps!"

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will, mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge F., do you recognize me?"

I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," said he; "God bless you!"

"And God bless noble Captain Haverly."

A Remedy for Earache.—To have the earache is to endure torture. The ear is a delicate organ and few care to deal with it, considering it work for a doctor. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil offers a simple remedy. A few drops upon a piece of lint or medicated cotton and placed in the ear will work wonders in relieving pain.

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

SUNSHINE HOSIERY REGISTERED

For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.

Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Hamilton :: :: Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

When to Drink Water

The problem, "when is the proper time to drink water?" has many angles and circumstances to it. It cannot be given a dogmatic reply without conditions and accidents attached to the question.

Thus "when is the best time to drink water—for nourishment?" would receive a different solution from that of a nearly similar query, to wit, "when is the best time to drink water—to avoid obesity?"

In fine, it always depends anatomically speaking, upon which ox is to be gored.

Although it need not be said of water as Proverbs puts it for strong drink in the words "look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth this color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," nevertheless too much water may also work much physical mischief.

The appropriate time to drink water only occasionally hangs upon the sensation of thirst, the awareness of this feeling, and a means to express its presence.

Infants and little children are less able to give signs of their need of drinking water than are domestic and wild animals. A dog will loll out its tongue and pant. A herd of buffalo will gallop away madly in search of a stream. Jungle beasts usually have a drinking hole towards which they instinctively migrate.

Not so the little bambino in its tiny cribs. Unless the mothers and nurses at regular intervals between feedings, encourage the babies to drink water, several serious ailments creep insidiously upon them.

Active kidneys, perspiration, and breathing forth vapors, deplete his reservoirs of water. While some of it is restored in vegetables and other rations, unless he imbibes his due mead of aqua pura, disorganization of his anatomy will soon follow.

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat, had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water?—No, there— Right over there!"

The guide was busy re-baiting the old gentleman's hook and merely mumbled "U-m-mm."

"Guide," repeated the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water!."

The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."

Exhausted from Asthma.—Many who read these words know the terrible drain upon health and strength, which comes in the train of asthmatic troubles. Many do not realize, however, that there is one true remedy which will surely stop this drain. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful check to this enervating ailment. It has a countless record of relief to its credit. It is sold almost everywhere.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

Even Soldiers from the Trenches of Europe Write to Tell How the Wonderful Brooks Appliance Cured Their Ruptures, Sound and Well. Sent on Trial to Prove It.

From the battle front in Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Flixton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

April 18th, 1915.

C. E. Brooks,

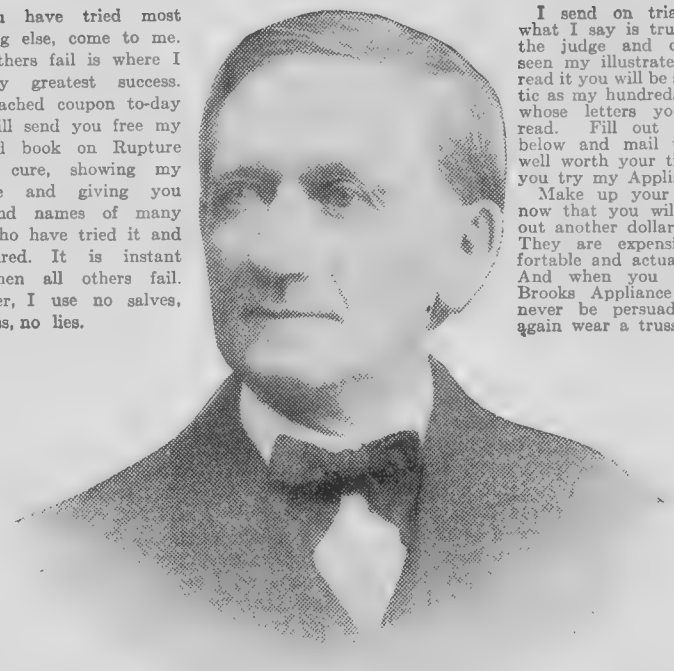
Dear Sir:

I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in Kitchener's army seven months and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything and not had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked "There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition," and he sounded me all over, and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone, as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success.

Yours truly,

Private John Carter

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.



I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Make up your mind right now that you will never pay out another dollar for trusses They are expensive, uncomfortable and actually harmful. And when you once try a Brooks Appliance you could never be persuaded to ever again wear a truss.

The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him to-day, at Marshall, Michigan.

And here is a letter from a mother who is thankful because a Brooks Appliance cured her boy so he could go out and serve his country.

2, Orchard Road,
Richmond, Surrey.
April 11th, 1915.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—

A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September, I can say he is quite cured and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, a shoeing smith. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks.

I am,

Yours,

Mrs. E. Whittle

(Mrs. E. Whittle.)

Wouldn't Take $100 for Appliance

Cranworth, Ont.

Dear Mr. Brooks—I am pleased to write you and let you know what your Appliance has done for me, I think I am all right now, as I have not seen the first sign of it since last fall. I can now run, jump and lift all I like and I would not take $100 for it if I could not get another. I do not wear it except when at hard work. Your appliance is just as good as ever. You can use this letter as you like for the benefit of others.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. KENNEDY.

REMEMBER

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day.

Rupture Thoroughly Healed

Ingersoll, Ont., Feb. 6, 1914

Mr. C. E. Brooks:

Perhaps you will be interested in hearing what your Appliance has done for me. I know, without doubt, that my rupture has thoroughly healed after a term of sixteen years' suffering, and I attribute my restored and healed condition to the wearing of your Appliance, which held the bowel firmly and painlessly during the healing process. I have not worn it for months—neither do I feel in need of it.

Yours truly,

F. C. NOXON.

Ruptured 22 Years; Now Cured

East Sherbrooke, Que., Jan. 27, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks:

Dear Sir:—I am very glad to hear from you, and happy to be able to tell you that my rupture was cured some time ago by your Appliance. I now need no truss after twenty-two years of torture.

Yours truly,

G. E. LEMAY.

Cured Me Completely

Perth Centre, N.B., April 26, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks:

Dear Sir:—I received your letter regarding the Appliance you sent me. It was a complete success and now I don't know that I ever had a rupture. It has cured me completely and I thank you very much for it.

Very truly yours,

REV. H. A. SISSON.

Child Cured in 3 Months

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 19, 1914.
11 Richardson St.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks—Just a line to let you know your Appliance has completely cured our little boy and we are very well pleased with it. We had it on him for about three months, and since he has had it off the rupture has not showed at all.

Yours truly,

MRS. G. SUDDABY.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Mr. C. E. BROOKS,
161A State St., Marshall, Michigan, U.S.A.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

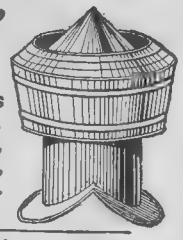
Address .....

City or Town ..... Province .....

Ventilation stops fires saves health

Proper ventilation will prevent fires from spontaneous combustion

"HALITUS" Ventilator

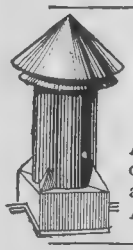


For barns and houses. Very simple, very efficient, very durable. Rain-proof.

"ACHESON"

Roof Light

Very easy to put on. Extra strong, durable and watertight. Movable or stationary sash.



"KING" Ventilator

FOR BARNS

An inexpensive and ornamental Ventilator. Grand value. Ask us for prices.

"SPIRO" Intake Ventilators

Fresh air without drafts. Swinging damper. Keep the air pure and your stock healthy.

Write to-day for prices and booklet on "M-R. Co." building materials. 175

METALLIC ROOFING CO. LTD.
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Shoemaker's 1917 Poultry Book and ALMANAC

This new book has many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, prices and operation.

All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. Money back if not satisfied.
C. C. Shoemaker
Box 968
Freeport, Illinois.

CURLY HAIR

"WAVCURL" Imparts Beautiful PERMANENT CURLS. One packet sufficient, however listless your hair. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." Result certain. Price 2s 9d. Special reduction for few weeks. Send 1s 6d only for large size 2s 9d packet.
The New Wavcurl Co., 67 Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, Holborn, London, W.C., England.

Correspondence

From Far Away India

Dear Editor,—Having read a copy of The Western Home Monthly, I was quite interested in your correspondence column. I should like to have letters from a few of your readers, especially "Sweet Marie," "Amethyst," "An Ex-Soldier," if they care to write first, also would like someone to kindly send papers. I am a soldier on North West Frontier of India, and at present working in military hospitals. I would be pleased to answer any letters I may receive and wish your paper the best of success.

I have been in my present station five years now and will be pleased when the great European war is over so that I can leave the army, go to Canada, and settle down.

My address is with the Editor.

"Male Nurse.'

Would Tell of the Homeland

Dear Editor—Please excuse me taking such liberties in writing you, but my brother often sends home your excellent book. We do so enjoy them, I think the readings help to broaden one's mind, they are so interesting! There is a page, too, called "Correspondence" in your Western Home Monthly, which is also interesting.

Some letters are very amusing, especially those signed "Lonely Bachelors." I happen to belong to a friendship club, and get to know quite a lot of news from people around. Although the club is only a ladies' club, it is very interesting! I wonder if any of your correspondents would like to hear of our doings in the Homeland. I noticed in your paper not long ago, a young farmer wanted to exchange letters. If you have any on your list still who would like to hear some news and would in return write some interesting letters I should be pleased to hear from them. Wishing your paper every success.

"An English Girl."

Never Gets Lonesome on the Farm

Dear Editor—I have read with pleasure the letters and stories of The Western Home Monthly for some time. Although the stories are splendid, I always turn to the correspondence page first.

I am a Yankee farmer's girl. Live 20 miles from railroad. Although there are not many people living here I never get lonesome, for a girl can find plenty of work and pleasure on a farm. For instance, mother and I picked quite a few berries—blueberries, cranberries and strawberries.

I enjoy riding very much. If I get a little lonesome I get on my pony and take a ride and come back feeling refreshed.

This is a very wild country. My two brothers have killed three bears, each weighing from three to four hundred pounds. We were out walking Sunday evening and I saw two deer, and they were pretty. But I am not afraid, and I like my country home fine, and can truly say I love Sunny Alberta.

We have the post-office and are acquainted with all the people around here. We have a few very bashful bachelors and some very nice ones. But they are all very industrious.

Well I will bring my letter to a close. My address is with the Editor if there is any one who would like to correspond with

"Jolly Sixteen."

A Lover of Mrs. Pearl Hamilton

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for almost two years. When I have read my copy I always mail it to some boy in France. Many times I have been asked to send it, and as my father and cousin are both fighting for their country I often send three or four copies in a month.

It is hard to say which page I find most interesting. But I always turn to Mrs. Pearl Hamilton's first and I do enjoy the correspondence page. It may interest some of your readers to know that I am a member of Mrs. Pearl Hamilton's girls' class, and often wish that some of the girls who write such nice letters about her to your paper could just hear her speak, as I have the opportunity of hearing her. Although I have lived in Canada six years, I have never seen the wheat country. My life has mostly been spent in the city. If my letter is considered worthy to print I would be pleased to hear from readers who live in the country, especially girls about my own age—23. My address is with the Editor.

"A Soldier's Daughter."

Doesn't Mind Writing to Soldier Boys

Dear Editor—This is my first letter to your paper, and I cannot let this opportunity go by without telling you how much I enjoy reading it. I may say I have been an interested reader of your paper for nearly two years, and the correspondence column is my chief delight, though I equally enjoy reading the different articles. I am an English girl and in business, but I am a farmer's daughter, therefore am somewhat acquainted with farm life, though I suppose Canadian farming is much different to our English.

I have a great ambition to visit Canada and to see for myself what the country is like. I would like to write to "Overseas" who seems so lonely. What! Mind writing to a soldier boy? No! I think we have cause to be proud of our boys. My youngest brother is fighting somewhere in France and another one is in Egypt. If "Overseas" or "Yorke" (the latter I see hailed from England) care to correspond, I will answer any letters. My address is with the Editor. I will close now, with best wishes. I sign myself

"Midget."

Wants a Debate

Dear Editor—As this is my first letter I will not say much, but rather introduce myself.

I am a school teacher and have only started on my career recently. The work suits me all right, only I am teaching forty miles back from the railroad. I have read the Monthly for two years. My brother takes it. I consider it a very "newsy" magazine, and of course the correspondence column is always interesting. I believe if some one would start a debate on some subject and have the various letters appear in your paper we might have some good discussions.

I will close for the present. Wishing you all success. Yours truly,

"Smike."

In French, if You Like!

Dear Editor—I am a new subscriber of The Western Home Monthly, and taking very much interest in the reading of this instructive and valuable paper, I thought I would at last take the privilege of writing to the correspondence column.

I came from France four years ago this spring and before coming to this country in which I am a stranger, I used to live in the city. Now I am on a farm and living in a settlement where the things are so slow, the boys and girls so scarce, far from any town, from the people I left and everything I love. I am one of those boys who feels the winter's evenings very long. Feeling so lonesome, I would like to hear from a few readers about any subject. I'll do my best to answer the letters. My address will be with the Editor for "Little Simp," "Opal Sight" or any other who wishes to correspond—in French if they like—with a lonesome country boy of nineteen.

"Rainbow."

From the Far East

Dear Editor—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time, and found the letters very interesting, so I thought that I would make an attempt at writing.

I live in a pretty village three miles from town. I am now attending the Business School. Several of the boys from here are now at the front fighting. I have no brothers, but have an uncle who enlisted.

If any of the boys or girls would care to write, my address is with the Editor.

I will close, hoping to see this in print.

"Bobby."

Will "Rainbow" and "Ailsa Craig" kindly mail us their name and address, so that any mail addressed to them to this office can be forwarded in the usual way.

PALPITATION

OF THE HEART
SHORTNESS OF BREATH
CURED BY
MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. S. Walters, Matapedia, Que., writes: "I wish to let you know how much good I have received by taking your Heart and Nerve Pills. I was suffering from palpitation of the heart and shortness of breath. The trouble with my heart was caused by stomach trouble.

I had tried all kinds of medicine, both patent and doctors', but I found none relieve me like Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I believe anyone suffering like I did should use them. I only used four boxes and I now feel like a different person."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years and have a most wonderful reputation as a remedy for all heart and nerve troubles.

Price 50 cents. per box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

RESTORE YOUR HAIR TO YOUTHFUL COLOR

Let Me Send You my Free Proof That Grey Hair Can be Restored to Natural Color and Beauty

No Dyes or Other Harmful Method Results in Four Days

At 27 I was prematurely grey—and a failure because I looked old. To-day at 35 I have no trace of grey hair and I look younger than I did eight years ago. I restored my own grey hair to its natural colour and beauty of youth and am a living example that grey hairs need no longer exist. No dangerous dyes, stains or other forms of hair paint are necessary to keep your hair young.

Old and Grey at 27

Young and Happy at 35

Let me send you free full information that will enable you to restore your own hair to youthful colour so that you need never have a grey hair again, no matter what your age or the cause of your greyness, or how long you have been grey or how many things have failed. My free offer is open to men and women alike for a few days longer.

Send no money. Just write me to-day giving your name and address plainly, stating whether (Mr. Mrs. or Miss) and enclose two cent stamp for return postage and I will send you full particulars that will enable you to restore the natural colour of youth to your hair, making it soft, natural and easily managed. Write to-day. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman.

Suite 382 D, Banigan Bldg., Providence, R. I.

Poultry Book Latest and best yet; 144 pages, 215 beautiful pictures; hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information. Describes busy Poultry Farm handling 58 pure-bred varieties. Tells how to choose fowls, eggs, incubators, sprouters. This book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents. Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 41, Clarinda, Iowa

Would Like to Go Farther West

Dec. 5th, 1916.

Dear Editor and Readers,—I am taking advantage of a little spare time that I have and will try to join your merry circle. I am not a member of your page but have been a subscriber to the magazine for the past three years and a very steady reader. I think that The Western Home Monthly is the best magazine obtainable, and I only wish it came more often. I see most of you describe yourselves. I am a little handicapped there as I have never seen myself for so long that I don't know just what I look like. The times have been too hard for me to afford a photograph and also to afford a mirror. I hope you will understand the situation because I would not like you to think that I am ashamed of my looks, as I have always thought quite a lot of that part of myself. Now let's stop that kind of nonsense and get down to business. I have farmed in Manitoba for two years and I got a very good crop last year, but this year I got nothing to speak of on account of the rust. I have made up my mind to quit it in the spring and go farther west and homestead. I think I would like the Peace River district. If there is any of the readers living in or near that district, I would be very pleased to hear from them as it would give me a little better idea of the country. Well, dear Editor, I think I have taken up enough of your valuable paper this time so will close. Hoping to hear from some of the readers and wishing your paper and readers every success, will sign myself,

"Never Again."

P.S.—My address is with the Editor.

A Call to Help

Dec. 23rd, 1916.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader and a subscriber of your magazine since December, 1914, but since February of 1915 I have joined the army. My brother is still living in Canada and sends the magazines every month to me.

I like to read the paper throughout, because it gives one an idea of what life is in Canada during this long and terrible war.

I am a fervent reader of the correspondence column, in which there are always interesting letters. I am a Belgian, and should be pleased to have a chat with some of the correspondents, because I feel lonely when I have nothing to read.

Hoping to hear from some of the readers, and wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I will sign,

"A Lonely Soldier."

A Safe Pill for Sufferers.—There are pills that violently purge and fill the stomach and intestines with pain. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mild and effective. They are purely vegetable, no mineral purgative entering into their composition and their effect is soothing and beneficial. Try them and be convinced. Thousands can attest their great curative qualities because thousands owe their health and strength to timely use of this most excellent medicine.

Horseback-riding Best of Sport

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to your valuable paper. My sister is a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, and we like it fine. I love to read the correspondence column, and the young woman and her problem.

I live on the farm.

How many girl readers can stook, and milk cows? I do both.

I do love to ride horseback, and think it the best of all sport. I never wore overalls myself, but all the men around here wear them, and they're just as nice and courteous as the city men—even more so. I was born in Canada and am 18 years of age. I would be pleased if "Lonesome Pine" and "Twenty-one" would correspond with me. I will answer all letters if they will write first. My address is with the Editor. Wishing everybody a very happy New Year, I will sign myself,

"Grey Eyes."

Taking Her Brother's Place

Dec. 5th, 1916.

Dear Editor,—Although I am not a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, I read it every month with much pleasure. I have been following up the correspondence with much interest and pleasure, and at last I have got up enough courage to write. I think the letters of both sexes very interesting, and I would like to get in touch with some of the writers. I live on a ranch somewhere in B. C., and I like it fine. I help to milk the cows, as my brother, who used to milk them, has gone to the war, so we at home have all the work to do. I am sixteen summers old, and I am about 5 ft. 4 in., weight 123 lbs., not bad looking.

I am glad to read that "Morganrodnaden" has gone and done it. They have my best wishes, and I hope they will always be happy together and make up for all the wasted years.

Would like to get in touch with "Far Overseas," as he said something about "German Helmets" that tempted me, so if he would be kind enough to write I will answer his letter.

I guess this is all I have to say. I hope to see this in print, as it is my first letter to your department. Anyone wishing to correspond will find my address with the Editor.

Hoping to hear from some of the readers, and wishing The Western Home Monthly all success, I now sign myself,

"B.C. Dairymaid."

All the Fun You Want in Overalls

Dear Editor,—Will you allow me to join your happy circle? I am in my 'teens and still a school kid.

I enjoy reading all the letters, especially the ones written by soldier boys. If I was a boy I would enlist. Almost all the boys from around here have gone. I have seven cousins at the front. Nearly every girl around here has a soldier's badge. I have two.

Everybody is talking about girls wearing overalls. I often wear overalls, and I am not ashamed to let anyone see me

British official photograph taken on the western front shows what is left of Ypres Cathedral, considered one of the most beautiful in Europe. The cathedral is now nothing but a mass of debris, with here and there a spire standing, slight evidence that a great cathedral once stood on the spot.

LOOK!! $3,300.00 IN CASH

Has been GIVEN AWAY to the Public by the Publishers of this advertisement to advertise their goods. $200.00 more IN CASH and numbers of other valuable articles will be given away at an early date.

1st Prize, $50.00 In Cash. 2nd Prize, $40.00 In Cash
3rd Prize, $35.00 In Cash. 4th Prize, $25.00 In Cash.

5th to 9th Prizes—
Each $10.00 in Cash.

Herewith will be found the picture of a Chinaman washing clothes. About his person and the washtub are concealed the faces of his seven daughters Can you find them? Try—you may win a cash prize by doing so. Many hundone this as will be shown by the names and addresses we will send you. If you find the faces, mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them."

Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considerof factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as there are TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.

Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper thewords "I have found all the faces and marked them."

We Do Not Ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money to Enter This Contest

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not and we will send you a complete Prizo List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Three Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.

This competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company. Their decisions must be accepted as final.

Upon receipt of your reply we will send a complete list of the names and addresses of persons who have won $3,300 in Cash Prizes in recent contests held by the publishers of this advertisement. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good sum is equally as good as that of anyone else. Never Venture, Never Win.

Send Your Reply Direct to
GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
31 LATOUR ST. MONTREAL, CAN.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new **Nose-Shaper**, "TRADOS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write to-day for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 775 Ackerman Bldg., Binghampton, N. Y.

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For **$14.50**

FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID

If ordered together we send both machines for only $14.50 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $14.50 is for **both** Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 200, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES".

MR. MARRIOTT

73 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont.,
August 9th, 1915.

"I think it my duty to tell you what "Fruit-a-tives" has done for me. Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from *Liver and Kidney Trouble*. Having read of "Fruit-a-tives", I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. During the 3½ years past, I have taken them regularly and would not change for anything. *I have not had an hour's sickness* since I commenced using "Fruit-a-tives", and I know now what I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain".

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

∴∵ Knives ∵∴ Forks and Spoons

are necessities, not luxuries. So are Watches Clocks, Fountain Pens, etc. These, and a great many other useful and pretty articles, are illustrated in our handsome Catalogue. You will find the illustrations exceptionally clear and exact, and that the prices will compare favorably with any Eastern house.

Our policy is a money-back guarantee on any article we sell, if not entirely satisfactory.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO-DAY

D. E. Black & Co. Ltd.
JEWELLERS
Herald Bldg. Calgary, Alta.

RICH MONUMENTS

sold on a money-back basis direct to you. It is now possible to erect wonderfully attractive and enduring stones at prices within the means of the average family. Illustrated booklet tells how we do it—contains many epitaph designs—gives you the net costs on handsome monuments. This booklet will be mailed free if you write.

STANDARD CEMENT STONE WORKS
P.O. Box 104 GIROUX, MAN.

in them. They are just O.K., and you can have all the fun you want in them, and they are not always tearing. They are just all right when you go for a horseback ride. I would rather wear overalls than some of the dresses the city girls wear. And they look a sight nicer, into the bargain.

I am very fond of skating, but I never dance. Will some of the members write to me? My address is with the Editor. I must stop for this time. I am,

"A Soldier's Friend."

Plucky Female Farmer

Nov. 12th. 1916.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Allow me, as a new subscriber of your excellent magazine, to join your correspondence club. I am a "female farmer," and even if many of your farming members might smile and think, "that woman surely has got a nerve." I wouldn't be afraid to take a man's job on a ranch and to till it properly, too.

I admit that things like plowing, cutting the hay and grain, and the very hard work, is all right for women who are raised on a farm and have been trained from childhood, but as I have only two years' farm experience, and am too old to train my body to the roughest part of the farm work, I have proved that I can handle the fork and drive the hay-rake, clean a horse, hitch him up and clean out both horse, cow and chicken barns as well as I can keep house (of course, people who don't know me, don't know what kind of a housekeeper I am), but being able to show some fine recommendations, ought to prove enough. But let me tell you right now, that I feel just O.K. when I am right amongst all my pets in the barnyard, and feel much healthier all through by working in the fresh air than when I am standing in front of a hot cookstove.

I would like to tell about my farm life this summer from April to October, but as it might be too long the Editor would kick about publishing epistles that might take up a whole page, I'll wait and see if the Editor will be good enough to give this, my first letter, a humble place on the correspondence page.

I am neutral, and will write and tell about customs from my own little country; but if any of the readers of The Western Home Monthly will write to me, I am willing to take up discussions on anything from art embroidery to chicken-hatching, and letters from either sex will be welcome. The language might contain some queer mistakes, but I have only been four years on this side of the ocean. May that be my excuse.

"Gipsy."

Agrees with Starlight

Dec. 11th, 1916.

Dear Editor,—I have been a silent reader of your paper for some time, especially the correspondence column. The Western Home Monthly is certainly a fine paper. We have taken it for a long time, and I often wish it would come more often.

I think it is amusing to read some of the letters, others again are good and real interesting. The general topic is "Love" and "Matrimony." Many of the girls who specialize on this subject, I do not think know much about it. I notice some of our boys write on it, too, and then sign themselves "Old Bachelor" or something similar; previous to this they have told us that they are eighteen or perhaps nineteen years old. I think their letters are silly. What do they know about the topic they are not only expressing their opinion on, but explaining to the other readers? They have never been truly in love. Again, why do they sign themselves "Bachelor" at that age. The first time a boy really ever takes a girl out or "goes with a girl" for the first time, is almost always after he is eighteen or shortly before. Therefore what do they know (mere school boys) about "Girls," "Love," and "Marriage." However, this old subject is talked out,

Touch me if you dare!

Miller's Worm Powders will eradicate the worm evil that bears so heavily on children and is believed to cause many fatalities. They are an acceptable medicine to children and can be fully relied upon to clear the food channels thoroughly of these destructive parasites and restore the inflamed and painful surfaces to healthfulness. They are an excellent remedy for these evils.

BRONCHITIS WAS SO BAD

Coughed Every Few Minutes.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HER.

Bronchitis starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with a rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest. At first the expectoration is a light color but as the trouble progresses the phlegm arising from the bronchial tubes becomes of a yellowish or greenish color, and is very often of a stringy nature.

Bronchitis should never be neglected. If it is some serious lung trouble will undoubtedly follow.

Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This well-known remedy has been on the market for the past 25 years.

It cures where others fail.

Mrs. Geo. Lotton, Uxbridge, Ont., writes: "I have had bronchitis so bad I could not lie down at night; and had to cough every few minutes to get my breath. I had a doctor out to see me, but his medicine seemed to do me no good. I sent to the druggist for some good cough mixture, and got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle helped me wonderfully. I stopped coughing, and could lie down, and rest well at night. I cannot praise it too much."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.

Manufactured only by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

Stop Using a Truss

FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps or buckles attached—no obnoxious springs. Cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work and reported most obstinate cases cured. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely free. Write today, PLAPAO LABORATORIES, B.K. 118 St. Louis, Mo.

Used While You Sleep

For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup: Asthma: Sore Throat: Coughs: Bronchitis: Colds: Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For sale by all Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS

Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials.
10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $1.00
50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $4.00

Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.

The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California

so let's get something new to discuss. Of course, the true bachelors of the prairies deserve credit and honor for their brave undertaking in homesteading alone.

Starlight, your letter was splendid! You expressed my sentiments exactly. I would like to write to you if you would write first.

I know many girls who did not agree with young farm boys enlisting; later, when their own brother enlists, they think every man, young, intermediate or old, no matter what they are doing, should be wearing khaki, simply because their brother is doing so. It is ridiculous for some girls to say they would not be seen with a civilian and "He ought to be wearing khaki." Of course, there are exceptions, but there ought to be a decided difference made between the boys and men doing their bit on the farm and the real "shirker." Boys under twenty-one (I think) are physically unfit and are better at home helping the Empire here. I believe there will be lots of chance for them to go later when they are more able to bear the suffering and hardships. I have many soldier friends, all of whom I esteem very highly, and some of them would be doing their bit had they remained at home. Many more men would go could they see their way clear to do so. As for the class of girls referred to, they are certainly shallow-minded, and are not deep enough to take the matter seriously as to the man's duty. I do not think, in many cases, it is for us to say whether they should go or stay. The Allies have to be fed, and is it not our farmers who are doing it.

Valley Flower, your letter was good. You have my sympathy for "Kentish Hop" criticising your previous letter the way she did. I suppose she felt it her duty to stick up for the English girls. If that was it, her conscience will not bother her for neglecting duty. Perhaps Valley Flower, if you and I were in her place, we might do the same thing.

I live in Manitoba and like it fine. I like skating, reading, shooting and taking pictures. My camera takes a No. 2 Brownie film and takes very good pictures.

This is my first letter to your splendid paper, and I am beginning to think it will find its way to the w.p.b. if I do not stop writing; but I hope it will not. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success and a prosperous New Year.

"Spitfire."

Then You Have a Father

Rev. Dr. Jonas King once went to visit the children in an orphan asylum. The children were seated in a schoolroom, and Dr. King stood on a platform before them.

"So this is an orphan asylum," said he. "I suppose that many of you children would tell that you have no father or mother, were I to ask you."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said some little voices.

"How many of you say you have no father? Hold up your hands."

A forest of hands were put up.

"So you say you have no father?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"Now," said Dr. King, "do you ever say the Lord's Prayer? Let me hear you."

The children began: "Our Father, Who art in heaven—"

"Stop, children," said Dr. King; "did you begin right?"

The children began again: "Our Father, Who art in heaven—"

"Stop again, children," said Dr. King. "What did you say? Our Father? Then you have a Father; a good, rich Father. I want to tell you about Him. He owns all the gold in California; He owns all the world; He can give you as much of anything as He sees is best for you. Now, children, never forget that you have a Father. Go to Him for all you want, as if you could see Him. He is able and willing to do all that is for your good."

Recent Western Patents

The following list of recently granted Western Canadian patents has been submitted us by Fetherstonhaugh & Company, of this city:—173233, L. C. Bond, Bassano, Alta., traps; 173234, L. Briggs, Torgo, Sask., horse releasing means; 173292, C. H. Nelson, Vulcan, Alta., machines for treating or pickling grain; 173293, O. E. Olesberg, Bawlf, Alta., stump pullers; 173069, G. W. Gould and W. R. Johnston, Armand, Man., automatic water feeding appliances; 173071, W. H. and L. E. Bushell, Edmonton, Alta., horse shoes; 173097, H. Freeman, Vancouver, B.C., means for obtaining alkali metal cyanide; 173119, J. Kristjanson, Mozart, Sask., latching devices; 173126, F. Marchese, Vancouver, B.C., safety razors; 173581, W. H. Church, Superb, Sask., grain stookers; 173582, W. Colley, Readlyn, Sask., clevises; 173605, H. H. Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, B.C., air inlet devices for internal combustion engines; 173629, T. H. McCain, Gibson's Landing, B.C., lock washers; 173644, J. L. Ratner, Winnipeg, Man., wheel attachments for sleigh runners; 173714, L. B. Stedman, Victoria, B.C., internal combustion engines; 173748, C. Cassady, New Westminster, B.C., detachable rims for pneumatic tires; 173773, J. T. Gosline, Vancouver, B.C., side dressing attachments for saw filing machines; 173810, H. Murray, Vancouver, B.C., mechanical movements; 173811, N. J. Macdonald, Winnipeg, Man., floors; 173850, J. A. Williams, Winnipeg, Man., weather strips; 173947, T. C. Crouch, Sask., automobile heaters; 173970, W. J. Lee, Munson, Alta., cleaners for rolling colters; 173991, F. C. Risdon, Nelson, B.C., timber felling mechanism; 173993, G. Robertson, Vancouver, B.C., fishing spoons; 174003, H. A. Thompson, Dewdney, B.C., portable cross-cut saw

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Would "Twenty-four" please send her correct address to the Editor, as correspondence sent to her former address is being returned.

The Round Table

By Frances Beatrice Taylor

The young knights of Flanders,
Have will for sacrifice;
They have no merry forest to win,
Nor tilt they for a prize;
Yet, through all strife and fire they keep,
Good laughter in their eyes.

The young knights of Flanders,
Have many a slender sword,
Have many a new and shining blade
To lay before their Lord,—
Now grant He charm each carven hilt,
To bring them great reward.

The young knights of Flanders,
Have brothers gone before;
Sir Lancelot, Sir Bedevere
Were mighty men of war,—
But yet, I doubt, not Galahad
Will welcome them the more.

The "Live a Little Longer" Idea

IN Rochester, N.Y., there has been formed an association the object of which is to promote the "Live a Little Longer" idea. It aims to encourage men and women to give attention to their health, and by preventive methods to avoid serious disease and add years of happiness to their lives.

This idea is suited to people of all ages, but seems particularly applicable to persons of advancing years who feel their vitality on the wane. It is truly wonderful what is accomplished by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food under these circumstances.

By forming new, rich blood, and nourishing the starved, wasted nerve cells, it instils new life and vigor into the vital organs and enables them to perform their natural functions.

This means new strength and comfort, freedom from pain and disease, and longer life. This letter gives you some idea what old people may expect from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. Sophia Baker, Tancook Island, Lunenburg Co., N.S., writes:—"I have been reading about people who have been cured by Dr. Chase's medines, and as I have obtained great benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I want to tell you my experience. I am an old woman of 80 years. My sleep was very poor, I could not eat anything, and my nerves were in a bad state. Hearing about the Nerve Food, I decided to use it, and must say that the five boxes I took helped me wonderfully. I never expect to be like I was at 50, but this treatment has helped me to sleep well, improved the appetite and built up the nerves. Anyone who wishes can write to me for full particulars.

50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

531

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

What the World is Saying

The Might of Hunger

The German military machine is still a mighty affair, but hunger is mightier.—London Times.

Burglary, Murder and Reparation

"Reparation is a dark word," says Vienna. But not so dark as burglary, and far lighter than murder. —Manchester Guardian.

A Hereditary Taint

The latest address to his troops by the King of Bavaria suggests that the family madness has broken out in a new spot.—New York Tribune.

The Passing of Buffalo Bill

With William F. Cody—Buffalo Bill—passes one of the few remaining links between a forgetful present and an unforgettable past.—Chicago Herald.

He Overlooked a Hero

In his distribution of bouquets Ambassador Gerard seems to have neglected to send a nosegay to the hero who sank the Lusitania.—New York Herald.

In Regard to Alcohol

It is lawful to carry alcohol in automobile radiators, the same being a change for the better from its former use as a nasal radiator.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Threats of Terribleness

The Kaiser storms mightily about Germany's vast preparations to intensify Frightfulness, clearly hoping that where cajolery failed to answer threats may serve.—Providence (R.I) Journal.

Proportional Representation in Calgary

Calgary has adopted proportional representation, in spite of the fact that elected men generally think the election system cannot possibly be improved.—Hamilton Herald.

Hunnish "Holy Wrath"

"Holy wrath" is the latest weapon in the Kaiser's armory, the unholy variety of the past two and a half years not having terrorized Europe into submission.—New York Times.

Concealment at Berlin

Berlin proclaims the sinking of a certain number of Allied warships to date, but neglects to state the number of U-boats that have failed to return to port. —London Chronicle.

Can It Be Done

Orville Wright promises a "foolproof" aeroplane. If he makes good he will do more for the aeroplane than any one has yet been able to do for the automobile.—Vancouver Sun.

Berlin Talk of Blindness

Herr Zimmermann, the Foreign Secretary at Berlin, says that England blinds America, but we are not yet so blind that we cannot tell who drowns our people on the high seas.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

As to "Offering the Hand"

"We have offered our hand, and they have struck it down with the sword," says the Kaiser. But it was offered in 1914, and it held a sword.—Montreal Gazette.

How Can It Be More Ruthless?

Germany threatens a more ruthless sub. campaign. What else can she do, short of allowing the men and women to escape and deliberately drowning the babies only?—London Truth.

A Vital Distinction

The difference between a league to "enforce" peace and a league to "insure" peace is radical. What effect upon a lawless mining camp would a vigilance committee exert that substituted moral force for side arms?—New York Sun.

A Manifest Truth

There are many things worse than war. A German victory in this conflict would not only be worse for mankind than peace; it would also be the sure guarantee of more wars.—Capetown (South Africa) Cape Argus.

The Voice of Wales

It is an armistice which the Kaiser and his satellites now desire; they ask for time to heal their wounds and restore their fighting energies, and when the recuperative process had been sufficiently advanced the peace of Europe would be broken once more, and with greater wantonness, treachery and ruthlessness than in the shameful days of 1914. There is not the slightest reason for thinking that the Kaiser is more wishful for peace and neighborliness than he was two and a half years ago. His immediate purpose is to rally the disaffected masses of his own countrymen. Disappointment, mortification and semi-starvation have inspired a widespread desire for peace, and peace at any price, among the masses of the German people.—Cardiff Western Mail.

The Freedom of the Seas

"Great Britain must perhaps even grant freedom of the seas," says a Frankfort paper in outlining German peace terms. Freedom of the seas Germany had until her war lords went crazy; whether she ever has it again depends now on Britain's generosity.—Wellington (N.Z.) Times.

Alcohol in War, and in Peace

If the liquor traffic is an evil in war time it must follow that it is an evil in peace. A traffic that impairs a country's fighting efficiency will also impair its industrial efficiency when that country is at peace.—Toronto Globe.

The Heavy Toll of Blood

The Almanach de Gotha records the death in war of 258 counts, 567 barons and 1,465 of the lesser nobility. The list is large, but the Almanach is not big enough to hold the names of the multitude of soldiers without titles who have fallen. They number millions.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Winter Saying

Of eighteen specially low temperature records at Toronto Observatory since 1896 twelve took place in February, five in January, and only one in December. That seems to give color to the saying, "As the days lengthen the cold strengthens."—Toronto World.

What Is At Stake?

The present war is a war for the liberation of Europe. It has been fought upon this issue, and this principle must prevail. No peace can be made with Germany until this principle is accepted by the Germans.—Glasgow Herald.

Mighty Russia

M. Alexandroff, a member of the Army Commission, states that the new Russian army has three men in reserve for every one in the trenches. The assertion is not of a nature to give comfort to the enemy. It in a way corroborates Harden's warning to the German people that the war has as yet only touched the fringe of the Czar's vast empire.—Boston Transcript.

The Unspeakable Turk

"The enemy has disregarded the sublime spirit of our purpose, with them be the responsibility of further bloodshed," writes the Sultan of Turkey. The sublime spirit of Turkey's purpose was made fairly manifest some time ago, so far at least as the Armenians were concerned.—Brantford Expositor.

Not the Law of Life

It is very unlikely that we can take without heavy price what Europe is paying for in blood and agony. That is not the law of life. It is virtually certain that we in our turn must pay either in cleansing misfortune or in slow deterioration. But what can be done by taking thought is for us to do. It will be little enough at best.—Chicago Tribune.

Some Germans Are Well Fed

Talk of food shortage in Germany is very loud again, and this time there is convincing testimony that the talk is not without foundation. But recent photographs published in this country show the Kaiser, Hindenburg, Mackensen et al, to all appearances still sleek and well fed. Evidently starvation has not yet reached the Teutonic stomachs higher up. —Belleville Intelligencer.

Americans at the Front

The London estimate that 10,000 American citizens are serving with the Allied armies, chiefly in the ranks of Canadian battalions, doubtless is correct. The number is quite respectable, considering that the United States is officially neutral and separated by the ocean from the continent on which the war is being waged.—Duluth Herald.

Aerial Revenue Cutter, Ahoy!

There are peace menaces in airships, likewise. For example, with the tremendous development of their use during the present war there is more or less prospect that when the war terminates they will be seized upon by smugglers and used to evade the revenue laws, particularly as it appears quite certain that all of the belligerent nations will establish high tariffs for the purpose of limiting the use of foreign goods when the war is over. The airship smuggler is an easy possibility of the future. That is obvious. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

War Brings Shortages

The first thing to grasp is that war, on the scale on which it is now being waged, makes a shortage of everything, shortage of men, food and material for munitions, and that if you expand your efforts in one direction, you must contract them in another. A government can by rigid economy mitigate this condition, but it cannot avoid it, and it is useless for the critics to ask for everything at once, to complain, for instance, that labor is short for shipbuilding or transport, and next to demand that all men shall be put into khaki and sent to the front.—Westminster Gazette.

Religion and Life

It is certain that if the Church can succeed in impressing the nation by the reality of its witness to the great Christian principles of righteousness and fellowship it will do incalculable service to the national well-being. The final problems of human life, whether for the nation or the individual, can only be solved in the light of moral and spiritual principles.—Kilmarnock Herald.

How Money Makes Money

It is a striking commentary on the way in which corporate wealth increases of itself that the Standard Oil holdings alone of the late Charles W. Harkness, who died May 1st last, increased in value $7,618,991 between that day and December 7th, when the appraisal of his fortune was disclosed. Between the man's death and the rounding up of his possessions this one block of his $60,000,000 of property had grown by that enormous sum, and while the man himself lay in his grave.—Galt Reporter.

Moral Principles at Issue

The country will not hear of peace except upon the terms which she laid down when she entered the war, and from which she has never even thought of departing. She is as determined to smash "Prussian militarism" as America was in the sixties to preserve the Union and to smash negro slavery. She believes that moral principles of the same order are at stake, and that the abandonment of these principles would be as fatal to her as a like abandonment would have been to the Union in 1862.—London Daily Mail.

Britannia's Sea Power

Admiral Jellicoe's statement that the British navy to-day comprises nearly 4,000 vessels of all classes is of a nature to gratify the people of the Kingdom. It had been known for some time that the navy had grown tremendously since the war began, the losses suffered having more than been made good as a result of the activity in the shipyards. The fleet now is greater in every respect than it was before and the task of improving it proceeds without cessation. The British people after the war will be more than ever in a position to boast that their navy is unrivalled. It has out-distanced all others.—Victoria Colonist.

The Whining of the Bully

To the nation as a whole the Imperial Chancellor's speech, the Note which has been sent to the Allies, and the characteristic message of the Kaiser to his army will all bear the stamp of presumptuousness and hypocrisy. . . . When Germany says she is "seized with pity in the face of the unspeakable misery of humanity," and is aghast at the future of Europe if the war continues, she is talking pure cant. It is the whining of the bully, who, having broken all the laws of man and God in the vain effort to crush his neighbors, now assumes the air of a saint in order to escape from the consequences of his crime.—Birmingham Daily Post.

Gains and Givings

We are not beggaring ourselves by generosity to Europe's war sufferers. The Comptroller of the Currency says the total wealth of the United States is now $220,000,000,000, and he estimates that the total gifts of the American people to all of the distressed peoples of Europe, Asia and Africa since the beginning of the war is less than one-twentieth of 1 per cent of our aggregate income. The Old World is grateful for what we have done, but it becomes us to be modest about it in view of the harvest we have reaped. We have no good excuse yet for turning down the solicitation of those who ask us to help where need is so great from a wealth so abundant.—Chicago Evening Post.

"Always a Cromwell, or a Pitt"

Our neighbors are proceeding to solve their difficulties in their own way, which so often has been successful. The man of energy, which Mr. Lloyd George has shown himself to be, has appealed to public opinion, and he has placed the problem before the public and the nation. An English speaker has said: "One does not wage war, and such a war as this, as though it were a game." Here is, in fact, the gist of the whole matter. In the grave periods of her national life Great Britain has always found a Black Prince, a Queen Elizabeth, a Cromwell, or a Pitt, who has grasped like a sword the energetic soul of that noble people.—Paris Figaro.

Unflinching Fortitude

We have bent our neck to the yoke of organized State control in a fashion none of us ever dreamed of before. We are being governed by a committee of public safety. And yet, we have entered upon a new freedom, because our spirits are being released from the tyranny of mere things. But we are learning afresh that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of those things which he possesseth—things, which, as they multiply, generally end by taking possession of him. We can endure the spoiling of our goods, not perhaps joyfully, but without flinching, if thereby we attain man's chief good, which is that his spirit shall be quickened so that he becomes more abundantly and vitally and intensely alive.—British Weekly.

When Teddy Helped

By Edith M. Cleaver

"Girls get the very best of everything!" pouted Teddy, as he walked sadly along to the kindergarten with his basket swinging on his arm. "You have to give them your seat in the car, no matter how tired you may be; you stand back and let them pass in front of you; you always let them choose first; and in entertainments they have the best parts. It doesn't seem fair. And now a girl is chosen for the May queen!"

It was May. For a week the kindergarten children had been practicing round a tall pole in the school yard. Yesterday it had been nothing but an ugly iron pole, held in place with pieces of rope; to-day it was trimmed with pink and white bunting, it had long pink and white streamers hanging from the top, and it was crowned with a sort of hat made of real daisies. Teddy thought that it was beautiful. A little stool or seat had been set at the foot of the pole, on which the May queen was to stand. At a given signal the children were to march past and salute the queen. The stool, or dais, was covered with pink bunting.

When Teddy came into the kindergarten room, he noticed that Grace Barbour wore a white dress with a wide pink sash. He looked down at his own fresh white linen suit and the pink necktie that his mother had tied in a flowing bow, and he felt that he, too, was dressed to suit the May party.

Grace was to be the May queen, and John Carle, who was the tallest boy, was to walk with her; the other children were to follow, marching two by two.

"Say, Ted, look!" cried Tom, when Teddy came in. "Isn't this top a good spinner?"

Grace Barbour asked to spin it.

"Girls can't spin tops," said Tom.

"Just let me try!" pleaded Grace, holding out her hand for the top.

She made it spin, but Tom pretended not to see, and came over and sat down beside Teddy. He took very little interest in the coming entertainment. "Ted, what d'you think? John Carle isn't here," he said. "He isn't coming."

Then Miss Graves called Teddy over to her desk, and asked him whether he thought he could take John's place in the exercise. "You know," she explained, "you go round once one by one, then two by two. Then when I count four, Grace is to stand up on the dais, and you'll have to turn and salute her first; then the rest of the class will follow your example."

Teddy nodded. He thought he understood.

"You'll have to lead, Teddy," she continued. "They'll depend on you to turn first. You can do it if you think; if you see anyone making a mistake or getting confused in the turning, you must try to help him."

It was pleasant to march out in the yard and down the aisle between the chairs on which the mothers sat. Since boys could not be May queens, Teddy thought it was splendid to have all this new responsibility, and he determined to "think," and do his best. In his dignity he barely returned his own mother's smile; but the hand that clasped Grace's trembled with happiness as he heard his mother softly whisper his name as he passed her.

The piano sounded the first chord; each one grasped his own particular end of the bunting. Singing and skipping, they went round the Maypole, first one way, and then the other, until the time came for Grace to mount the dias.

"Get up," Teddy whispered. "Don't you hear Miss Graves counting? Get on up."

But Grace stood still and shook her head. "No, you get up," she murmured back.

"I'm not the queen," he protested.

"But you should get up first," she insisted. "Don't you think I know? You're keeping everyone waiting, and spoiling things, too."

Spoiling things! That was what he wanted to prevent!

She stepped back, and pushed Teddy up on the narrow platform.

When the entertainment was finished, Miss Graves came and spoke to Teddy.

"Grace was so confused," she said. "I saw her insisting on your getting up on the platform. I'm glad you did, Teddy."

His mother leaned over and whispered, "I was proud of you, little May king."

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What groceries did Brown advertise?

SEE LIST OF GROCERIES BELOW

JOHN BROWN is noted for being the livest merchant in town because of the novel way in which he advertises and creates interest in his well known grocery store. Recently Mr. Brown presented a clever problem to his customers. It is one that will give much amusement and entertainment to every puzzle lover. Look at this picture of Mr. Brown's Store, and you will see his idea. He carefully covered the labels of the boxes, barrels and bins containing fourteen of the staple lines of his stock. Then he engaged a clever cartoonist and had him draw a series of puzzle pictures to be used as labels to represent the names of the hidden goods. The Artist caught the spirit of the idea, and at once drew picture No. 2 to represent currants (cur-ants). Then he drew picture No. 4 as a label for tomatoes (Tom-eight-O's). With these two names to start you and the grocery list below by way of suggestion can you find what the other twelve represent?

2nd PRIZE
Famous Indian Motorcycle, Value $300.00

1917 Overland Touring Car

First Prize for the Best Reply

3rd Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value $60.00

A Host of other Grand Prizes to be Awarded

They include $300.00 Indian Motorcycle; Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range; fine Phonograph and Records; Waltham Watches for men and women; 1917 Cleveland Bicycle; genuine Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet; famous Singer Sewing Machine; Perfection Oil Range; Cabinet of Rogers Silverware, Mahogany Dressing Table, 1900 Washing Machine, Wrist Watch, Sets of Books and many other big prizes of great value.

Big Complete Illustrated Prize List will be sent to you direct

6th Prize—Famous "Hoosier Beauty" Kitchen Cabinet

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

A FEW HINTS—A good plan is to write down on a sheet of paper all the articles or things usually found in a grocery store and then see if any of the pictures will fit the names you have written.

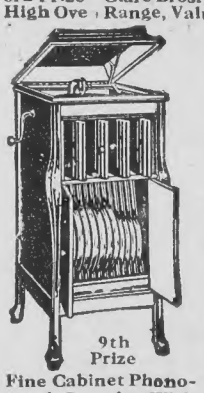
In Mr. Brown's Store you will find for instance,			
Apples,	Allspice,	Dates,	Butter,
Catsup,	Baking Powder,	Cabbage,	Mustard,
Biscuits,	Coffee,	Flour,	Borax,
Tea,	Farina,	Matches,	Oranges,
Pickles,	Rolled Oats,	Soap,	Sugar,
Tomatoes,	Stove Blacking,	Molasses,	Vinegar.

All the names represent articles in everyday use and which are to be found in any grocery store. No trade mark names or special manufacturers' names are used, so with these few hints and a little thinking you should be able to solve all the pictures. **Note** that 10 points toward the prizes are given for each correct answer. (See Rules).

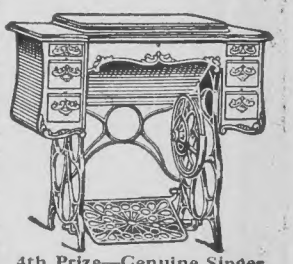
THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST—Frankly, this great event is intended to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can easily help us to do this when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 130,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is **"Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home."** Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced, they will want it every month.

Therefore, when your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of points you have gained toward the prizes, and send you Free a copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to just five friends or neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you wish. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your entry may win in the contest.



9th Prize
Fine Cabinet Phonograph Complete With 6 Records



4th Prize—Genuine Singer Drop Head Sewing Machine

Follow These Simple Rules When Sending Your Entry.

1. Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the picture must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn nor typewritten entries.
2. Boys and Girls under 14 years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor any of their relatives nor friends.
3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
4. If different members of a family compete, only one prize will be awarded in one family or household.
5. The final awards will be made by a Judging Committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the Judges. The names of the Judges and the manner of the judging will be made known to all contestants. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 200 Points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. 10 Points will be awarded for each correct answer, 20 for the general neatness and appearance of the entry, 10 for handwriting, and 50 for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close March 12th, 1917, immediately after which the judges will award the prizes. Entries should be forwarded promptly.
6. Each competitor will be required to show the sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which we shall send, to four or five friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service, the Company guarantees to reward you with cash payment or a valuable prize. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.
7. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor are they asked to subscribe or to buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the Judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Include two 2-cent stamps to pay postage on the sample copy, illustrated prize list, etc.

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